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THE

# REIGN OF TERROR,

*&c. &c.*

FRI

BIO

FRANCE

THE

# REIGN OF TERROR;

A

## COLLECTION

OF

## *AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES*

OF THE

## HORRORS COMMITTED BY THE REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE

UNDER

## MARAT AND ROBESPIERRE.

*WRITTEN BY EYE-WITNESSES OF THE SCENES.*

---

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

---

INTERSPERSED WITH

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF PROMINENT CHARACTERS,

AND

## Curious Anecdotes,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF A PERIOD WITHOUT ITS PARALLEL IN HISTORY.

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## VOL. II.

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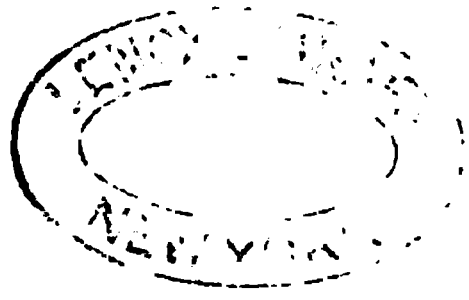

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# MEMOIRS ON THE PRISONS,

## &c. &c.

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### THE LUXEMBOURG.

THE Luxembourg, which was at first appropriated to the confinement of the deputies accused of the pretended crime of federalism, was not appointed to receive other prisoners until the 20th Vendémiaire, at which time the English of both sexes were transferred there. These foreigners were followed by the brilliant contingent of the suspected of the section of Grenelle. Young men, children, ladies of the first distinction, attended by their waiting-maids, nobles, accompanied by their servants, and some poor industrious plebeians, to the number of fifty-two persons, arrived about ten o'clock at night, after having first walked in procession through the streets of Paris, lighted on their way by a prodigious number of torches, and escorted by a battalion of troops.

The gaoler, named *Benoist*, an old man of seventy, and rendered more venerable by his virtues than by his great age, received them with great humanity:

he had no beds to offer them; but it was easy to see that he suffered more even than those to whom he could offer nothing but the shelter of the bare walls of his prison.

They mutually assisted each other: carters' frocks, great coats, and cloaks, were put into requisition to form mattresses for the delicate limbs of the ladies to repose upon; and the noble thought himself very fortunate in passing the night upon a chair by the side of the *sans-culotte*. On the following day, each person received a bedstead, a small mattress, and bolster.

According as new prisoners arrived, the compassionate Benoist placed them in company with those who, by their profession, their character, their country, or their age, seemed to promise to the new comer the most agreeable society. Acquaintances were soon contracted, private societies became formed within a narrow circle, and love began to have a great part in the choice of these connections. The English women, less lively, but as tender in their affections as the French women, enlisted, in their turn, under the standard of gallantry: the days were filled up with poetry, music, scandal, and play. Their amusements were, however, occasionally interrupted by the visits of the municipal officers, who behaved like anything but gallant visitors. *Marino*, an officer of police, who was afterwards appointed judge at Lyons, and has since been tried and guil-

lotined at Paris, took the liberty of saying one day, in presence of the assembled society, "Do you know the report that is spread about Paris? . . . . That the Luxembourg is the first * * * in the city; that you are all a parcel of * * * * and that we are your * * * ." The delicate ears of the females were daily shocked by the grossest insults, but it became necessary to reconcile themselves to everything. This officer was less severe towards the lower class of prisoners, about a dozen of whom were crowded together into a sort of *entresal*, which had formerly served as a hay-loft; some wags among them took it into their heads to amuse themselves at the expense of Marino. Upon hearing him approaching their room, they closed the window; the cook of the week, with a dirty apron tied before him, was appointed to receive the officer, who, on his entrance into the loft, drew back several steps, suffocated with the united vapour of charcoal, tobacco, and the fumes of garlic; being at length introduced, they placed a dirty table before him, upon which they laid a broken pitcher, with a bottle to serve as candlestick; he rushed towards the window to avoid being suffocated, but his foot having caught in a mattress which lay on the ground, he stumbled and fell; he was immediately assisted to rise, and invited to take share of the potatoes which they were dressing with tallow: he became affected at the sight of their misery, and finished by making

them a present of a wooden spoon, which was tolerably new, and had formerly been employed in the preparation of the most costly dishes. Trifling presents serve to keep friendship alive. The publicity of certain gallant adventures, and the petulance of some of the ladies, at length forced the officer to separate the two sexes. On one occasion, a young man had gained admittance into the prison by means of a bribe, and, concealed behind a folding screen, their only protection from indiscreet curiosity, he enjoyed at his ease, and in open day, the delights of love in the arms of his mistress. The lady, being caught in the fact, feigned a fit of passion, shrieked for help, cried out that she had been abused and ravished, and fell into a fainting fit. While this scene was passing, the Adonis escaped with the quickness of an arrow, and opened his way through the wicket, by means of an argument which the *honest* turnkey could not resist.

In the meantime, the Luxembourg was filling with prisoners; it was each day replenished by fresh arrivals of citizens, who were torn away from their families and their business: they were dragged in crowds through the streets, and painted in the most hideous light to the mob, though they were, for the most part, the unhappy victims of revenge or villany. The cries of *à la guillotine* were shouted in their ears, and, upon their arrival at the Luxembourg, half dead with terror and alarm, they were

astonished at finding, in the person of their gaoler, a humane and tender-hearted man, who anticipated all their desires, and busied himself with thinking how he could place them in the most agreeable manner to themselves. Each new comer was generally conducted to the apartment occupied by those of his own section; he there found his companions, his friends, and brothers; they lived together in the closest union; each person took his turn in cleaning out the room, fetching water, and dressing their victuals; the expenses were supported by a common purse, each person paying his proportion, which, everything included, did not exceed forty sous (twenty pence) a day.

If a citizen were too poor to provide for his own subsistence, the good gaoler almost always anticipated a demand which might give pain to the sufferer, and charged a richer prisoner with the care of providing for him. Amongst the celebrated names inscribed in the annals of the Luxembourg, we may mention that of the famous Vincent, the secretary of the minister Bouchotte. This violent little man loaded the nobles with the most insulting abuse. When General O'Hara was brought to the prison, in company with several other Spanish and English persons of distinction, he spoke in the most violent manner against them; and, after having vented his rage in the most abusive language, he would have proceeded to strike them, but for the firm cou-

duct of the gendarmes. His wife was regularly allowed to see him. One day, while seated on his bed, she was speaking to him in a low voice respecting his affairs; he suddenly leaped out of bed, and, running towards a raw leg of mutton, which was hanging at the window, cut a slice off it, which he eagerly devoured, exclaiming, "*Would I could thus eat the flesh of my enemies!*" Hebert frequently came to see him; and new deputations, both from the popular societies, and the revolutionary committees, daily came to offer him their consolations, and to get drunk in his apartment: he at length departed, amidst the sound of instruments, and the songs of victory of a numerous deputation, who carried him in triumph to his own house. He left after him, in prison, a wretch who was associated in the sanguinary projects which he had formed, in company with Hebert: this was Savard, of horrible memory, who received, with open arms, Grammont, Duret, and Lapalu, at that time loaded with the execrations of the public. Grammont, not contented with having murdered the prisoners from Orleans, at Versailles, openly boasted at the Luxembourg that he had drank out of the scull of one of them. He had brought up his son in his own atrocious principles, and this monster was still more ferocious than his father. They were both officers in the revolutionary army. Duret was also an adjutant-general of that army, and had been

finished in the school of Lapalu; and Lapalu—who declared that he had caused the destruction of seven thousand men in the departments surrounding Lyons, where, at one and the same time, he performed the functions of informer, witness, accuser, judge, and jury,—added, that these departments contained four hundred thousand federalists, whose heads he might have had cut off, had he the least inclination to shed human blood. . The worthy depository of the projects of Vincent, this wretch, who bore the character of ferocity and crime depicted in his countenance, laid plans, upon his leaving the prison, for the massacre of the greater part of his companions in misfortune. Lists were already drawn out; already had several prisoners been sounded on the motives of their arrest; copies were taken of the gaoler's registers; hopes were held out to some, and menaces to others. He had rallied around his person all those who appeared to him capable of seconding his infamous designs; but the guillotine arrested him in the midst of his career, to the singular satisfaction of all the inhabitants of the Luxembourg.

About forty unfortunate fathers of families, farmers or tradesmen, had been sent by Lapalu into the prison of the Conciergerie. Confined in that horrid receptacle, destitute of everything, without resources, without acquaintances, or without assistance, the greater part of them had fallen sick. They

were transferred to the Luxembourg, and on the very first day two of them perished, through want of care, and the fatigue of their removal. A collection was immediately made for the survivors. In less than twenty-four hours they were all clothed, and provided with beds, firing, and food. The greatest care was taken of the sick, but partly in vain; they fell off from time to time, so cruelly had they been treated. When the death of one of them was announced to their persecutor, he answered, in a ferocious tone, "*So much the worse; it is one the less for the guillotine!*"

This monster, as well as Robespierre, and all the wretches, their companions, was constantly exclaiming that there were persons on the watch to assassinate him. A few days before his removal, he and his infernal gang had become intoxicated: they crowded around the nobles, insulted them in the most abusive language, and attached themselves in particular to two or three societies, in which there were some young women, who had recently arrived along with their mother, and at length forced them, in order to avoid any confusion, to retire to their own apartment.

This forbearance did not suit the projects of these cannibals, but did not however disconcert them. The younger Grammont, while playing at prison-bar with two or three of his associates, threw himself on purpose against those who were walking in

the court, and particularly endeavoured to overturn the nobles and old men. His accomplices encouraged him by their laughter and applause; and having at length insulted a person who had the boldness to present to him in civil terms the brutality of his conduct, he burst into a fit of laughter, and turned his back upon him. One of his comrades insolently replied, "If they are not satisfied, they shall be removed to Bicétre." Young Lamarelle, strongly affected at seeing his father so basely outraged, warmly retorted, "My father is a man of honour, and they only confine in the Bicêtre rascals of your description." The words were no sooner spoken than he received three or four violent blows in the face: he was at length rescued from their murderous hands, with his face all covered with blood, and the eyes torn out of his head. The contest became general; indignation was painted in every countenance; and these murderers endeavoured to provoke the citizens with such insolent conduct, that the affair would have terminated fatally, but for the sudden appearance of Danger, an officer, who, having got previous warning of what was to take place, was waiting for the event in the porter's lodge.

Every one exclaimed against the atrocious conduct of those who had commenced the fray; but Lapalu drowned all voices, exclaiming, that it was against him the thing was intended; that there was

a conspiracy in the house against his person; and that they were seeking an opportunity to murder him.

The Luxembourg was at length delivered of the presence of this monster, who was transferred, together with his accomplices, to the prison of St. Lazare, to await the just punishment of his crimes.

The prisoners seemed to breathe more freely after his execution; hope and confidence once more animated their features. A blessing never comes alone: the president of a Revolutionary Committee soon arrived, who furnished great amusement to the prisoners.

This president was the wealthy Kalmer, a Jew and German by origin, who, through motives of interest, had abjured the religion of his fathers, and had embraced the principles of the revolution through speculation. He wore sabots, and was huddled up in a dirty red cap, and covered with rags. Among those whom he had indulged himself in ordering to confinement in the Luxembourg, were two brothers, for whose liberty he had demanded three thousand francs; they immediately called to visit him on his arrival. He was incessantly tormented with complimentary questions. One asked him, "How many people do you keep in your pay in the Revolutionary Committees?" Another, "How many people have you had arrested?" "What is the current price of human

flesh among you now?" Some wished to know what they paid for a false denunciation, and went so far as to ask him if the Jews did not now consider themselves in France as in the land of Egypt. Others, who were more particularly acquainted with his character, asked him the prices of gold and silver, and of women. He replied to all their questions, without allowing himself to be disconcerted, that he was the founder of a popular society, and that he had put a Revolutionary Committee in motion. He offered money to the two brothers, hoping to gain their silence; but all his efforts turned to his shame: he was only reviled and insulted, and had the mortification of seeing them leave the prison under an order of the Committee of Public Safety, without paying him the thousand écus. He had at first intended to pass himself for a *sans-culotte*, and to live with the closest parsimony; but, finding that he was too well known, he entered into the contrary excess. An ass, laden with provisions of every description, arrived every day at the Luxembourg, to satisfy his gluttonous desires;—true, the unfortunate ass was put in requisition on his arrival; but this regret was compensated for by the pleasure of beholding the person who had denounced him to the Committee of Public Safety, and whom his Revolutionary Committee had ordered into prison, to console and avenge the cause of their beloved president: but, alas! our joys

are short: the denunciator was set at liberty; and Kalmer, this *sans-culotte*, with 200,000 francs a year, was guillotined for keeping up an intelligence with the enemies of the state.

After him came an ill-favoured hump-backed wretch, a petty scribbler of the law. Some, by his appearance alone, pronounced him to be a practised spy; others, with more justice, declared him one of the butchers of September. He passed in the prison by the name of the *petit Septembrisseur* (the little September man), which however was perfectly indifferent to himself. "*At least,*" said he, one day, "*they can't accuse me of having robbed.*" A certain army-contractor, who, before the revolution, was not worth a single sou, and who boasted of having given more than 100,000 livres to the nation, thought that this remark was intended as a stroke at him. This idea drove him into a violent passion. "Comrade," said the other to him, "I did not intend to insult either you or your brethren." They were at length reconciled, and embraced each other. Wolves do not devour their own species.

But these little relaxations were nothing compared with the joy that was caused by the account of the arrest of Hebert, Vincent, and Momoro. The prisoners already began to congratulate themselves that all danger of a renewal of the scenes of September was now at an end. They already thought they were approaching the happy moment when all the

informations would be fairly examined, and when justice would restore to the bosom of their families a number of men respectable by their innocence and probity. Hope resumed its empire over their alarmed hearts. The famous Chaumette made his appearance among them; he was no longer the formidable attorney of the Commune, the terror of the women of the town; he was merely an individual oppressed with shame, with smooth and shining hair: like a fox caught in a net, he bore his head sunk on his breast; his eye was lowered to the ground, his steps slow and unsteady, his countenance gloomy and sad, his voice mild and supplicating. He was at first only allowed to be seen through a grated hole. Every one crowded to the spot, but at length the corridors were opened, and he had plenty of visitors. Among the various compliments that were made him, that of a certain original was particularly remarked, who addressed him, with all the gravity of a Roman senator—*Sublime agent of the nation, conformably to your immortal requisition, I am suspected—thou art suspected;* then, pointing out one of his companions—*He is suspected, we are suspected, you are suspected, they are all suspected;* and then, making him a low bow, he retired with his companions, and gave place to another deputation. This first shock being over, Chaumette, who was driven to confusion, did not dare to make his appearance in the court-yard, which had been opened

to the prisoners for about a month back. They however inspired him with some confidence, by telling him that he had to fear nothing but some careless bantering, to which a man of wit like him could always reply with advantage. He took a little courage; but, as he dreaded the general expression of contempt, he came no farther than the coffee-room. He there endeavoured to exculpate himself from all blame respecting the requisition on the subject of suspected persons, and spoke with a mildness and a degree of feeling which seemed to announce the purest and most virtuous heart. Some one reproached him for his requisition on the subject of the recruiting for the La Vendée army. "You advised them," said he, "to choose, in preference, the notaries' or attorneys' clerks, the *modérés*, the *muscadins*, the aristocrats, and to mix along with them a few warm patriots. What has been the consequence of your advice? Instead of inspiring the youth of the nation with the sublime transports of valour and of glory, you have loaded them with insults. The young men have remained at home, and their place is supplied by heroes of 500 livres, who, after having practised on their journey all sorts of violences and horrors, passed over to the party of the rebels, or returned to Paris, to carry on the same trade. It was you also who insulted the volunteers; it was you who said they had not their bodies nor their arms covered with hair; that they were only

fit to be placed at the cannon's mouth, &c. &c. You have done all in your power to excite a tumult in Paris, by thus provoking those who were going to shed their blood in defence of their country and their magistrates." His reply to this accusation is well worthy of notice. He said, that, being deceived by the false representations of some malicious persons, he had imagined that the young men of Paris would be very unwilling to serve, seeing that the delicate and indulgent manner in which they were brought up was not calculated to render them brave, and that for this reason, and for fear of a tumult, it would not be prudent to irritate the feelings of the lower classes towards them."

" I have besides," added he, " done a great deal to repair my error; for it was I who principally caused the young men, who were arrested at the Champe-Elysées, to be brought to trial and acquitted; and if I have, in reality, hurt the feelings of the Parisian youth—if I have, without wishing it, compromised their honour, I solemnly beg their pardon; —in truth, my friends, which of us does not sometimes err?"

M. Coussin asked him if he were not also deceived, when, being pressed by the entreaties of an immense population, who called upon an ignorant and perfidious municipality for subsistence, he had drawn up a requisition, asking to have two gendarmes stationed in his (Coussin's) house, though he had

given in his accounts a year before, and had just quitted his bed, to which he had been confined for more than three months, to fly to the assistance of his fellow-citizens, then threatened with famine, and to endeavour to render himself useful to the magistrates, who were quite at a loss how to act? "I was perfectly convinced of your strict honesty," replied Chaumette,—"I knew very well that your accounts had been verified and proved correct; but, in fact, we were placed in a very embarrassing situation: it was absolutely necessary to find some means of satisfying the people, who were then in a very agitated state; and I could find no better expedient than having guards placed in the houses of all those who had been in the management of the public stores, since the year 1789." "Thank you for the expedient," returned M. Coussin: "I am not rich, and I would have very well dispensed with the honour of drawing you out of your embarrassments at the expense of a hundred pistoles, which I was obliged to pay the guards whom it was your good pleasure to station in my house." Our convert, finding that there was no great faith placed in his contrition, remained in his own room, without any other society than a few of the associates of Hebert.

A much more artful hypocrite, but who was equally unsuccessful in gaining over proselytes to his cause, soon after arrived, to the great surprise of

all the prisoners, who had always looked upon him as one of the most confidential agents of Robespierre. This was the knavish Lulier, president of the department of the Seine. He refused, through fear of compromising himself, to be in the same room with his brother Chaumette; and was placed in that of a man who was both very rich and generous, and who also had the merit of keeping one of the best furnished cellars in Paris. He spoke of nothing but of the services he had rendered both to the public and to private individuals, of the delicacy of his sentiments, of the sensibility of his heart, and of his affection for his wife and daughter. By his own account, he had not been the cause of a single person's being arrested; his heart was torn at the sight of so many innocent victims (there were only about forty from his section in the Luxembourg.) Those who knew him well clearly saw that this show of feeling was directed against the wine of M. Domoulin, who was remarkable for his humanity, and that he now assumed the sentiments of charity in order to gain his good graces, as he had played the part of patriot in order to secure a lucrative situation. Seeing, however, that the letters which he wrote to Robespierre remained without answer, the terror by which he had endeavoured to reign now seized upon his own heart. Tears were his only resource, his only philosophy. None of his co-sectionaries would speak to him; but, to recom-

pense himself for their silence, when he was neither weeping nor drinking, he paid his court to the Duke de Gosvros, and inspired all the prisoners with pity and contempt. He was at length transferred to St. Pelagie, and there, in a fit of despair, he punished himself, with his own hand, for his villany and crimes. He was still in the Conciergerie when it was announced that Danton, Lacroix, Philippeaux, and Camille Desmoulins were with the gaoler. Réat, the public accuser of the murderous tribunal of the 17th of August, had arrived on the same night; he told them that they would probably be carried in the same cart, and would play the first parts, while he, an obscure and unknown victim, would not leave any name after him to be handed down to posterity. Having observed that Camille had brought some gloomy and melancholy works with him, such as *Young's Night Thoughts* and *Hervey's Meditations*,—"Do you wish to die beforehand?" asked Réat; "look at my book, the Maid of Orleans." When Lacroix appeared, he quitted his party of pitch and toss to embrace him, and was followed by Simon, the deputy. This latter was not as favourably looked upon as his colleague; he was reproached with having said in the convention, that the prisoners should all be sent to thicken the mud (*limon*) of the Loire; he was besides a constitutional priest, and preserved, during the time he

was at the Luxembourg, the appellation of Simon Limon.

Lacroix did not speak a word upon his arrival: it gave singular satisfaction to the prisoners of the lower classes; and one of them, a pleasant fellow, named *La Roche du Maine*, exclaimed, on seeing him pass, "There go the makings of a good coachman." Camille or Philippeaux did not open their mouths, but, when Danton was led in, he affected a laugh, and said.—"When men are fools, we should laugh at them. *I pity you all, if you do not quickly recover your reason: you have seen nothing as yet but roses.*" Then, meeting Tom Payne, the Englishman, he saluted him in his own language, and added, "I have in vain endeavoured to do for mine, what you have done for the happiness and freedom of your country; I have been less fortunate, but not more culpable. . . . . They are sending me to the scaffold; what then, my friends! I will go to it gaily." When they were both in their own rooms (those of Danton and Lacroix were adjoining), they were obliged to elevate their voice, so that their conversation was heard by several of the prisoners,

"Oh! had I known that they intended to arrest me," exclaimed Lacroix. "I knew it," replied Danton; "I had notice of it, but I could not believe it." "What! Danton was warned, and Danton has allowed himself to be arrested! How often

have I predicted that your indifference and want of resolution would ruin you?"

General Dillon* frequently came to speak to Lacroix; but, as they always conversed close to their windows, and took care to keep the inquisitive at a distance, their conversation could not be overheard. When the deputies received their bill of accusation, Camille ascended again, foaming with indignation, and paced backwards and forwards in his apartment with a hurried step; Philippeaux, evidently much affected, clasped his hands and turned his eyes towards heaven; Danton returned with a smile, and rallied Camille Desmoulins very freely. When he reached his apartment, he exclaimed:—"Well, Lacroix, what dost thou think of it?" "That I shall go and cut my hair, in order that Samson may not touch it." "Yes, it will be a different kind of ceremony when Samson breaks the vertebræ of our necks. I think we ought to make no reply till we are in the presence of the two committees." "Thou art right; we must endeavour to touch the hearts of the people."

On setting out for the tribunal, Danton and Lacroix assumed an extraordinary air of cheerfulness; Philippeaux went down with a calm and serene

* The general drank freely, and, when he was not intoxicated, played at backgammon.

countenance; Camille Desmoulins looked thoughtful and distressed. As he entered the apartment of the gaoler, he exclaimed: "I am going to the scaffold for having shed some tears over the fate of the unfortunate; my only regret in dying is, that I have not been able to serve them." Delaunay d'Angers departed, without once looking up. Fabré d'Eglantine was excessively ill, and they assisted him to crawl to the fatal carriage. Bazire set out with Herault-de-Séchelles, whom he affectionately embraced several times. The latter, who had not been closely confined, had been peacefully walking in the court for more than two hours, waiting till he should be summoned before the tribunal. He took leave of his acquaintance as if he were quitting them for a party of pleasure. His afflicted domestic melted into tears; he urged him to cheer up, and endeavoured to console all his friends. With respect to Chabot he had been removed, some days before, to the infirmary of the Conciergerie. At the Luxembourg he had managed to procure some corrosive sublimate, but the pain which it occasioned him having forced him to utter cries of anguish, the prison was alarmed, and his life and sufferings were prolonged. In the midst of his torments, he spoke only of his friend Bazire: "Poor Bazire, what hast thou done?" &c. &c.

Dillon received news from the tribunal twice a day. Without almost knowing why, ardent wishes

were formed throughout the prison for the safety of Camille Desmoulins. The day but one afterwards, all the prisoners were shut up in their apartments; every kind of communication, both with the interior and exterior, was prohibited; the circulation of the newspapers was interdicted, and each waited, with trembling anxiety, to learn the motives of this rigorous seclusion.

It was shortly ascertained, that La Flotte had denounced to the Committee of General Security a plot formed by Simon and Dillon, and the public papers mentioned it at the time. The prisoners earnestly entreated the administrators of police to remove the two alleged conspirators into another place of confinement, hoping that, after measures should be softened down a little, they should have the privilege of entering the court, where they were no longer allowed to promenade, of writing to their relations, and of reading the evening newspapers, as heretofore. Chaumette, Simon, Dillon, and others, were removed, and even guillotined; but the proceedings towards the prisoners, instead of being ameliorated, became, day after day, more oppressive and tyrannical.

An unexpected calamity suddenly threw the prisoners into the greatest alarm and grief: this was the arrest of the gaoler. Rigid, yet kind-hearted, he was a real treasure to the unfortunate. Seventy years of age, the father of six children, and well

known for his unblemished integrity, his misfortune naturally afflicted every honest and feeling heart. A rich individual, of the name of Lenain, who had just married his daughter to a son of one of the body guards, called St. Cricy de Montplaisir, himself a prisoner at the Plessis, had in the morning delivered to him a sum in gold, which a noble had concealed, and of which he had mentioned the place of concealment before he was led to the scaffold. Benoit gave a receipt to Lenain, and immediately informed the public accuser; while Lenain, more anxious for his liberty than for money, sent the receipt to the Committee of Security, and endeavoured to take advantage of it in his denunciation, in order to obtain his liberation. The same evening Benoit was arrested, and the seals placed in his house. His weeping family came to bid farewell to the prisoners, each of whom was deeply affected with the event, and thought he was losing a friend and a father. One alone rejoiced in the midst of the general sorrow, and this was the notorious Brichet,* ci-devant footman of Madame de Polignac, and who, after that period, became member of a Revolutionary Committee. He was not to find many friends in the Luxembourg, where his victims and his reputation had arrived before him. According to the practice of his fellows, he had made

* He was guillotined as a Hebertist.—*Note of the Author.*

his appearance in clogs and a red cap; and there is no kind of humiliation which he did not experience. After having endured the raillery and hootings of all the prisoners, he went to the gaoler and entreated that worthy man to put into the close confinement of a dungeon every one who should call him *Monsieur Brichet.* The gaoler did not go further than to request all the prisoners to respect misfortune in all men, and advised him to go up to his apartment, which he complied with, casting, at the same time, a furious and threatening glance upon Benoit and the prisoners; but the latter, unmoved by his menaces, still exclaimed, *Adieu, Monsieur Brichet.* He could not forget the insult, which he considered as the fault of the gaoler, and *Monsieur Brichet* never pardoned.

A few days after the arrest of Benoit, the famous *visit* (a civil word for a thing which was the very reverse of kindness) was made to the prison. Each prisoner, when he awoke, found one or more sentinels at his door. An administrator of police, by birth a Pole, and by trade a cobbler, named Wilcheritz,* came to deliver the order to the prisoners that they should hold no communication with each other. The prisoners thought they were on the

* He was guillotined as an accomplice of Robespierre. It is worthy of remark, that the latter had in his pay a number of foreigners, whom he had placed in the administrations. The mayor, Fleuriot, was an Austrian.—*Note of the Author.*

eve of another 2d of September: they took leave of each other, and prepared for death; but upon this occasion the only design was to plunder them. Money, rings, assignats, plate, jewels, buckles, and dressing-cases, were what they first demanded, and afterwards razors, caseknives, penknives, forks, nails, pins, &c.* They collected together into one apartment all which they had taken, and only made a single package of them, which they sealed, without taking an inventory. In all critical periods, it was not allowed to receive or send either linen or provisions, so that the greater part of what was sent away was generally lost. The operation to which we alluded above lasted for three whole days; but the two last were not so lucrative as the first, the reason of which may be readily divined. The inquisitors were attacked by a few keen strokes of raillery, which mortified them exceedingly. In one room, a citizen having given up to them his portfolio, hoped he should then get rid of them. His ring, however, was demanded. "How!"

* General O'Hara was not exempt from these searches, and even submitted to them with a good grace. When he was pillaged, he said to Wilcheritz, "Mr. Administrator, I have a favour to ask you, which is, that no Frenchman may enter my room." He was one day speaking of the liberty of the press to a prisoner, and remarked, "In England we may write *King George is good;* but you dare not pronounce, *Robespierre is a tiger.*"—*Note of the Author.*

exclaimed he, in surprise, "do you also attack jewellery?" They likewise asked him for his sleeve-buttons, the buckles of his garters, the buckle of his cravat, and his shoe-buckles. "Citizens," he replied, "you would sooner finish by undressing me."—"Citizen," rejoined Wilcheritz, "justice is just, and all will be restored to thee at the peace; I answer for it." Parisau* observed to them, "Citizens, I am distressed that you arrive so late; I had three hundred livres here, but a citizen has been beforehand with you, and has stolen them from me: I hope you will be more successful elsewhere; however, as I am told that you leave each fifty francs, and as I have only twenty-three, have the goodness to make up the sum." "Oh, no, citizen, we cannot do that."—"I understand you only come to receive. It is unlucky that there should be citizens more active than yourselves; yet, according to the plan you adopt, you will lose nothing, and everything must come into your hands. You are an ocean into which all the small rivers must empty themselves."

"You are very polite" replied the Pole; "but it is not compliments that we are in search of to-day."

* An author who is known by several dramatic pieces. A few days after the death of the tyrant, an order was despatched to the Luxembourg for his liberation, but the unfortunate man had perished in one of the massacres ordered by Robespierre.—*Note of the Author.*

They wished to carry off a silver coffee-pot from one apartment; the owner, in order to preserve it, said it was of English metal, and that he had bought it second-hand.

"That is possible," answered the administrator; "for I have one like it at home."

"Which you got second-hand?" rejoined the owner.

"What business is that of your's?" returned the administrator, colouring.

"Do not be vexed, citizen; you would not be *the first man in place who has* been guilty of weakness."

The watchmakers, tailors, shoemakers, and engravers, had been suffered to retain the tools necessary for their trades; the barbers received their razors every morning, and returned them in the evening to the turnkey.

Thus, each was able still to work at his trade. It was simply stipulated with the barbers that they should only receive five sous for each beard, but every one continued to pay according to his means. The financier, Laborde, payed ten livres for his; the other opulent prisoners were not so generous, yet they did not pay according to the *maximum*.

Deprived of all communication, of all news, and of all hope of being tried, the prisoners demanded of Wilcheritz the newspapers, the free range of the court, and the means of justifying themselves: his

continual answer was, " Patience, justice is just; this hardship will not long continue—patience."

" Patience!" replied one day a prisoner to him, " it is the virtue of asses, and not of men."

" Thou then art not a republican," answered he, with great presence of mind.

Each burst out into laughter at the apt reply, and, from sympathy, he also joined in the merriment, heartily laughing to think that he had uttered the wittiest thing in the world.*

What ingenious stratagems and innocent artifices did tenderness invent to deceive the vigilance of the cerberian guards, and to wipe away the tears of

* A memoir upon the lock-up house of Picpus has preserved a precious instance of stupidity and ignorance.—It may properly enough be placed here :—

" Dupommier, administrator of police, charged with the surveillance of this prison, frequently afforded occasions for the display of his ignorance.

" He one day came to pay a visit, and entered the apartment of a prisoner, whom he found occupied in reading. " What art thou doing there?"—" You can see." " That is not the way thou ought to answer: what art thou doing there?"—" You can see—I am reading." " And pray what art thou reading?"—" Here, look;" and he presented his book to the administrator. Dupommier, who did not know how to read, exclaimed in a passion, " Thy conduct is intolerably insolent. Zounds, sir, answer me, or, if you do not, I shall know what course I shall have to pursue."—" What better can I do than to present you the book, and, if you cannot read, I will inform you of the title." " Zounds, yes, I must know it; these d—d rascals are so inso-

friendship! In a bunch of asparagus, closely tied together, a scrap of paper oft conveyed expressions of affection; in the hem of an article of dress, a consolatory letter was frequently sewed up; in the body of a fowl, the prisoner likewise found food for his heart; and butter, cheese, eggs, and fruit, were enveloped in different pieces of paper, which, joined to each other, presented an interesting journal, or lines traced by the hand of affection.

One of the means which was employed with the greatest success at the Luxembourg to cheat the eyes of the arguses, was the agency of a faithful dog. This animal found his way every day into the inside of the prison, reached the apartment of his master, fawned affectionately upon him, and seemed to participate in his troubles. One day particularly, his demonstration of joy was so eager, and even importunate, that his master appeared uneasy at it; but the more desirous he seemed of sending the dog away, the more fondly the animal fawned upon him. It leaped upon him, whined, barked, bent its head, and invited attention to its collar. The master fancied at last that the dog was wounded, and ex-

lent, that we can do nothing with them." "As I must tell you, it is——." "Well, what is it?"—"It is *Montagne*." "Oh! since it is about *La Montagne*,* continue to read; that is as it should be; but another time do not be so impertinent. Gadsooks! a book written by La Montagne! Bravo! bravo!"

* The Robespierrian faction.

amined every part of his body, but, finding no appearance of injury, he wished to get rid of him, and led him towards the door. Still the faithful creature continued his importunities, and the collar was taken off. The dog immediately leaped and barked for joy; and his master, on examining the collar, discovered a note from his wife. He replied by the same courier; and each day the faithful messenger was the vehicle of correspondence for this tender couple. Every day, at the same hour, he was seen entering and departing with the same invisible message; and such was the instinct of the animal, that he would not suffer himself to be touched by any of the turnkeys, and would sooner have strangled them than have suffered them to approach him.

Another dog, not less faithful, had a very different fate. His master was taking the air at one of the windows of the Luxembourg, and his dog, which was in the garden, recognised him; immediately the animal leapt up, ran, barked, and passed along the palisades, seeking for an opening to his master. The sentinel, faithfully executing his orders, presented his pike at him, and endeavoured to drive him from the palisades. The master whistled, and the eagerness of the dog increased. He sought on all sides for admission, but everywhere met with obstacles, bounding from place to place with pleasure, impatience, and joy. During this

time General Henriot arrived, and, perceiving the eager efforts of the dog, he questioned the sentinel, who answered, that he thought the animal was mad. Whereupon the commandant-general of the Parisian guard pressed down his hat, in preparation for action, and drew his sabre. Two of his aides-de-camp followed his example, and the three advanced to attack the dog.* They arrived where he was, and struck the animal, which fell, bathed in his blood, under the eyes of his master, towards whom he turned his dying looks.

The prisoners amounted to the number of ten or twelve in one room, and each made his arrangements with as much ingenuity as Robinson Crusoe exercised when he had given up all hope of seeing a friendly sail in the bay. Every one had his girth-bed and his small mattress. Some acted the part of cooks, while others had recourse to the kitchen of the *traiteur* Coste.

The rich took care of the poor, and this was done

* In a work entitled the Crimes of the Four Legislatures, we find the following anecdote, which proves that childishness may be allied to cruelty :—

" One of the judges proposed, in a full assembly, to bring to trial the dog of St. Prix, a condemned invalid, because this dog bit the Jacobins, and every day went howling to the Place of the Revolution, where his master had been executed. This judge was of opinion that he should be destroyed by the public executioner." See another version of the same fact in the explanations, note (A.)—*Note of the Editors.*

with a good grace, and without being recommended, for all lived in a state of brotherhood; yet each appeared studiously to avoid him who was called, under the old regime, *His Serene Highness Prince Charles of Hesse*, a revolutionist from natural inclination, who had been confined as a measure of security.

There we saw men of every party and of every faction. The pure royalist was blended with the rank monarchist, who quarrelled with the modest Bunardine monk; and the Brissotine cursed all the three, and argued that they had understood nothing of the counter-revolution, and that all would have been arranged for the best, had it not been for the revolution of the 31st of May.

The report was further spread, that the Popular Commissions, which had been so long promised, would shortly commence their labours at the Luxembourg. The joy of the prisoners was inexpressible: they hugged the gaoler, a nugatory sort of character, who had succeeded Benoit, and whom there was more reason to blame than praise, less on account of the evil which he did himself, than on account of the oppressive conduct which he permitted a villain called Vernet to exercise towards the prisoners.

The inmates of the prison were desirous, as well as all France, of celebrating the fete of the Supreme Being. Wilcheritz had dressed himself in a costume

for the occasion. He wore large new shoes, with superb silver buckles placed at the side, handsome embroidered white silk stockings, a pair of large black silk small-clothes, a long black satin waist-coat, and a coat of rose-coloured taffety; his head was covered with a profusion of pomatum and powder; he gracefully held an enormous hat in his left hand, and in his right the sparkish 'administrator carried a rose, which he first thrust into one nostril and then the other.

"How gay you are," said a prisoner to him; "but, *in good faith, I think* your buckles . . . . . did you not *tell* us, in *taking* our's *from* us, *that* a good republican ought not to wear any?"

"Thou dost not perceive," added another, "that those buckles are not silver; they are made of *an English composition.*" "Thy composition," said another mischievous wag, "I declare to be suspicious; do you think the citizen has *by chance got it at second-hand?*" And all present burst into a fit of laughter at the speech.

"Your observations," haughtily replied Wilcheritz, "are full of rude vulgarity; however, I will declare, on my word of honour, that I had the buckles before the visit."

"We do not want such an assurance . . . . . our consciences were perfectly satisfied; and, besides, there is no one in the prison who has yet recognised them as belonging to him."

With such jokes as these it was that the prisoners amused themselves at the expense of poor Wilcheritz, who was not very fond of raillery; but he took no pleasure in tormenting others, and merely executed, as it were mechanically, the orders which were given to him.

At this period it was that the worthy Benoit was acquitted at the Revolutionary Tribunal. The satisfaction which was felt in the prison was general; all the prisoners were full of rejoicing, and resembled a family to which a father had been restored. Every one hoped to see him resume his functions; but what was the grief of the citizens when they found their hopes deceived, Benoit was obliged to quit the Luxembourg, his successor was expelled, and the former gaoler of the vaults of the dead at Lyon was sent by the sanguinary Couthon to replace them.

The prisoners were thrown into a state of consternation, and had a foresight of the melancholy events which soon afterwards took place.

Guiard, the name of this ferocious wretch, had scarcely set his foot within the doors, before he invented means of oppression unknown till then.

We were no longer allowed to take the air at the windows, from the circumstance of two unfortunate individuals having destroyed themselves by leaping from the roof.

In the night, men armed with bars of iron and naked swords, accompanied by two or three im-

mense dogs, came and awoke all the citizens, and made them put their heads from their beds to be counted, and then loaded them with brutal invectives.

Repose was no longer permitted, for the sentinels had orders to cry aloud during the whole night, almost without interruption, "*Sentinel, take care of yourself!*"

Every note which contained a single word of consolation or of friendship was cruelly torn to pieces.

The prisoners suffered with more patience than ever, as they perceived that the commission mildly interrogated a great many of the citizens, and it was hoped that those who had not the crime of birth or riches would ultimately be restored to liberty; and this hope was confirmed by an expression of Guiard's.

After the taking away of the assignats, the prisoners received, from the first Floreal, two livres ten sous per day. One morning, when this monster was paying it, he said, with a satanic smile, "Well, well, the next time there will be two hundred less to pay."

We were very far from suspecting what happened. Fatal and disastrous night! which saw a hundred and twenty-nine victims torn from the arms of sleep, and dragged to the cars which were to lead them to the scaffold!

What language can describe the consternation

and terror of those who beheld their companions, friends, and relations, hurried from their apartments to be led to the place of execution!

No one dared to go down into the gallery; fear and alarm pervaded every heart; and the prisoners who met each other dreaded to ask for intelligence of their friends. Females, overwhelmed with terror, had hurried in crowds to the doors and into the garden.

During every period of extreme danger these courageous women never failed to come and offer the tenderest consolation to their unhappy husbands. The prisoners were exposed to witness the heart-rending despair of some who, seeking in vain for their ill-fated husbands, sank down in hopeless insensibility.

Tender and courageous wives! whose indefatigable zeal and tender affection poured the balm of consolation into the wounds of your husbands; ye who, braving the rigour of the seasons, and the menaces and invectives of the brutal and insolent turnkeys, shared so long the weight of their chains; ye, who assisted them to support life and the hardships of their fate, will be admired by latest posterity, while the revolution lives in history, for the generous efforts of your sensibility and your virtue! History will pause with pensive delight upon the story of your sufferings and your sacrifices, and you will be held up as the honour and models of your

sex; but, in the anticipation of living eternally in the memories of our descendants, enjoy in the arms of your happy husbands the just reward of your courageous devotedness. If caprice or inconstancy should threaten you with misery, remind them of your conduct, and, as quick as thought, they will forget their injustice, and the cloud will be dissipated. Continue to merit their love and the esteem of your contemporaries, and let your children learn, by such a noble example from the mouth of their mothers, that the duties of humanity and sensibility are those which it is the most delightful to fulfil.

In the meanwhile we saw return in triumph the brigands who had been to give evidence before the tribunal against those who had been charged with conspiracy. Not one of them had been acquitted. The denunciators were to the number of seven.

One of them alone had occupied the tribunal nearly the whole of the sitting: he had spoken an hour and a half on the existence of a pretended conspiracy, of which not a single prisoner had had the smallest knowledge.

One of the head turnkeys had been confined in the Conciergerie for having declared that he had no idea of the existence of this conspiracy; and they also wished to induce another of them to acknowledge that this conspiracy had existed, but he formally denied it. He was asked at the

tribunal, "When you carried certain parcels to these counter-revolutionists, did thou not hear them carrying on aristocratical conversations?"

"Listen to me, listen to me, all of you," replied the worthy Swiss; can you hear what is said on the other side of the door below there?" "No."—"Well, then, it is just the same with me as regards this conspiracy."

The people having applauded him, luckily for the turnkey, he was not imprisoned.

Amongst the witnesses who were to give evidence, the chief and most consummate villain amongst them was a deserter from the army of the emperor, formerly kept by a *lady* of high rank: his name was Boyenval.*

This young man was a journeyman tailor by trade, and, since he had been at the Luxembourg, he had managed to escape: but, being met upon the Pont-Neuf by one of the turnkeys, he had been obliged to return the same evening to prison. He was accused of having wished to make enrolments for foreign powers.

This abandoned character was the first that made out the lists of proscription. Other wretches were chosen, to make the additions and charges which they might deem proper.

* This wretch was guillotined after the 9th Thermidor, with some assassins of the Revolutionary Tribunal.—*Note of the Editors.*

Boyenval returned from the tribunal with his face inflamed, and his eyes full of animation, boasting loudly of having spoken two hours, of having occupied himself alone almost the whole of the sitting of the tribunal, and of having declaimed with so much eloquence, that he had even astonished himself; and he added, that not one of the fifty-nine who had been brought up for trial the first day had escaped.

The second denunciator was Beausire, an ex-noble, who was known for his intrigues even during the *old regime*. To give an idea of *him*, we need only state, that he married *La d'Oliva*, who, after having publicly carried on the trade of courtesan at the Palais Royal, was chosen to play a part in the affair of the collar (guillotine.)

This man, accused of having been formerly attached to the house of Artois, took a part in the revolution: in 1790 he was commander of the armed force of the section of the Temple, but he retired from that service, when his credit began to droop, and had made his retreat to Choisy, where he had succeeded in getting himself appointed attorney of the commune.

He was the chief spy of Boyenval, who however said of him, that he made use of him, but that Fouquier Tinville did not like him, and that he would have him guillotined whenever he should feel inclined.

It was remarked, that all those who had gained money at play from this Beausire had been included in the conspiracy.

The third was a man named Benoit, formerly a spy, who, by dint of intrigues, had succeeded in procuring the appointment of commissary of the executive power, in the department of the Eure. It appeared, by his statement, that he had been the means of arresting a considerable number of citizens. He was not liberally paid by the administration of police, owed money to every body, and could no longer meet with any one who would lend to him. He was so thoroughly despised, that even his accomplices would not act in conjunction with him, and at length he was removed to the Carmes, where he continued to serve Robespierre.

Afterwards came an aide-de-camp of the army of Cartaux, named Amans; this young man, more guilty than the others, because he had more education, possessed all the qualities of an accomplished villain. To profound dissimulation, he united such an absolute command over himself, such a complete system of hypocrisy, that honey seemed to flow from his enpoisoned lips. He was denominated, with some justice, *the third volume of Robespierre.*

As to the fifth, named Letellier, he was one of the commissaries of police of the revolutionary section (in September, 1792), of the establishment of the Conciergerie, and was well worthy of the situa-

tion. He it was who was charged with the duty, so entirely congenial to his taste, of getting the blood-stained clothes of the slaughtered victims washed; and, which was more lucrative still, of delivering the death-warrants to the friends of the condemned. Dismissed by his section, but soon afterwards reinstated, he was included in the law of the 17th September.

He had suffered his mustachios to grow for a length of time; but, when the affair of Lapalu, Grammont, &c. occurred, the administrator, Danger, *had publicly told him, that he did not* like them. After he had seen one of the men who wore mustachios convicted, before the Revolutionary Tribunal, of false testimony, and guillotined instead of the unfortunate beings whom he had wished to drag to the scaffold, Letellier had made up his mind to out them, and to renounce, at least, the external appearance of false witnesses.

As soon as the pivot of this horrible scheme was known, many prisoners, either from fear, or from a desire of saving their relations, their friends, or themselves, were seen making assiduous court to these subaltern tyrants.

Nothing could equal the audacity and ridiculous insolence of the assassins.* Boyenval, in particular,

* "I have heard Amans," says the author of the *Memoir on the Prison of the English*, "say to a prisoner,—'Thou hast no other means of saving thyself, but in causing a great number to

was as revolting from the atrocity of his language as from the baseness of his conduct. "The first who looks askance at me," said the monster, "I will have removed to the Conciergerie." He publicly indulged in familiarities and the most indecent caresses with the wife of a painter, whose husband he had two hours before sent to the scaffold, for having admitted the visits of the nobles who went into his apartment to have their likenesses taken. He boasted that he went every night to the committees of general security and public safety; that he possessed the confidence and friendship of Fouquier Tinville; that all the heads at the Luxembourg were at his disposal; that he was esteemed of importance, and would acquire fame; that he made use of people who would follow others to the scaffold; that, once got out, he should have a good place; but that, even should it be worth a hundred livres per day, he would make them fly, because, if he amassed property, he would likewise be guillotined for the sake of his money. He announced beforehand those who were to be removed to the Conciergerie, or arrested. He one day complained,

be guillotined: invent a conspiracy, in which thou mayst include as many as may please thee; the thing will succeed, and thou wilt acquire the confidence of the Committee of General Security, who will restore thee to liberty, in order to give thee more facility in procuring the arrest of those thou mayst have designated.' "—*Note of the Editors.*

that in a room where the citizens of the section of the friends of the country were assembled, they had treated him like a reprobate, and he openly predicted that they should all lose their heads in consequence of it. And, in reality, several of them were guillotined the same day that Robespierre was declared to be out of the pale of the law. Many others were already moved to the Conciergerie, and the charges against those who remained were before the tribunal.

Amongst these unfortunate individuals was a young man named Peret, a dealer in lemonade, who had kept five volunteers on the frontiers, since 1789, and who had been reduced to the necessity of borrowing, in order to acquit himself of such a sacred debt; another of the number was Aubertie, an honest father of a family, commander of a battalion, till 1793, who had been wounded in action in the month of September, 1792; and a third was a citizen, well known for his integrity, the father of seven unfortunate children, of tender age, who had had his arm shattered, as he was carrying to the volunteers of the section, the news, and the assistance, in money and necessaries, which their relations sent them.

Not one single day had passed, after the memorable removal of the 129, without seeing fresh victims torn from the Luxembourg. The Marchioness de Noaille, although eighty years of age, deaf and blind,

and although she arrived after the execution of those who were charged to be the authors of a conspiracy, was, as well as all her family, included in it. All those, likewise, who had rendered any services to the nobility, not even omitting their servants, were amongst the same number; one individual, however, was left, whose virtues deserve a particular mention in this place. He and his brother, from their infancy, had been in the service of M. Lamarelle, whose son was so dreadfully ill-treated by Lapalu and his creatures.

This generous man carried to his masters, during the ten months of their imprisonment, everything of which they stood in need; and, when he saw the husband, the wife, the niece, and the son removed, —when he ascertained that they were condemned with two or three accomplices of Lapalu for the same conspiracy, he had the courage to defend them openly, and declared that death alone should prevent him from proclaiming their innocence. His brother was removed to the Carmes a few days before the fall of Robespierre.

This circumstance calls to mind another, not less interesting. A Savoyard had succeeded in obtaining a situation of turnkey in the prison; blunt without severity, he never suffered himself to indulge in a single threat or invective. He learned that the man who had welcomed him to Paris, who had instructed him, who had supplied all his wants,

the paternal protector of all his countrymen, the kind-hearted Fénélon, was inscribed upon the list of those to be removed: the poor youth, yielding to the emotions of his heart, ran and threw himself into the arms of his benefactor; embraced him, and wept freely upon his neck; he held the arm of the gendarme who was conducting the prisoner, whom he called his father, and struggled to retain him in his grasp. "Be comforted," said the worthy old man to him; "death is not an evil for him who can no longer do good. Thy sensibility is, at this moment, a *delightful* solace to my soul. Farewell, my *friend*! *farewell*, *Joseph*! *sometimes think* of me." "Ah, Sir, I shall never forget you," replied the afflicted man, while tears streamed down his cheeks. He could not tear himself away from the arms of his benefactor, nor was he removed till the gaoler came and forced him off.

Those who were acquitted at the tribunal brought back some interesting details respecting those who were condemned. Two brothers, of the name of Robert, could not be parted from each other; they clasped each other firmly together, and were executed one immediately after the other. But the most affecting scene was that presented by a young woman, named Bois-Bérenger: her father, her mother, and her young sister, had received their bill of accusation, but her's had not been drawn out. "Oh, God!" she exclaimed, with a

flood of tears, in a fit of despair, "you will die without me, and I am condemned to survive you!" She tore her hair in a frantic manner, embraced by turns her father, her sister, and her mother, and repeated, in tones of anguished bitterness,—"We shall not die together!" While she was thus giving way to her grief, the bill of accusation arrived. Language is inadequate to describe the joy which immediately lighted up her countenance. She absolutely danced with delight, threw herself into the arms of her parents, and again embraced them with transport:—"Mother," she joyfully exclaimed, "we shall die together!" It might have been supposed that she held their liberty and her own in her hands. She herself cut her hair, ate with appetite and cheerfulness, and afforded an example of heroic fortitude at the scaffold. She it was who was the nurse of the wife of the ex-minister, Amelot: this ci-devant distributor of *lettres de cachet* had not been forgotten in those which the forty-eight revolutionary committees so liberally disseminated; the imprisoner found himself imprisoned in his turn, and he had just had the misfortune to lose the little sense which he had inherited from nature. If he had been content to write to the Prince of Condé to invite him to a dinner, for which an invitation was to be sent to all the kings and princes of Eu-

:n to the convention, "because," said

:ntment existed in his bosom;" if he

had been satisfied with putting into requisition three hundred female negroes for the wants of the Luxembourg (these were the ravings of his madness), one might have laughed at him; but this prisoner had preserved all the cruelty of his disposition: he beat his wife, and all those who contradicted him, and he was obliged to be bound and pinioned. The unfortunate wife sank under the weight of her sorrows, and bore a sickness of considerable duration, in the course of which the young female we have mentioned, Bois-Beranger, never quitted her, either night or day.

The citizens who were acquitted confirmed what had been said by the denunciators, who had all spoken in favour of Le Maire: that the least reproach had not been addressed to him, that he had not occasion to attempt any defence, and that, notwithstanding, he had been condemned to death.

The fact was thus explained. The witnesses had individually promised each other to interest themselves in behalf of this virtuous man, who, by the fruits of his labours, supported his mother and his sister; but some one had apparently spoken in private to the public accuser, in order to secure the execution of one that had been so unfortunate as to gain money at play from Beausire. In addition to the pain which they had in beholding their companions, whom time and misfortune had, in so many instances, endeared to them, torn from their pre-

sence; the cruel expectation which each person felt of being himself removed to the guillotine; the innumerable persecutions which were daily heaped on them by the gaoler, and his accomplice, Vernet; and the perpetual alarm in which they were plunged by the forced silence of their families, and the prohibition respecting the newspapers;—the prisoners were destined to undergo a new calamity, which operated on the physical powers all the injuries with which the moral powers had been long affected: —I mean the common tables, that institution so desirable in itself, if it had not been placed in the hands of avaricious men, who speculated on it by poisoning or starving the citizens whom they had engaged to feed. A complaint was made one day to Wiltcheritz, stating, that one meal a day was not sufficient for men accustomed to make three or four, particularly when it was so small in quantity, and the meat of which it was composed was rotten, and the dry vegetables full of hairs, mud, and worms. He replied, that he would order them beans and potatoes, and that he would mark out those who should dare to find fault with them. The gaoler received the dishes which were refused, but made no other reply than a shrug of his shoulders, and then turned round to drink with the contractor. What they wanted soon took place: disorders of all sorts were multiplied, and the sick had no assistance. It was necessary, in order to get in any medicine,

to have a permit from the physician, which was to be countersigned by the police, in whose office it remained for several days; and when it was at length obtained, it was only by force of money that we could procure the drugs which were prescribed. Every one lost his health and strength; death was painted on every countenance; the only news heard by the unhappy prisoners was the sepulchral voice of a hired villain, who came regularly under the windows of the prison, crying, *Here is the list of the sixty or eighty winners in the lottery of the holy guillotine. Each individual had already made up his mind to die, and waited patiently for the moment of his execution. The unfortunate creatures who had dared to anticipate it were considered by these cannibals as the most consummate wretches, and they barbarously insulted their dead bodies and their memory.*[*]

Such was the dreadful situation of the prisoners of the Luxembourg, who already resembled a body of living skeletons, when the glorious revolution of the 9th Thermidor restored them to life. The sound of the cannon and the tocsin had at first struck terror into every heart. Each thought that his last hour approached; and the most horrible anxiety

[*] Réat, in a report which he made to the convention, paints in energetic terms the sufferings of the prisoners of the Luxembourg. We have placed the greatest part of this report among the notes. See note (B).

word, we could sleep, eat, drink, take the air, and receive from without the tender consolations of love and friendship. What a happy change both for the body and the mind!

A slight quarrel, however, took place with the avaricious contractor. He had served up some meat which was so bad that the smell alone filled the entire refectory. The greater part of the prisoners contented themselves with eating bread, without making the smallest complaint. The tables were composed of twenty persons, and a dish was given to every ten. The citizens belonging to the first table complained aloud, went to M. Roide (the contractor), and showed him that the meat was in a state of putrefaction: those of the second table followed their example; but Roide assumed a jesting air, and, making fun of him who brought it, refused to take it out of his hands. The latter, who was already in rather a bad humour, grew vexed, threatened, and at length dashed the dish and all upon the kitchen floor. This was just what they wanted; they immediately ran to the gaolers, crying out the prisoners were in revolt . . . . . An officer appeared, and entered the refectory, where he was shown a third dish of meat, the population of which he could distinguish without a microscope. He became indignant at the conduct of the contractor, reproached him publicly in the strongest terms, and ordered him to serve up some eggs in

place of the meat, which he had thrown to the dogs. This conduct excited some applause; but, while this was passing, the gaoler arrived with another officer, and showed him the meat, which still lay on the ground.

The officer became enraged, and, addressing the prisoners, threatened them with the most rigorous punishment; called upon them to point out the authors of this agitation; swore that the innocent should be punished as well as the guilty if they did not denounce them; and promised that the committees of the convention should be instantly informed of the turbulent feeling which had been manifested among the prisoners. The latter kept silence; but Lachevardière stood forward to answer in their defence, and said, "In the time of Robespierre it was also said that the prisoners were in agitation, while they were more tranquil than the stones which inclosed them: by what fatality does it happen that officers who call themselves regenerated still hold the same language? Do you wish to invent a pretext for shedding the blood of unhappy beings who do not even express a single murmur? I warn you that, if such is your intention, it will not succeed: the Convention will not suffer the renewal of those bloody scenes; you have insulted and calumniated men who, though prisoners, are still your fellow-creatures. Admit your error, and your injustice is forgotten." The colleague of this officer,

by his mildness and moderation, set everything quiet, made excuses for the passion of his comrade, and order was again restored.

We soon heard of the arrest of the makers of the lists; we saw their accomplices cross the court, with sunken eyes and humbled countenances, on their way to rejoin them at St. Pélagie. We observed towards them the silence of contempt; and they did not receive a single insult nor reproach from those whom they themselves had endeavoured to send to the guillotine. But the pleasure of at length seeing all these wretches subjected to the justice of the law, was not equal to that with which all the prisoners were transported on hearing of the decree which was to restore to liberty a crowd of beings who, victims of their courage or of private hatred, were not included in the law of the 17th of September. With what heartfelt delight, with what enthusiastic rapture, did they embrace the happy man who at length obtained liberty and justice! Music and patriotic songs added to the animation of this interesting scene. An immense crowd waited at the gate to receive the released captives, and embraced them with tears of sensibility. Delightful picture! how very different from the dreadful spectacle of innocent victims dragged forth by hundreds to the scaffold?"

# HISTORICAL SKETCH

ON

# *THE HOUSE OF CONFINEMENT*

OF

# THE RUE DE SÈVRES;

***And Summary of Facts relative to the Insurrection of the 9th Thermidor (27th July, 1794).***

# HISTORICAL SKETCH,

*&c. &c.*

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AMONGST the numerous places of confinement of Paris, in which Robespierre had inclosed the victims that he destined for execution, there was one in the Rue de Sèvres, which appears to have been an object of less sanguinary attention than the others.

The section of the Bonnet Rouge, which had founded this establishment, and which, from the commencement, had arrogated the right to order arrests, not only in that district, but everywhere else, without any authority from the higher powers, had already begun, as early as the 20th of September, 1793, O. S. to confine in it some of the richest individuals of the section, to whom they very soon added others, who possessed the additional title of having occupied the principal places of the court.

This section, perceiving that the Committee of General Security granted it every degree of power

for arrests, and even charged it to execute such as the other sections neglected, established, in consequence, a sort of financial speculation, which proved tolerably lucrative, by taking, about the end of March, instead of a small house, where its sittings had hitherto been held, a house of a much larger size, in which it let apartments to prisoners, at the rate of twelve livres per day for two rooms; so that the total rent so received might amout to as much as 150,000 livres per annum, although it was said to be hired at not more than 2,400 livres. A lease had been drawn out at that rate, which, however, was not signed either by the owner or his agents.

Certain it is, that this prison was, in appearance, much less a prison than many others: its situation at the corner of the boulevard, and the garden in which the prisoners were then allowed to promenade, gave the unfortunate inmates who were there confined a semblance of liberty, and indicated that this house rather inclosed persons who were devoted to party hatred than to the mortal enmity of the tyrannizing faction.

The greater part of the prisoners were of the number of those who had till then enjoyed all the honours and advantages which the places they had occupied procured.

Patience and resignation always inhabited the house, and these two virtues appeared to increase in proportion with the cruel pleasure which

was experienced by those who governed it, when they eventually deprived the prisoners of some of the comforts which they had previously been allowed to enjoy.

Every privation was endured without a murmur, and silence was the only return which was made for brutality and invective; in a word, the place was a cloister, in which the melancholy victims were preyed upon by ennui and misery.

The peace and tranquillity which pervaded the establishment appeared to have banished from it the gloomy fear of those iniquitous and cruel sentences that hung over the heads of the prisoners in other houses of confinement.

During a space of more than six months, of one hundred and sixty unfortunate beings who were there immured, two prisoners alone had been removed from it for immolation, when, on the 7th Thermidor (25th of July, O. S.), about five o'clock in the afternoon, while every one was in his own chamber, or peacefully sitting in those of his companions in misfortune, a confused noise of voices, which predicted some particular event, was heard in the street. Immediately an immense waggon, drawn by four horses, was seen entering, and four gendarmes presented themselves at the same moment in the court, followed by a bailiff of the Revolutionary Tribunal, who appeared, by his physiognomy and his stature, destined to be the

messenger of sinister tidings. This ferocious man gave an immediate order to the gaoler to ring the bell, in order that all the prisoners might at once be assembled in the court; each of them repaired thither in trembling alarm as to his fate, while some ventured, at the same time, to flatter themselves that it was probably only intended to remove some of the prisoners to another place of confinement.

The bailiff then took out his list, and having in his hand all the bills of accusation, which gave an idea that the list was very voluminous, each waited in gloomy silence to hear what he was about to announce; the gaoler wished to call over the names of all the prisoners, and had already commenced, when the bailiff took the list again, and mentioned the names himself.

In the first instance, he called Grammont Dorsan; but the name, although badly pronounced, left no doubt, even in the mind of the unhappy victim who was the object of it, that it was d'Ossun whom they called. The prisoners then began to understand, that all those who were going to be named were destined to be conducted to the Conciergerie, and the next day to the Revolutionary Tribunal, or, which is almost the same thing, to the scaffold.

They proceeded to call for Kersaint,* Maulevrier,

* Kersaint said, as he went down into the court:—"Well, friends; you have often blamed me for beholding the black side of things: it appears to me that this is not quite rose-coloured."—*Note of the Author.*

Chimay,* Narbonne-Pelet, Cécile-Queuvrin, his chamber-maid, under the name of confidential servant, who had the presence of mind to tell the bailiff that she had only lived in the former capacity; Raymond-Narbonne, niece of the foregoing, followed after. These were ordered to be drawn up under the door, and the bailiff established a line of division between them and the other prisoners. Scarcely were they allowed to go, in company with one of the turnkeys, to fetch a parcel which was necessary for the wants of the night.

*Raymond-Narbonne*, blending an air of noble pride with the touching expression of maternal tenderness for a daughter of ten years of age whom she had with her, wished to approach her child, which she well knew she should never more see; but scarcely would they give her time to say a few words to the ci-devant Duchess of Choiseul, to recommend her daughter to her protection, when they forced her to resume her place near her companions. This noble lady afterwards said to one of her companions who made a request to the bailiff, "Do not degrade yourself," said she, "by making the least request from men of that stamp."

* D'Armentières exclaimed from his window,—"Here I am," with that serenity which had never left him for a moment in prison, and as if they had called upon him to give him his liberty.—*Note of the Author.*

At length they called Clermont Tonnerre,* Crussol-d'Amboise, and the Bishop of Agne (St. Simon), affecting to pronounce, with derision and gratification, his former title; afterwards they summoned an individual named Viot, who had left the prison, six months before, to be transferred to St. Lazare, yet whose new abode they were ignorant of: an error which was committed twenty times in the establishment, as much from the extreme negligence of the commissaries of the section, as from the confusion that prevailed in the offices of the Committee of General Security.†

Finally the fatal list was exhausted; after an hour of terror, in which each felt racked by the certainty of the death of his companions already designated, and by the fear of forming one of the convoy, the bailiff pronounced that all might retire.

* Clermont Tonnerre, who was upwards of seventy-two years of age, advanced with a firm step, without the least change of countenance, and as if he was going to repair to some ceremony, to which his rank had formerly called him.—*Note of the Author.*

† Towards the close of the Fructidor, they came to announce liberty to one of our companions, who had been executed at the end of the Floreal. The bearer of the order introduced himself by stating, that he was coming to give liberty to one of our best patriots; that no individual had furnished more evidence than he to prove it; and if he had known him personally, he might have added, that he was also one of the most virtuous men, and the most indulgent and excellent father.—*Note of the Author.*

The unfeeling tormentor afterwards passed the prisoners in review before him, and counted them over several times, until he felt well assured he was taking with him the eleven prisoners selected, who were then embarked in the fatal waggon, to go to the prison La Bourbe, where its lading was to be completed, and thence removed to the Conciergerie.

Each then returned to his apartment, sighing as much over the fate of his companions, as over that which probably awaited himself.

The fate of the unfortunate beings who had just been removed might, indeed, be regarded as certain; for one of the four gendarmes had the cruel frankness to say to one of the prisoners, that, at the same hour the next day, not a single individual of those they were carrying away would exist. How insolent is crime, when its perpetrators do not even take the trouble of concealing it from such as it is unnecessary and useless to confide it to!

Yet hope, which never deserts us even in the most dreadful moments, had still deceived many of us, so far as to inspire the belief that this terrible visit would be the last that would be made to the prison; and, as it appeared that the eleven victims were of the number of those whom past events and fortune seemed to have pointed out to the leaders of the reigning system, we lulled ourselves, during the gloomy night which succeeded this melancholy evening, with the idea that a similar scene would not

take place amongst us, or that at least it would be deferred to a more distant period. The following day, 8th Thermidor (Saturday, the 26th July, 1794, O. S.), at the very moment which saw the victims of the preceding evening butchered, we heard, between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, the fatal vehicle arrive, with a loud clattering noise, accompanied by an immense mob, who were always on the alert for these kinds of sights.

The horror which the vehicle inspired, in those who could behold it from their windows, was extreme; and the deep alarm which had been left in their minds by the events of the preceding evening swelled the size, to their terrified gaze, of the car of death, so well designated, by one of the prisoners, as a great rolling bier. It appeared to all of us double the size of that which had been at the prison the evening before; and, being entirely empty, we were induced to conclude that they were going to fill it with thirty or forty prisoners.

Immediately the funeral knell was rung. The gaoler had, however, requested the bailiff, considering the state of weakness and ill-health in which the scene of the former day had left several females, to dispense with their attendance in the court, and to go into their chambers for those who were destined for the new convoy, as was the practice in other prisons; but the brutal bailiff replied:—"I must do it, in order that it may serve as an example to others."

The bell was then heard, and all the prisoners were ordered to repair to the court to await their destiny; they descended with trembling steps, and each paused at the foot of their staircase, imagining that at every pace they advanced nearer to their immolation.

Mothers struggled to find strength enough, in their exhausted powers, to cheer their children, who were too feeble to bear such terrible anxiety, and such a dreadful spectacle.

In this sad moment of meeting, so replete with apprehension and distress, it would have been difficult to distinguish families; all were fathers, mothers, children, brothers, sisters,—all mutually pressed to each other, and each endeavoured to impart to his companion a degree of fortitude, of which he stood in equal need himself.

Suddenly the profound silence which pervaded the court was broken by the voice of the bailiff, who pronounced, in a dreadful tone, the name of Maille, who, alone and unsupported, penetrated through the weeping throng, and advanced, with an entire forgetfulness of herself, and the recollection alone of her children, whom she recommended to the unfortunate beings who surrounded her. Close to the fatal line of separation, she spoke to the bailiff, and had the presence of mind to ask the name inscribed upon the list. She then recognised, that the Christian name was not her's, but

that of her sister. The bailiff, perceiving his error, immediately questioned her as to the place of abode of the fated victim; her heart, at the first moment, inspired her to feign ignorance respecting her sister-in-law's residence, but she saw the deception would not answer the purpose, and at length acknowledged that she believed she was in the prison St. Lázare.* She then returned, with that lofty and noble air which had not for a moment deserted her, and joined her companions, who had scarcely energy enough left to enjoy the happiness they experienced in seeing her escape from death for this time, and who did not yet know but that their own names would follow from the lips of the harbinger of destruction.

At length this man, after contemplating the scene which delighted his cruel nature, but which was sufficient to move the coldest and most insensible heart, declared that he came not for any other individual in the prison, and departed with his vehicle, to fill it at some other prison.

Those who had had fortitude to struggle against this heart-rending trial, upon attaining their equa-

* These two women had both a narrow escape from death, for she who was at St. Lazare was taken on the 8th Thermidor to the Conciergerie, and on the following day, 9th, the last of the assassinations, she escaped death only by the convulsions to which she was subject, and which seized her so violently at the tribunal, that the judges thought it proper to defer the examination. But happily there was no morrow for crime.—*Note of the Author.*

nimity, eagerly hastened to console and assist the women, who were in the most pitiable condition.

Death for once seemed to have granted a reprieve to all the prisoners; this was, in fact, the last day of the empire which the grim monster had so long exercised over all the prisoners. The National Convention was then struggling with the reprobates who had sworn its destruction, and who at last subdued them.

The Convention was aware of all the plots which were formed against the citizens who were confined, and whom it was designed to send successively to the scaffold; it knew full well, that the decree which had been passed on the 27th Germinal, against all the ex-nobles, obliging them to leave Paris and the frontiers, and the maritime cities, and to select a municipality which should, in some measure, be answerable for them, as a gaoler is responsible for his prisoner, had been framed only for the purpose of avoiding the trouble of confining those individuals all at once in the prisons, so that they could be kept in this place of retreat as a deposit, where they should be found in proportion as the Revolutionary Tribunal thinned the inhabitants of the prisons. The House of Confinement of the Rue de Sèvres afforded a proof of this; as, two days after the departure of the eleven unhappy victims, seven persons of the same family, whom a section of Paris had sent for as far as Ton-

nerre, were brought to the same place. Amongst these was a female in her ninth month's pregnancy, who was immured in an attic, to which she had to ascend by seventy-five steps; after that period no other prisoners were introduced, except those who were called people of the 9th Thermidor.

Blood then ceased to flow; or, at all events, none was shed but that of the sanguinary monsters, who, for many months, had not paused a moment in their pursuit of the innocent victims of their cruelty.

It is clearly ascertained that Robespierre would have extended the daily number of the executions of the Revolutionary Tribunal to a hundred in each court; for it was positively known by citizens attached to this tribunal, that orders had been given to construct, in the halls, amphitheatres capable of containing, at one time, that number of culprits.*

Notwithstanding these infernal preparations, it is even more than probable, that the project had been formed, and that in conjunction with the Commune of Paris, to get rid of all the prisoners in one day, by a popular riot, which might easily have been excited, and which would probably have taken

* The provinces imitated, and sometimes surpassed, Paris:—"A commission had been established at Orange, which was so dreadfully terrible, that it was about to order to the scaffold, twelve thousand victims, just when the events of the 9th Thermidor took place. They were already collected in the prisons, and deep ditches were prepared to receive them."—Extract from a Narration of the deputy Isnard.—*Note of the Editors.*

place on the night between the 9th and 10th Thermidor. For this purpose, almost all the gaolers of the prisons had been changed, in order that these instruments might be entirely devoted to the sanguinary projectors of the scheme. The keeper of the prison of the Rue de Sèvres, on the night of the 9th to 10th Thermidor, under pretence of visiting all the lights, which were prohibited after ten o'clock, had entered between that hour and eleven most of the apartments, desiring their inmates to leave the keys in the doors, as he might probably wish to visit them two or three times in the course of the night. It was remarked, that he made this visit only on one side of the establishment, and that he stopped upon hearing, about midnight, a bell ring at the street door, which caused him to go down, and doubtlessly obliged him to suspend his project; for one of the first observations we heard him make on the morning of the 10th was that every thing was d——ly changed. This energetic expression began to shed a ray of hope through the agitated minds of all the prisoners, who felt that they were in a momentous crisis, without knowing either what produced it, or what result it might have.

We were in fact at that moment in profound ignorance of every passing event. Not only were all the newspapers prohibited in the prison, but it was even ordered that none of the newsvenders

should call them within four hundred yards of the place: we had only the sad privilege of hearing a woman, with a strong and barbarous voice, announce in particular terms, at different periods, the names of those who had been condemned by the Revolutionary Tribunal; and, whenever there were not more than twenty of them, she was wont to say, that she hoped she should announce many more on the following day.

In fine, the night of the 9th to the 10th Thermidor proclaimed that some great events had transpired, as well by the numerous parties of patrol whom we saw passing, as by the alarm, which we heard beating from the hour of ten in the evening. A number of the prisoners feeling the alarming situation in which they might at any moment be placed, had agreed that those who slept in the coach-houses should watch all the night, to give intelligence to the others. The knowledge that we had acquired of the atrocious character of the new gaoler, whom we had had for a fortnight, gave us just reason to think that he was well fitted to indulge in all the cruelties which he might be ordered to commit. A few days after the execution of these horrible plots, about nine o'clock one evening, a party came to seize upon him, and carry him to prison, a circumstance which afforded solace to the prisoners.

This gaoler had some time before hit upon the

scheme of placing sentinels, even in the day-time, in the court, which they were ordered to cross diagonally, with an injunction to break every group of three or four persons, who, in their promenades, sometimes stopped for a moment; but, happily for us, it happened that, on the 10th Thermidor, a young man of good family, son of a very wealthy father who had recently been guillotined, participating our suspense and anxiety, could not refrain from informing us of the good news, of which he fully felt the importance, to those he was forced to guard; and, while he continued to pace his round, he now and then uttered a word respecting Robespierre, by which we became acquainted with his final downfall; in consequence of which, two days afterwards, the gaoler, indignant on perceiving that, notwithstanding his extreme vigilance, we were already informed of what was passing, suppressed the sentinels of the court and garden, in order to substitute large dogs in their place.

When we compare all these circumstances with anterior facts; when we recollect that the plotting municipality of Paris had come, without any order, to examine, during two successive days and nights, all the clothes, money, plate, and other things belonging to the prisoners; that these same municipal officers made the examination without producing any written authority to that effect; when it is considered that they carried their search so far as to

take away all means of defence, even the most minute things, such as compasses, and small tools for making flowers; that the gaoler came several days prior to the 9th Thermidor to remove the snuffers, although candles were still allowed;—it may fairly be concluded that it is more than probable a dreadful project had long been in agitation against the prisons, and that it was designed, not to take away from the prisoners all means of attempting their own lives, but to deprive them even of the smallest defence against those who were to be charged with their destruction.

It has been well ascertained, that other keepers had been appointed to the places of confinement, only in order that they should agree to make alterations in the gaolers' books:* those of our prison were notoriously falsified.

Those whom tyranny had devoted to death were registered under the simple denomination, Mr. ——, *arrested as a measure of general security.*— Thus it was that they confined victims, who, feeling comforted, owing to the nature of the inculpations which were made against them, did not perceive the precipice on which they stood, until they had fallen from it.

* The new gaoler related to one of the prisoners that he had left the prison of the Abbaye because he had refused to sanction the alterations in the prison registers, having always regarded them as a sacred deposit.—*Note of the Author.*

THE

# PRISON MADELONNETTES.

THE

# PRISON MADELONNETTES.

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THE numerous arrests which took place in the beginning of September, 1793, completely crowded this prison, and changed it from a bridewell into a permanent place of confinement. Before the month commenced, there were very few prisoners in the Madelonnettes. Those who were called *la paille* (the chaff), were lodged in the third story, and consisted of forgers of assignats, of money-coiners, and of robbers. These scum of society, having endeavoured to make their escape, were removed to the ground-floor, where care was taken to prevent a fresh attempt.

The first prisoners who were thrown by the republicans iuto this establishment were the citizens of the sections of La Montagne, of the Contrât Social, of the Marchés, &c., to the number of fifteen or twenty, as a quota from each section. The citizens of La Montagne were placed in the corridor of the third story, and swore they would not part from each

other except from a superior order. The other sectionaries who afterwards arrived were confined in that part which the miserable criminals before named occupied. These were rooms of twenty feet square, and nine in height, looking to the back of the prison, each having two windows of six small panes, and defended by very strong gratings. In each of these chambers there were twelve cribs, three and three close together, each of which was a foot and a half broad and six feet long, provided with a wretched palliass, full of filth and vermin.

The gaoler of this prison, Vaubertrand, junior, a strict but feeling man, whose character never changed during the hundred days that I remained in this prison, sought every opportunity of alleviating the fate of the citizens who were only suspected. The establishment of the cribs, or mangers, which were thought of in order to degrade humanity, disappeared from his exertions, and articles of essential necessity were kindly distributed to the prisoners.

The first night of our arrival, we were obliged to sleep upon straw: the day after, mattresses were given to us, and a few days later our rooms were furnished with tables, and other convenient small articles of furniture.

The bedsteads occupying more space than the
eight of them could be placed in one
ch gave his assistance in the change;
than an hour the cribs were removed and

the beds fixed, which reduced the inmates of each apartment from twelve to eight citizens.

The first few days of our captivity may with truth be called the golden age of prison residence. We were all fully sensible of the loss of our liberty; but, having nothing to blame ourselves for, we supported this privation with the firmness which characterizes the man of integrity and the virtuous republican, who has learnt to yield obedience to the laws. Alas! we did not then foresee the days of grief and despair which have since marked our existence. *They had not yet commenced their assassinations—the system of butchery had not* been established . . . . . But do not let us anticipate events.

We then enjoyed the privilege of seeing our wives, our relations, and our friends, who daily came to offer consolation and hope to our spirits.

The companions of our corridor were several actors of the Théâtre Français, Boulain Villiers, De Crosne, General Lanoue, Fleurieu.* They had arrived a few days before us, and occupied, two and two, rooms of eight feet square.

This prison, which was only calculated to contain two hundred persons, very soon enclosed two hundred and sixty to two hundred and eighty,

* Fleurieu, ex-minister of marine.—*Note of the Author.*

which increase cramped the prisoners greatly, and some were obliged to sleep in the corridors.

These corridors were fifty paces in length. At one end were the privies, which diffused such an intolerable stench through all the house, that it was impossible to walk there; and one could not keep the doors open without a risk of swooning from the smell. At the other extremity was a small window that supplied a current of air, which was not sufficient to neutralize the effect of the mephitic vapours that issued from the other end. Hence there suddenly arose a sort of epidemic disorder, which would shortly have carried off a great many of the inmates, had it not been for the assistance and indefatigable attention of the worthy and zealous Dupontet, physician of the section of the Homme Armé. We shall have occasion, in the sequel, to mention this citizen again. Dupontet had all the doors and windows opened at a certain hour, and during a fixed space of time ordered vinegar to be burnt, and directed that the prisoners should take exercise before dinner, and before they retired for the night; and we regularly executed marches or evolutions, which General Lanoue or St. Prix, actor of the Théâtre Français, directed. In this manner we parried the disease.

We remarked in these evolutions the ex-civil Lieutenant Angrand d'Alleray, who, although

eighty years of age, held himself as erect as the most vigorous young man. At the evening exercises he appeared with a candle in his hand, walked in the regular step, and did not miss a single evolution. De Crosne was also of the party.

Notwithstanding all these precautions, the small-pox broke out, and Sabran (formerly colonel of cavalry) fell a victim to it. Dupontet, with all his attentions and all his watchings, and Seignelai,* his nurse, could not save him.

Lecamus de Laguibourgèret took it from him, but was fortunate enough to recover from it. Fortunate! why do I say fortunate? . . . . . A few days afterwards Laguibourgère lost his head upon the scaffold.

Whenever an administrator of police entered, we bitterly complained to him that there was no infirmary in a prison where the prisoners were heaped together in such large numbers. The arrogant upstart paid little attention to our remonstrances, gave us vague promises, and never performed them.

We requested a court, and offered to pay for the additional guard which would thus be rendered necessary. Once again we received a promise of attention to our wishes, but the court was not

* Seignelai, wine-dealer, of the section of Grenelle.—*Note of the Author.*

† Lecamus de Laguibourgère, formerly counsellor to the Parliament of Paris.—*Note of the Author.*

opened till the 18th Frimaire, when it was no longer possible to enjoy the promenade, from the rigour of the season.

All the agents of authority were indifferent to our sufferings. When any one of them happened to make his appearance, he was immediately surrounded, and was obliged to listen to details on the dreadful situation of some of the prisoners. He received the communication with an absent air, pretended to be enwrapped in important affairs, uttered a few unmeaning words, disappeared, and left the unfortunate beings to wrestle with despair and death.*

On the 8th of October, O. S., the visit was announced of the Administrators of Police, one of whom was Marino, of the section of the Montagne, one of the assassins of Lyon, known to all the prisoners as one of the most hardened villains. He entered with grotesque dignity and an insolent gaze, wearing a dirty coat and a greasy hat and scarf. The prisoners hurried towards him, presented their petitions, and endeavoured to excite his sensibility. The brutal administrator gave to all evasive replies, and entered the room which

* When petitions were presented to them (the administrators), they often glanced over the writing from the bottom to the top, and, feigning to read, exclaimed, "It cannot be possible; however, I will make my report."—*Memoir upon the Prison of the English.—Note of the Editors.*

contained the citizens of his section. He eyed these his victims (for it was by his denunciations that these co-sectionaries had been arrested, and imprisoned) with the ferocious smile of a tiger, and heaped the most brutal invectives upon them. To such a wretch one could not talk of liberty, and we were therefore content to ask the privilege of ranging the garden. "Patience, good citizens," replied this sanguinary Nero; "they are establishing handsome prisons at Picpus, at Port Libre, and elsewhere. Those who may have the good or ill fortune to go thither, will find gardens in which they will be able to enjoy themselves." A prisoner then put such a restraint upon his repugnance to solicit this barbarian, as to complain to Marino of his imprisonment, which was only founded on very slight suspicions. The prison register implied that he was "suspected of disaffection." The administrator coldly answered his remonstrances—"I would rather," added he, fervently, "be accused of having robbed—of having in fact assassinated,—than be suspected of being an enemy to my country."

A tall hussar, with immense mustachios, lodged on the first floor. He humbly presented his petition to Marino, whom he respectfully called *Monsieur*. "Speak like a republican; I *thou* every body; no *Monsieur*, but *Citizen*; and I prithee *thou* me." "Well, then, by the holy name of God, I request

thee to enable me to get from hence, and to give me my liberty."

He was released three days afterwards, for they were in want of men who wore mustachios. Marino finished his visit by telling us, with a delighted countenance, of the decree of the Commune, which prohibited all communication with the outside of our prison, and the order was immediately put into execution.

We were forced then to part from you, beloved mistresses, virtuous wives, and cherished friends! We no longer were permitted to enjoy the tender embraces of affection, the delicious emotions of filial piety, and the grateful effusions of friendship; all these sources of consolation were dried up. Unfeeling tyranny had pronounced her decrees, and her victims were forced to yield obedience. This cruel mandate paralyzed all our feelings, and our hearts appeared well nigh annihilated. Time and philosophy insensibly afforded solace to us, and we resumed the attitude of men who have courage to endure misfortune. Hope and friendship lightened the weight of our chains; our tastes blended and sympathized in our mutual sorrows; and intimacies were then formed which death alone can destroy.

Scenes foreign to our own situation sometimes occurred to drive away the *ennui* of our captivity. The gaoler, Vaubertrand, had a son four years old. This child already possessed all the virtues of his

parents, and affability, kindness, and sensibility, distinguished him even at his early age. He frequently came to see us, and became particularly fond of Citizen Dazincourt, actor of the Théâtre Français, and of Citizen Coittant.

On the 11th of October, O. S., two young females, who knew not the decree of the Commune, melted into tears at the door of the prison, and made the most earnest entreaties to be permitted to see their husbands. One of them, meeting in her passage with this interesting child, took him up in her arms, and begged him to obtain from the keeper the permission to enter the prison, which he had refused her. The child fell on his knees before the keeper, and exclaimed, "I pray you let the lady enter; you see I am on my knees!"

Nothing could move the inflexible keeper: the child supplicated, but could not succeed in his entreaties. Tears of despair streamed from the eyes of the two affectionate wives, who, however, were obliged to retire without obtaining admission.

The daughter of Citizen Fleury, actor of the Théâtre Français, a child of four years of age, possessing all the lovely graces of infancy, presented herself on the outside of the prison, and bade "good day" to her father, whom she perceived through the window. She was torn from his sight, and the tears of innocence had no power over the hard-hearted gendarme.

Notwithstanding all the vexations which we were forced to endure, yet we enjoyed the satisfaction of speaking to our friends through the windows. The sound of their voices was a happiness to us, which, however, was at length denied us from the following circumstance:—One of the gendarmes who was on guard conducted himself brutally towards the wife of a prisoner, and it was even said that he so far forgot himself as to attempt violence to her person. A dozen women, with keen tongues, who had come to see their husbands, were witnesses of the scene, and treated the gendarme in rather an unceremonious manner; he thereupon made a complaint to the Commune, and orders were given not to suffer any further conversation at the windows.

Entirely sequestered from the world, we sometimes, however, passed a few tolerably agreeable moments. In our corridor, particularly that of the third story, a friendly intercourse had been established, which became daily more interesting from the common misfortune that existed amongst us. The news of a favourable decree, of an advantage gained, or a victory, restored us to cheerfulness.

*Bon-mots* and lively raillery caused some little diversion to our *ennui*.* Dazincourt was always

* A prisoner of St. Pelagie thus relates the amusements which were sought in that prison against *ennui*:—

"The prisoners who were in close confinement determined, in order to cheat the *ennui* which preyed upon them, to form amongst

jovial. "Is it not astonishing," said he, "to find me here?—That they should retain in it emperors,

themselves a sort of club, the meetings of which they had fixed for eight o'clock in the evening. Although the doors of each chamber were of a prodigious thickness, they had nevertheless perceived that it was possible to make themselves heard from one end of the corridor to the other by calling out rather loudly. The first who conceived the whimsical idea of this relaxation from solitude was Marino, member of the Commune of the 10th of August, who continued in the municipal functions till the day of his arrest. By the aid of this invention they reciprocally instructed each other, in the utmost order, of what had been learnt from the turnkeys in the course of the day; and, in order that they might not be comprehended, in case they should be overheard by any of them, or by the gendarmes who were posted under the windows, instead of saying *I have learnt such a thing*, they said, *I have dreamt such a thing*.

"In order to secure admission into this society, a man must neither be a false witness nor a forger of assignats. When a candidate arrived (thus they called the prisoners newly received), the president was deputed to inquire from him, in the name of the society, his name, his profession, his abode, and the cause of his arrest; and, as soon as it was satisfactorily ascertained that he had not been guilty of the crimes which caused exclusion, the president proclaimed him member of the society in these words:—'Citizen, the patriots confined in this corridor deem thee worthy to be their brother and friend: it is their misfortunes and their honesty which unite them amongst themselves: they require no other pledges from thee but these. I send thee a fraternal embrace.' And the society, in order to avoid the noise of clapping of hands, cried out, in sign of approbation and applause, 'Good! good!'"—*Note of the Editors.*

kings, tyrants, dukes, and marquises, may easily be conceived; but that I should see myself in their company,—I who am only a poor sans-culotte footman,—by Jove, there is injustice in it!"

Our little favorite, Vaubertrand's son, likewise afforded us consolation. I must relate the conversation he one day had with his amiable mother, a woman as estimable as she was kind-hearted, who often came to examine if we were in want of anything which the law permitted. There was in the prison a small garden, into which the gaoler alone had the right of entrance. "We do not see any one in the garden," said the child; "let us go and pay a visit to our *pigeons*" (the term by which he called us). "Very well, my boy, come along then." "Mama, we must open the doors for them; they have done no harm; oh, mama! I am sure they have done no harm." "But, my boy, wouldst thou wish to see me guillotined?"—"No, mama." "It is not I, my child, who have the keys; it is the keepers." "Ah, dear! if you wish them, I will go and peruse them, and during that time you can take the keys, and we will open them the doors." Thus did this charming boy express himself.

We had established a correctional police in the prison. It was before this tribunal that the denunciators who came to swell the number of the

prisoners were summoued. They were received in a manner calculated to cure them of the mania for informing, in case they should recover their liberty.

*On the* 23d of October, O. S. the ci-devant Chevalier de Bussey, an American, was recognised by Citizen St. Hilaire, whom he had caused to be arrested. "How!" said St. Hilaire, "villain, scoundrel, art thou here? There is then human justice! Citizens, this man is a monster, who has employed the most infamous means to procure my arrest; he is a spy." Immediately they surrounded the ci-devant chevalier, who turned pale, and sought in vain for an answer by which he might justify himself. They insisted on his speaking, but he still preserved the same silence. Sarcasms and hootings were freely aimed at him, and he endeavoured to make his retreat into a room, into which he was refused admittance. Indignation was ready to burst forth still more violently, when a keeper came to fetch him to put him amongst the lowest criminals, called the *chaff*. Already informed of his arrival, they did not desire his company, and repulsed him very cavalierly. At length he was banished provisionally into the pig's-tye, until another birth could be found for him.

A similar adventure, but more humorous, happened to Bénard, civil commissary of the section of La Montagne, who came to join us on the 17th Frimaire.

The co-sectionaries had assembled together in separate rooms, as far as they had been able to do so. At the grating, Bénard had been asked: "Of what section art thou?" "Of the Montagne," was the reply. "Go up to the third story, No. 12, and thou wilt there find some good fellows." This was not quite agreeable to the ideas of the new guest, who, unfortunately for him, was not very advantageously known by his co-sectionaries. On reaching the first story, he stopped to converse with the prisoners. His answers to the questions that were put to him were obscure and confused, and his appearance did not excite very favourable ideas. In order to gain more information about him, he was accompanied by a deputation, and conducted to the apartment of his companions of the section. He entered it with a very downcast look, and saluted them with an air of great embarrassment. A look of contempt and indignation was our only reply.

The deputation had remained at the door, and were inquiring about the character of the individual. They were informed that he was a denunciator, a bailiff, and a robber, for his reputation had got the start of him. To his discomfiture he met, at the end of the corridor, with the Citizen Roland, whom he had had arrested at the palace Egalité, as the assassin of Lepelletier, and who finished the description of his character. He was

conducted to the first story, accompanied by maledictions. There he could not gain admittance, and was rudely repulsed. One of the guard arrived, and said to him: "Sir, you are too honest a man to remain with these citizens; follow me, and I will find you a lodging." He led him to the common criminals' room, where a meddling prisoner cried out: "*The cat, the cat.*" This was the watch-word which gave warning of the arrival of a rascally individual. On reaching the place, he was desired to state the cause of his imprisonment. He replied, that he was accused of having wished to steal some church ornaments and lace from the chasubles, and some patinas and silver virgins, which had certainly been found at his house, but which he had only deposited there, fully intending to restore them to those to whom they might belong, concluding by stating that the matter would not keep him long confined.

He had long been well skilled in plate and jewellery: he had been sacristan at the Madelaine, then clerk at St. Roch, then grenadier in the battalion of the same name, then dun for the section, then civil commissary and commissary of the gaming-houses, then bailiff, and at length robber; having experienced both fair and foul weather in his section. His new comrades consoled him, and told him that, to avoid the attacks of melancholy, he must amuse himself by some trifling sports.

It was proposed to him that he should play at *the tailor*, to which he acceded. For this purpose two tables were drawn close to each other, upon which a blanket was placed, and one of the individuals, placing himself in the attitude of a tailor, ordered the new guest to take off his coat, of which he took the measure; then, mounting the tables, he requested the stranger to do the same. —During this time they had been making some good rods out of a new besom, and, upon a given signal, he was thrown down, and his breech was soundly whipped.

One of the castigators went to the tub of one of the commodities, and, from its stores, perfumed the breeches of the sacristan grenadier. The sufferer found himself ill after this treatment, yet his indefatigable tormentors metamorphosed him into Sancho Pancha, and tossed him lustily in a blanket. During this ceremony, they sang in chorus the litanies and *aperna bona*. At last the ex-commissary opened his eyes, and called for the turnkey, who arrived, and exclaimed, in his hoarse voice: "Citizens (observe that he was addressing thirty-five robbers, who had been transferred from the Bicêtre some days before), when a respectable citizen is brought among you, it is not in order that you may torment him. I pray you to be more circumspect, or I will shut you all up in your rooms.

On hearing the voice of the keeper, each had blown out his candle, and retired to his own cell. The farce was ended.

As the voltigeur was wiping his face, Vaubertrand, to whom the keeper had just made his report, arrived.

"What is this!" He held his nose. "Zounds, how disagreeably you smell." "It is—it is—" "In fact," said Vaubertrand, "I see—I smell what it is; I shall go and order you to be put into a separate room;" which was immediately executed. In this manner, the citizens of the section of La Montagne were, in some small degree, revenged for the atrocities of this scoundrel, who had set the inhabitants of the section at variance with each other, and afterwards fled like a cowardly reptile. Since then, the Criminal Tribunal of the department have condemned him to sit six hours in the pillory, and to suffer twelve years' imprisonment.

Some days after the mishap of the ex-commissary, a scene of another kind served to divert us. A young man, ci-devant counsellor to the Parliament, was lodged in the second story, in a room with eight persons; he was desirous of occupying that of St. Prix, in which there was a place vacant by the removal of Duval, his messmate.

He disputed it with a ci-devant attorney to the Parliament, named Duchemin, a man as mild and polite as the other was haughty and puffed up with

pride. The gaoler had promised it to Duchemin, to whom it belonged by right of seniority. After several disputes, the young counsellor said to him: "I am astonished that you raise any difficulties between yourself and me; there ought not to be any." "Sir," replied the attorney, "if you had made your request with a little more politeness, I might have satisfied you; but here we are all equal, and I will maintain my rights; it is for the gaoler to decide between us;" and immediately he turned his back upon the other. The father of the counsellor, Villiers de Montmartin, was there, and said to the attorney: "And will you dispute it with me, Sir?" "Doubtlessly," answered Duchemin; "if it had been for you, your age would have induced me to submit to it: but it is for your son, who is as young as myself, and I will not yield an iota of my pretensions, which are founded in justice and my right of seniority." Definitively the room was allotted to him. Dazincourt observed upon the subject: "I am very well persuaded that he would not have asked to come into mine, if there had been a vacancy; for he would, without doubt, have refused to live with a poor footman; he would rather share the apartment of an emperor."*— Young Le Tour du Pin Gouvernet, thirteen years

* St. Prix filled the chief characters in tragedy at the Théâtre François.—*Note of the Author.*

old, having been witness to this dispute, said: "That is the way with all these nobles of the long robe." Citizen Laborde, of the section of the Montagne, replied to him:—"Go, go, it is nonsense talking: thy nobility is as good as his, and be d—d to him."

A facetious wit wrote the following two couplets, which were stuck up at the door of the corridor, and soon circulated through the whole prison, so that the nick-name, *de vous à moi*, was ever after applied to the counsellor:—

AIR—*Du haut en bas.*

*Le Conseiller.*

De vous à moi,
Faites, Monsieur, la difference.
De vous à moi
Dit le conseillor en émoi
Je dois avoir la préférence;
Eh! songez donc à la distance
De vous à moi.

*Le Procureur.*

De vous à moi,
Quelle est donc cette difference?
De vous à moi
Soyez enfin de bonne foi;
Egaux en droits par la naissance,
Je n'admite aucune distance
De vous à moi.

They were to remove fourteen Englishmen to another place, which would leave some of the

rooms empty. The same Villiers de Montmartin went to seek Vaubertrand, who was then on the third story; he told him that he had a word to communicate to him. The gaoler replied: "Citizen, I am at this moment going to visit Citizen Boulainvilliers, who is ill."—"But I assure you I have only a word, a single word to say to you." Perceiving that Vaubertrand continued to walk on, and piqued that the latter had not been to his room to hear the petition which he had presented to him in the presence of several individuals, humiliated likewise at the idea of having appeared to supplicate the gaoler of a lock-up house, he drew himself up with dignity, and exclaimed: "I wait for you in my apartment." "I shall be with you shortly," said Vaubertrand; and, as he followed the counsellor at a distance, he observed, "Aye! aye! always, always the man of 1788!"

Duchemin fell sick, and was in some danger. During the whole time of his illness, he had no other nurse than St. Prix, his chamber companion, who gave him broths, medicines, &c. and who, after three nights of unremitting watching, once left the apartment with his lips as black as coals.

Citizen Boivin, dealer in wine, at Porte Bernard, was accused of having permitted the sale of spices in his house; he had already been before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and was going to appear a second time, to receive sentence. One morn-

ing he was called, and set off. We were not without uneasiness with respect to the issue of his sentence, but learnt, at length, that he was acquitted.

He arrived himself about five o'clock in the evening, and confirmed the happy news, adding, "I have been acquitted under bond; they demanded a thousand crowns, but, not having so much, I offered to subscribe an engagement to a much larger amount, but was refused. I must raise the required sum, otherwise I must remain in prison till I have mustered it." Logette, merchant, Rue de la Chanverrie, perceiving his embarrassments, said to him: "You only want a thousand crowns in order to secure your liberty? Here is the sum; go and enjoy the precious privilege." "Permit me, then, to give you my bill." "No! the word of an honest man is sufficient."

Tears of gratitude were the benefactor's reward; they embraced each other, and Logette, during this affecting scene, appeared the obliged party.

In the meantime the news had spread abroad in the prison, that Boivin was to remain in confinement until he had found a thousand crowns (3000 francs) for his security. It reached Vanhove, sen. who was playing at piquet with Fleury; he drew out his pocket-book, and exclaimed,—"How happy I am! I can let him have the sum. I have nearly

4500 livres, and 1500 will be sufficient for me for the time I expect to remain in prison. Where is he?" He ran to offer the money to him. Boivin had departed; Vanhove learnt that Logette had anticipated him, and he consoled himself by the thought, that he had not forgot a brother, and rejoiced within himself that a man had been found in the prison whom fortune had placed in a situation to assist one in distress.

Formerly prisons were always the schools of crime, but our's had become the school of benevolence. How often did the worthy Dupontet endeavour to excite the sensibility of the prisoners, by presenting to them the heart-rending picture of the misery and necessities of some of our companions; and gratified am I to say, that his efforts were never fruitless: indigence was relieved, and never humbled!

One day a culprit of the lowest ward, estimable from his integrity, was acquitted by the Revolutionary Tribunal. The law which granted an indemnity to citizens whose innocence was proved, did not then exist. This unfortunate man was absolutely naked, and had twenty leagues to travel home. A collection was made, and he was immediately equipped from head to foot, and furnished with sufficient to take him home; and, as the produce of the collection had been considerable,

the surplus was distributed amongst the other indigent prisoners, who offered grateful prayers for the happiness of their benefactors.

Time did not lessen our hardships; on the contrary, tyranny strove to render them still more overwhelming. To chase away our sorrows we had recourse to music, and executed, indifferently well, some of Plegel's quartettos. The charming wife of our gaoler did not desert us, but was regularly present at these little concerts, and was the only female. The following stanzas will give an idea of this amiable family :—

AIR—*Jeunes Amans cueiller des Fleurs.*

On voit l'amour et la bonté,
En voyant le fils et la mère ;
De même on voit l'humanité
En voyant le fils et le père.
Oh ! mes amis, qu'on est heureux
De trouver en lui le bon frère,
L'ami sincère et généreux,
Qui souffre de notre misère !

These lines gave the idea of composing *bouts-rimés*, on the same rhymes. The following, by Reynal, of the section of the Montagne, gained the prize :—

*To the Wife of Vaubertrand.*

(SAME AIR.)

Dans ton sourire la . . . . . *bonté*
Nous peint la plus tendre des . . *mères* ;

De ton époux . . . . . *l'humanité*
Peint aussi le meilleur des . *pères.*
Chacun de nous serait . . *heureux*
Si la loi qui nous fit ses . . *frères,*
Voulait que ses soins . . *généreux,*
Pussent adoucir nos . . . *misères.*

Gaolers of the 10th Thermidor, why can we not distinguish you with rhymes like these!

On the 7th of November, Marino honoured us with a second visit. The object of his visit was, to establish an equality in the prison, to make the rich eat with the poor, and the whole at the expense of the former. He wished, likewise, that the prisoners of the lowest grade, who slept upon straw, should leave their dreadful abodes to occupy chambers; and, *vice versâ*, it was his desire that the suspected inmates should take the places of the others on the straw. Happily, this scheme did not take effect. It was represented to him that the *chaff*, as these miserables were called, was almost entirely composed of criminals, of robbers, and forgers of false assignats, and that great inconvenience would arise, notwithstanding his grand system of equality in favouring robbers, &c., by removing citizens who were only suspected of disaffection to the country. Marino did not, therefore, insist upon the point, but gave orders for organizing the common tables. He then went through all the prison, questioned the prisoners on their cir-

cumstances, and assigned to those who were able to afford it, poor individuals to support.

On reaching the room of La Montagne, where those co-sectionaries were lodged, they wished to converse with him on the subject of their imprisonment; but Marino, without attending to them, went to fetch De Crosne (he was guillotined afterwards with a number of others), brought him into their apartment, and said to him, "Here, my friend, these are the men of my section; thou must take care of them; dost thou understand?"—"Yes, citizen." "Sit down there."—"Yes, citizen." Patting him upon the cheek, Marino added, "Well, then, thou wilt pay for the mess,—dost thou understand?"—"Yes, citizen." "The room, the expenses, the wine?"—"Very good, citizen." "Stop, this is the president," pointing out Jousseran; "he will make out a note of all the charges; dost thou hear?"—"Yes, citizen." "Thou hast fortune, and they have not; thou must therefore pay; dost thou understand?"—"Yes, citizen." "Do not fail, then."—"No, citizen." "And thou wilt give them legs of mutton cooked with garlic, potatoes, and sallad."—"Very well, citizen."

After this conversation he left De Crosne, giving him a slight tap upon the cheek.

Upon quitting this apartment he arranged for tables for Citizens La Michaudière, Villemain, and

others, and told the actors of the Théâtre Français that he would send them a farmer-general of the taxes to support them, as he felt the necessity they had for it. He likewise told De Crosne and Villemain, that under the reign of equality, as there were not to be any of the *chaff* amongst them, he should send for their mattresses. He particularly recommended them, as a fundamental dish, to provide the leg of mutton with garlic.

Marino was this day in good humour, and his visit had enlivened us. His orders were to be executed forthwith, and all was admirably arranged. De Crosne offered his services with a good grace; but the apartment of La Montagne, which, without containing very rich citizens, had not yet had occasion for the assistance of any one (for they were bound in one common obligation to each other), declared that they were in a condition to supply their own wants. De Crosne insisted on being useful to those who were least prosperously situated, and asked whether a worthy curé, who had been admitted into the apartment, did not experience considerable privations. This curé had opened his mind, a few days before, respecting his limited means, to one of the citizens with whom he lived, and the latter had taken a pleasure in serving him. De Crosne learnt from them that the good priest owed for the rent of his room, and for a part

of the food that he received from without, and he immediately relieved the curé from the anxiety which he might feel on these two points.

For some time we had heard it rumoured, that a removal of prisoners would shortly take place, and in the end the scheme was put into execution. They began by taking away all the curés, amongst whom was that of St. Roch. He had a burning fever, accompanied by violent delirium; yet his situation made no impression upon the administrators of police, who made him depart with his colleagues. Our parting was affecting, and tears dimmed the eyes of all. They were transferred to the Bicêtre; and we learnt, on the following day, that they had been shut up to the number of fifty-six in the same room, where they had passed the night on chairs, and that they had found it impossible to procure any thing from without, even by paying for it.

On the 3d Frimaire, Citizen Blanchard, commissary-general of the army, was added to our number. The first desire of a prisoner, upon his arriving, was to relate the causes of his arrest: and this individual, in giving his recital, could not refrain from tears as he mentioned the names of his wife and daughters.

"Philippine and Amelia," he exclaimed, "alas, I shall never see you more!" His dog, which he had brought with him, and which had followed him to the army, and in his different ourneys, howled

in a distressed manner every time he pronounced their cherished names; the scene, indeed, was truly affecting.

The official defenders were the only individuals who had the right of entrance into the prison. Cahier, one of them, was proceeding to what was called the green-room of the third story, seeking for a prisoner whose defence had been confided to him, when his eyes rested on a brave *sans-culotte*, Citizen Grappin, who, on the 2d of September, 1792, had torn him from the hands of the assassins, and saved his life. They stood motionless on recognising each other; tears rushed from the eyes of each, they hurried into each other's arms, embraced with the most affectionate warmth, and remained several minutes in that attitude, without uttering a single word; and they recovered their coolness only to lose it again in fresh demonstrations of feeling.

"Ah! my worthy friend," exclaimed Cahier, "why do I find thee here?" Grappin related to him the causes of his arrest. "What injustice!" rejoined Cahier; "dispose of me, and of my fortune; my life, which thou gavest me, a second time belongs to thee. Be comforted, I will not sleep till I have obtained thy liberty."

This scene, as may easily be imagined, affected all present, even to tears.

Grappin, who had saved more than sixty persons at the Abbaye, at the time of the massacres, did

not recover his freedom till after the revolution of the 10th Thermidor.

The rumour of the general removal of the prisoners still circulated. The object of the administration was to restore this place to its original design,—that is, to make it thenceforward only *maison de force* (bridewell).

We were preparing for a painful separation, but were promised that in our new abode we should be able to see our relations and friends, and that we should enjoy a more salubrious air: the hope of this lessened the regret we felt in leaving our amiable gaolers, who employed every means in their power to lessen our sufferings, while we remained with them.

On the 5th Frimaire, the wife of one of the robbers confined in the lowest ward, brought a pair of shoes to her husband, in one of which she had concealed a file, and attempted to deliver them through the bars of the cell, which was on the ground-floor. One of the guards demanded to see the shoes, when the woman took the file out of them, but did it so clumsily, that it was perceived. The report of this circumstance was immediately sent to the Commune, which forthwith despatched an order prohibiting all the prisoners from showing themselves at the windows, or speaking to any one.

We all sympathized with each other in this common misfortune. So reduced were we all, that

those who had formerly possessed the most splendid fortunes were exceedingly happy to come and take their coffee in a narrow corridor, which served as a common warming-place, modestly seated upon a miserable pallias, or on a pile of faggots.

When our little domestic affairs were arranged, and we had exchanged salutations in going to potluck with *Champville*,* actor of the Théâtre Français, after having finished, we saw the ci-devant lieutenant of police, his wig well powdered, shoes well blacked, and his hat under his arm, repair to the apartments of the ci-devant ministers, La Tour-du-Pin, and St. Priest, the brother of the ex-minister, and then to the room of Boulain-Villiers ; afterwards to the apartments of the ci-devant counsellors to the Parliament. On his return to his apartment, Boulain-Villiers, La Tour-du-Pin, and the ex-counsellors, went, in their turn, in great ceremony, to return the visit, and this was their occupation the whole morning.

On the 27th Frimaire, the removal, which had been so long talked of, took place, and fifty-four

* One day that Boulain-Villiers was going to empty his pot-de-chambre, with his stick in his hand, on account of his gout, Champville observed, in the gravest tone, " Take care, citizens, this is *la fortune du pot* (pot luck) which is passing." The idea was borrowed from the ex-marquis of Bièvre, the most noted man of the age for puns.

prisoners were conducted from the Madelonettes to Port-Libre, Rue de la Bourbe.

We deemed ourselves sufficiently firm to bear this removal with resignation. The moment was dreadful. Tears started to our eyes, and we could not for some time summon courage to take leave. We embraced each other, mutually exchanged the convulsive grasp of friendship, and sobs broke from our overcharged hearts. The same scene occurred in all the corridors, in all the apartments, and farewell was pronounced as if to all eternity. Alas! how many of these adieus were eternal! We promised to write to each other; and no prisoner neglected that sacred duty of friendship. After we had quitted the gratings, with streaming eyes, we once again extended our arms towards our esteemed companions . . . . . At length we departed.

# *LA MAIRIE, LA FORCE,*

AND

# *LE PLESSIS.*

# LA MAIRIE, LA FORCE,

*&c. &c.*

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HAVING escaped from the dangers which threatened my days, I would dedicate a few evenings to pen a sketch of my recollections, and would pay the tribute of my tears to the companions whom the scaffold has torn from me—to the friends whom I have lost, and in testimony of my gratitude to her who has done everything for me—who has constantly assisted me by her attentions, her zeal, and her tender friendship, and who alone has enabled me to maintain, during the time of my captivity, the patience which disarms sorrow, and the hope so necessary for fortitude. By the light of my lamp I will portray all that I have suffered in the gloom of a living tomb, and will once again descend into that abode of horror.

On the 12th of September, 1793, I learnt that a law had ordered all the military, as well those who were retired from the service as others, to leave Paris, and to remove to a distance of twenty leagues

from the capital. I repaired to the War Office to get positive information on the subject, and to ascertain if those who were domiciled in the city were included in the rigorous provisions of the decree. I was accompanied by that affectionate and beneficent friend, who was far from anticipating the misfortune that threatened me. Without suspecting the snare, I presented myself, relying on the faith of treaties; but scarcely had I advanced into the cavern, before a crowd of gendarmes surrounded me; several agents of the police, and a swarm of insolent clerks, with trim and spruce looks, spoke to me all at the same time, and asked who I was and what I wanted. "He is well dressed,—he is a conspirator," said one. "He is proud and appears haughty; he must be one of the suspected," said another. They dragged me into a stable, and a moment after I was thrown into a dungeon.

In vain I remonstrated, and appealed to the laws and to justice; they were deaf to my cries, and bursts of laughter echoed, in reply, through the vaults. I entreated a gendarme to listen to my reasons, and to appreciate my motives, but he remained mute. I endeavoured to interest his compassion, when he replied, that I was importunate, that we were all alike, that he could not listen to every body, and I should be examined in my turn. I implored him to allow me to speak to the tender

friend who had accompanied me, but my entreaties were all in vain. You might have imagined that I spoke a foreign language, so insensible did he appear to my appeal to his feelings; nothing could soften him. Thus it was that I disappeared from society. I suppressed all vain complainings, and determined to wait till my fate should be disposed of, when suddenly the door opened, and the light which penetrated into my dungeon enabled me to perceive that I was not alone, and that three unfortunate individuals had arrived before me in this wretched prison. We were ordered to get up and go forth; a coach was waiting for us, and we were escorted by a party of gendarmes on horseback, to the Committee of Surveillance of the section of Mont Blanc.

The numbers who composed it, all downright jacobins, ordered that we should be strictly watched, and that we should not be suffered to communicate with any one; and they added, that we should not be examined before the following day.

The various kinds of vexation and cruelty to which we were subjected would scarcely be credited. In the first place, we were examined with the greatest indecency, and not a single part of our bodies escaped their search. Our jewels were declared suspicious and seized, and those who had gold about them were pronounced to be agents of Cobourg, and were stripped of it; such as had

assignats were deemed counter-revolutionists, and the assignats were taken from them: thus plundered and stripped, we were informed that we might go to rest, and wait for the following day.

How tedious was this wretched night! how slowly the lagging hours moved on! At length the sun appeared, and restored us to light and hope. Through the window I perceived a young man seeking to discover the inlets to my abode, and speaking to a sentinel, by whom he was doubtlessly repulsed, as he immediately walked away again.

The members of the committee met about ten o'clock, and we were shortly after introduced before them. The least ignorant amongst them, in a miserable jargon, demanded us to give an account of ourselves, when each gave his card, declared his name and place of abode, and requested to know the reason of such an arbitrary arrest. The members regarded each other, then attempted to deliberate, and at last ordered us to be conducted to La Mairie, where we arrived about eight o'clock in the evening; and, without being able to obtain a hearing, we were placed in a long and narrow room, in which eighty unhappy beings were awaiting their fate. They advanced to meet us, and exhorted us to be patient; the president addressed a short speech to us, praying us to contribute, according to our means, to alleviate the situation of such of our companions as misfortune rendered objects of the

greatest sympathy. We assisted them with hearty good will, from the little that had been left us.

La Mairie was the general depôt of persons arrested without any assigned reasons.* They were left in the most harrassing situation, without beds or chairs, upon old mattresses, covered with filth and vermin. There they were suffered to remain for eight days, and then removed to a regular prison. When I quitted the Mairie, there was no part of my body which was not swarming with insects. The administrators sometimes came to visit the prisoners, addressed a thousand questions to them, waited not for their replies, received numerous memoirs, and answered none. A wretched sort of food was furnished us at the expense of the administration, and we ate in common. All the vagabonds, that were arrested during the night, daily augmented our society, but they did not long remain with us. Those who had resources obtained some little comforts by liberally paying the avaricious

* The author of a pamphlet, entitled '*Crimes of Marat*,' mentions two facts which corroborate this observation.

"They brought to us (to La Mairie) a young female of about eighteen, named Laborde, who had been arrested because she had refused to tell what had become of her husband, a peace-officer; a respectable old man of sixty, of the name of Broussin; and an individual of about forty years of age, who had been seen carrying a small hooked cane, similar to that of Colnet d'Angremont, executed some days before, and who was to be arrested in consequence as one of his accomplices."—*Note of the Editors.*

gaoler, who even lent money to such as he deemed to be in a condition to return it to him. He was soon afterwards guillotined; having an amazing love for assignats, and the too great habit which he had acquired, of laying aside sums that did not belong to him, caused his destruction: as for his other qualities, he did not possess the repulsive appearance and brutal manners of the gaolers, his colleagues, but was even complaisant; and often, in taking payments more exorbitant than what was due to him, he gave good advice, which he was not bound to do.

A kind of fraternal police had been established at La Mairie. In the day-time the mattresses were all folded up, and at night we threw ourselves upon them, when there was room enough for all; if the contrary happened to be the case, at certain hours part of us got up, to allow repose to those who had watched, and who, seated on benches, waited their turn for an opportunity of stretching themselves out.

I passed eight days at La Mairie, and was then transferred to La Force, in virtue of an order of police executed by two gendarmes, the most consummate scoundrels that ever wore blue coats*. They first inquired if I had any money. "Others have

* The uniform of the French gendarmes is blue, turned up with white.—*Note of the Translator.*

been beforehand with you," I said to them, "and have left me nothing." They then bound me more closely, and dragged me thus to my new residence, assuring me, on the road, that I should shortly travel in quite a different way: in a word, those civil gentlemen regaled me with the most contemptible irony and the most stupid jokes their vulgar humour could invent.

I arrived at La Force at seven o'clock in the evening. The gaolers were at table, and did not think it worth their while to disturb themselves for a mere suspected prisoner. "Let him be thrust into La Souricière, and be d——d to him!" thundered out a tremendous voice; and to La Souricière I was accordingly conducted.

La Souricière was a dark and wretched dungeon, in which prisoners were put until their regular appearance before the gaoler. In this miserable spot I was left to my own sad reflections: in the middle of it was a trough or tub, and a pot and some straw in two of the corners, which constituted its whole furniture. An unfortunate individual, whom I found in it, received me with a feeling of kind solicitude, and gave me part of his litter. He was afterwards guillotined for an alleged share in the sham conspiracy at the Carmes. After the lapse of several hours, some bread was brought me: I mentioned my acquaintance with a prisoner, who had arrived the evening before from La Mairie, and observed

that I had resources, and would honourably pay the humanity of any one who would procure me a bed and some provisions—that, not having undressed for eight days, I had need of rest. Citizen Valois, a tall well-set man, with amiable manners and most striking deportment, desired me to follow him. I took leave of my dungeon companion, escorted by two enormous dogs*: I bent my head under ten iron doors, and crossed those fatal courts in which so many innocent victims had perished, in the massacres of the 2nd and 3rd September.

My description was taken down, and I was

* "The dogs played an important part in these prisons; yet a fact, that I have often heard related, will prove that their fidelity was not always to be relied upon. Amongst these dogs there was one distinguished for his size, his strength, and his sagacity. The name of this Cerberus was *Ravage*. He was charged with the night-watch of the *green court*.

"Some prisoners, to facilitate escape, had made a hole, and nothing opposed their design but the vigilance of Ravage and the noise that he might make. Ravage was mute; but the next morning it was perceived that an assignat of a hundred sous had been tied to his tail, with a note, in which these words were written:—"*Ravage may be corrupted with an assignat of one hundred sous, and a parcel of sheep's trotters.*" Ravage, rambling about, and thus publishing his disgrace, was a little put out of countenance by the groups which formed around him, and the bursts of laughter which proceeded from every quarter. His punishment, it is said, only consisted in this trifling humiliation, and a few hours' confinement in a dungeon."—*Extract from a Narration on the Conciergerie, already quoted.—Note of the Editors.*

placed in the department of the police. The dog of the guard came and smelled me; and, being from that time under his responsibility, in vain would I have attempted flight. I have seen him bring back by the wrist, without doing him injury, a prisoner, who had concealed himself, and had for a moment eluded the vigilance of his canine keeper*.

The *chambre neuve* (new chamber) was offered to me, and the name somewhat prepossessed me in its favour; but what was my surprise on beholding this disgusting place, which, however, was the least horrible in the prison! Four black walls, on which ennui and grief had inscribed the harshest maxims, and folly bedaubed with the most disgusting images; a grated and barred window; eight truckle beds; a tub for the use of the prisoners in the

* A Bostonian had been brought to La Force, and was told of the instinct of this animal, and the certainty that he could throw down the strongest man; the dog was of a monstrous size. "Let him be put in a rage, and then let loose upon me," said the American. They agreed to it; and the dog, excited by his master, darted forward, and seized the collar of the Bostonian, who, remaining firmly upon his legs, resisted the first shock, dexterously thrust one of his hands into the throat of the animal, separated the jaws, and, vigorously seizing the upper and under one at the same time, was about to tear the head of the dog, if his master had not entreated him to desist. When the throat was opened, the animal lost all strength and movement, and his legs stretched out without the least resistance.

night; and a chair, for the repose of the day, characterized this little hell. Six unhappy wretches were sleeping; but the noise of my entrance, my installation, accompanied by the barking of two bull-dogs, and the clattering of a bunch of keys, awakened them all. The unfortunate inmates of the cell had arrived not long before, and their abode was as much a subject of painful astonishment to them as to me: they were only in their first sleep, which I reproached myself for having interrupted. I have since sadly felt how dreadful it is to be aroused, when the body, worn out with all kinds of fatigue, at length yields to the influence of sleep.

The next day I formed an acquaintance with all my bed and chamber companions. Francœur, formerly manager of the Opera, by his natural gaiety and the politeness of his manners, soon inspired me with confidence: he was ignorant of the cause of his misfortunes; and I related to him the pretext for mine. His son guaranteed, upon the frontiers, our rising liberty; but nothing could protect that of his father.

Not being able to cherish any hope of justice, I endeavoured to alleviate the hardship of my situation. It was yet permitted us to write to and see our relations. The third day after my arrival at La Force, my sister and my lovely friend came to ask for me: timid and trembling, they waited for me in a sort of iron cage, which served as the locu-

tory. A stentorian voice called out my name: I darted forward, and clasped the dear visitors to my heart. A fat brute of a turnkey was present; he yawned and stretched himself on the only seat there was, and left us standing. They did not conceal from me the trouble they should have in obtaining justice for me; and, determining on making every sacrifice to effect it, they exhorted me to take courage.

The law of the 17th September had just appeared; and daily great numbers of suspected persons were brought to La Force. The revolutionary brigands peopled the prisons; their army ravaged the country; and violence, robbery, and assassination, were the order of the day. The ci-devant Duke of Villery, the most nugatory character, and the most circumspect, was one of the first victims; his weeping servants accompanied him, and refused to leave him until the bolts were drawn upon him. No one had made heavier presents to the nation: immense sums in money, horses, carriages—everything, in a word, which was in his power, had he offered to his country! His servants received orders not to continue in his service, but to perform strictly their duties in the National Guard; notwithstanding which, they were supported, lodged, and clothed by him. He was rich—it was his happiness to do good—yet he lost his head upon the scaffold. Next came the family of Van Deniver, a highly respectable old

man, distinguished, as a banker, for his riches and his probity; he suffered, with his two sons. A melancholy presentiment of his misfortunes and his destiny occupied my gloomy reveries, and often disturbed my slumbers: he slept by my side; and I saw him twenty times, in the horror of my dreams, mounting the fatal scaffold; and as often, awaking in agitation, I found him still reposing, without fear, and without alarm. They remained a short time at La Force, and followed that celebrated female, Du Barry, to execution.

Sombreuil the younger arrived, escorted by thirty gendarmes. Neither his yonth, being only twenty, nor the taste for pleasures whieh youth inspired, nor his disinclination for political affairs, that dissipation and a love for field sports occasioned—could guarantee him against the suspicion of conspiracy. A woman of supreme loveliness, whom he tenderly adored, came to see him sometimes: one day she found him in a dreadful state of fever, and, animated by her affection for him, she hastily threw off the dress of her sex, put on the clothes of her lover, placed herself by his pillow, and, for three days and three nights, lavished upon him the most tender attentions.

Achille Duchâtelet was another who came to increase our number. He was interesting, as well from his expressive countenance as from the wounds which he had received in action: at the siege of

Ghent he lost the calf of his leg, by a musket-shot. He accelerated his fate by taking poison in the infirmary, where he died.

Brochet de St. Prest, master of the requests, a keen and mischievous spirit; Custine the younger, interesting and well informed; Charost-Bethune, a young hair-brained character, without ability or mental resources; Gamache, an eternally insipid babbler; Levis-Mirepoix, member of the constituent assembly; D'Espagnac, an immoral abbé, and a great intriguer; Gusman, a Spaniard, a confirmed scoundrel; Lamarelle the elder, and his son; Bochart de Saron, a great astronomer; Menard de Chousy; Fleury; Duval de Beaumontel; De Bruges, member of the Constituent Assembly;—shortly came to swell the list of death.

Baron Trench, the celebrated adventurer, exchanged the fetters of a king for imprisonment in France. He freely related to us all his extravagances; but we soon lost him by his removal to St. Lazare; and he forfeited his life for an alleged share in the pretended conspiracy of that prison. Fifty years of vicissitude, and twenty-five of deep misfortune, could not guard his old age against a tragic fate. He was a diminutive personage, and was vulgar, ignorant, unpolite, and much given to falsehood.

Adam Lux, distinguished in his character of deputy to the city of Mayence, and his love for the

celebrated Charlotte Corday, met his death with the most heroic calmness and fortitude. He was conversing with us, on the danger of the passions and the defects of judgment, which always carry a young and ardent soul too far, when he was called to receive the bill of accusation pronounced against him. He read it with the greatest *sang-froid*, and, shrugging up his shoulders, put it in his pocket. "This is my death-warrant," said he to us: "this tissue of absurdities leads to the scaffold the representative of a city which sent me to tender its devoted services to the country. At twenty-eight I terminate a wretched life!—but tell those who shall speak of me to you, that, if I have merited death, it is not amongst the French that I ought to receive it, and that I have witnessed its approach with calmness and indifference*." He passed the night in writ-

* "The contempt of death was as great at La Force as every where else. It is the usual effect of tyranny, that, when existence is burdensome, men cease to attach themselves to life. At the time of the summons of prisoners, known under the name of *chemises rouges* (red shirts), one amongst them had received his bill of accusation, and was every moment expecting to be called before the Revolutionary Tribunal. He was a musician; and, suddenly recollecting that one of the prisoners, a friend of his, had requested an arietta from him, he immediately returned to his room, copied the arietta, and went with it to his friend. 'Here, my friend,' said he, 'is what I promised you: the music, which I have just tried upon my flute, is good. I am vexed that I cannot procure you another piece—but to-morrow I shall be no

ing, and breakfasted with a good appetite, gave his cloak to a poor prisoner, set out for the tribunal at nine o'clock, a. m. and at three p. m. he was no more!

Vergniaud, one of the most eloquent of men, and Valazé, the most cool and determined character, left us to go to the Conciergerie. "If we are permitted to speak, we shall see you again," they observed on their departure; "but if not, farewell for ever." It was declared that the consciences of the jurors were satisfied with the evidence, and they perished without being heard in their defence.

The continual sight of the unfortunate beings who were arriving, and of those who were quitting us, sufficiently explained to us the mystery of the future. Death was the word. Linguet, who was constantly reasoning, ceased to be reasonable in his hopes; he was still looking for his promised liberty, when it was announced to him that he was destined to appear before the tribunal. Kersaint, not being able to avoid it, prepared himself for trial with fortitude.

Our days passed in a melancholy anticipation of the future. We were obliged to attend to our own wants, make our beds, sweep our rooms, attend the

more.' The next day, according to his own prediction, he was executed."—*Extract from a Narrative of the Deputy Blanqui, entitled "Agony of Ten Months," &c.*

different masters, obey these ferocious gaolers, bear patiently their cruel jests, pay largely for their services, and often even submit to their disgusting embraces.* In the evening, at the hour of retreat, each entered into his own room: two dogs, of which I have already spoken, ran through the corridors to press forward the idlers; the bars were heavily closed, that, by their noise, the turnkeys might feel double assurance of our safety. Counted over like so many unresisting sheep, three iron doors shut us up until the following morning.†

* It may, perhaps, be unnecessary to inform the English reader, that Frenchmen are in the habit of kissing each other, and sometimes embracing, when they meet.

† The following extract from a narrative on the Conciergerie will give an idea of the manner in which the turnkeys treated the prisoners:—

"To judge to what degree of degradation men may be reduced, one ought to be present at the closing of the doors, and at the nominal summons or calling over of the names, which precedes it. Imagine to yourselves three or four turnkeys in a state of intoxication, with half a dozen dogs in slings, holding in their hands incorrect lists, which they cannot read. They call a name; no one answers it, on which they curse, storm, and threaten. It is called again: the prisoners explain themselves, assist the men, and at length it is understood who they wished to name. They make the flock enter their rooms as they count them over, but often find themselves deceived in the number. Their rage increases, and they order all the prisoners to come out again, which is accordingly done, and they re-enter in the same manner; yet still the ignorant keepers make a mistake in

The Committee of Public Safety was beginning to cement its power; and the Committee of General Security had a decree passed, by which no prisoner was any longer allowed to see either his relations or friends. Everything assumed an aspect of terror; the turnkeys, tucking up their sleeves, armed with large clubs, walked backwards and forwards amongst us, and, recalling to our minds the massacres of September, they seemed to presage a recurrence of those which we had to fear. Consternation became general; hope deserted us on seeing the emissaries of the tyrant walking through the prison, pointing out fresh victims for sacrifice. Death hovered over the heads of all, and he was the most guilty who had the greatest number of revengeful enemies, or against whom the wretches who enjoyed most credit before the tribunal were to appear. An individual named Calon, and his son, denounced by one of the most consummate villains, were therefore amongst the earliest victims.

Maillard, the sanguinary president of the tribunal prepared in the gaoler's room of La Force, often came to reconnoitre and count his victims; and he usually followed them to the scaffold himself, and, accompanied by his colleague Heron,

the count, and it is only after three or four trials, that the deceptive vision of these brutes at last succeeds in proving the number to be complete.

went to the Place of the Revolution, to see the heads which they had devoted fall by the guillotine. The Office of Records was never empty day or night, for every moment some unfortunate was arriving. I can never forget the old age of the two Brancas, and their benevolent characters; the tranquil resignation of the aged Marshal de Mouchy;* the

* Accused of having assisted some poor priests who were charged as rebellious, Marshal de Mouchy was arrested and conducted at once to La Force. . . . . Removed a short time afterwards, with his wife, to the Luxembourg, they were both the objects of the general respect of all the other prisoners. No one spoke of them without a sort of veneration. However, he was doomed to suffer; his death was decreed and the day arrived. This happened four or five days before a levy of about one hundred and sixty prisoners, made from the Luxembourg. When they came to call him to go to the Conciergerie, which was a kind of vestibule to the tribunal, he entreated the individual who told him he must go down into the Office of Records, not to make much noise, in order that his lady might not perceive his departure; she had been unwell for some days, and was then under a course of medicine. "She must come, also," said the man to him; "her name is upon the list, and I will go and desire her to come down." "No," replied the marshal; "if she is to come, it is I who will inform her of it." He immediately entered her apartment, and said to her: "My love, you must come down; God so wills it, and let us adore his providence: you are a Christian; I shall depart with you and will never leave you." The news that M. de Mouchy was going before the tribunal in a few minutes was reported through all the apartments, and the rest of the day was a season of mourning for every prisoner in the place. Some of them retired from the places whence it was

amiable qualities of the two brothers named Sabatier, who were bound to each other by an affectionate and rare friendship; the respectable Perigord, in whose favour public opinion was so warmly expressed; Villeminot, son-in-law of the banker Van Deniver, who earnestly petitioned the committees for the safety of his father; and Quartermen, a Scotchman, the descendant of one of the four families who gloriously supported the constitution of that country, but who was now reduced to the extremity of distress, and lived in the prison upon the charity of others. De Cazeaux, president to the Parliament of Bordeaux, and upwards of forty citizens of the section of the Museum, artisans, labourers, generals, and soldiers, came to inhabit our wretched dungeons. Individuals belonging to the army arrived in crowds: the wounds which they had received, and the blood they had shed for their country, did not protect them against the inquisitorial power exercised by the representatives over the troops.

possible to see them pass, not feeling themselves possessed of resolution enough to bear such an affecting sight. Others, on the contrary, put themselves purposely on the way, in order to evince their blended sentiments of grief and respect. One individual raised his voice, and exclaimed, "Cheer up, Sir," to which the marshal replied, in a firm tone, "At fifteen years of age I mounted the breach for my King; at eighty I will ascend the scaffold for my God!"—*History of the Prisons.*

It was about this time that the seventy-three deputies, sacrificed to the ambitious views of the idols of the day, came to augment the number of the victims of tyranny.

The more dreadful our situation became, the more severely did they rivet our chains, and increase our privations, and the more anxiously did our relations and friends strive, in the ingenuity of affection, to afford us some sources of consolation. Tender letters, containing assurances of fidelity and promises to assuage misfortune, and never abandon the claims of innocence and nature, surprised the vigilance of our ferocious guardians.* In the folds of a handkerchief, in the beak of a pigeon, or in the seam of a cravat, these grateful evidences of faithful remembrance were the harbingers of love. and peace, and hope.

The court in which, during the day, we were allowed to breathe the air, was separated by a single wall from the department of the women. A common sewer was the only possible medium of communication, and there it was that, every morning and evening, the little Foucaud, son of Madame

* Madame Beau, keeper of La Force, was the only one who preserved those feelings of humanity which are so desirable in those appointed to guard misfortune. I question whether any individual had any reason to complain of her; but, being watched by her subalterns, she was sometimes obliged to perform harsh duties.

Kolly, who was condemned to death, and afterwards suffered, regularly repaired. This pious child, not yet arrived at the age of adolescence, and who had already tasted all the miseries of life, was in the habit of kneeling down at the infected sink, and, with his mouth close to the opening, interchanged his sentiments with his unhappy mother! And there it was that his younger brother, only three years of age, the sole companion of her last moments, lovely and interesting in his infant sorrows, was wont to come, and say to him:—"Mama has not wept so much the past night; she has slept a little, and sends her love to you; it is Lolo, who loves you well, that tells you this." By this common sewer it also was that the unfortunate mother, when she was about to part for the fatal spot, gave her son her hair, as the only heritage she could leave him, exhorting him at the same time to have her body claimed according to the law, in order that it might be united with the ashes of her husband and her friend, who perished the same day.*

My friends at length succeeded in making known the full injustice of my imprisonment. The iron doors were at length opened, the wickets were raised, and I recovered my liberty, and once again entered into the world. Manners, costume,—all, in

* Citizens Kolly and Beauvoir, who were executed on the Place Carousel.

a word, were changed. Carmagnoles (jackets) and red caps had supplied the place of coats and hats, as crime had replaced virtue, and terror repose.—Enthusiastic fools, in the name of the people, rambled through the streets in ecclesiastical robes and bonnets. The spoils of her temples dragged in the mud; her tyrants in triumph; her faithful representatives reduced to wander from one asylum to another, fearing to appear again under their domestic roofs, and in their senatorial chairs: such were the emblems of my country, when I issued from my dungeon! Alas! I sallied out from the gates of death but to enter again, ere long, into the abode of misfortune. It seemed to be my destiny to exist in prisons.

An atrocious law had just been passed, which forced the peaceful citizen, and the industrious stranger, to fly from their fire-sides, and seek a shelter in the hospitable fields. Thirty thousand persons quitted Paris, without knowing whither to carry their anxieties and their sorrows. Robespierre was then at the acmé of his glory; his insolent satellites only awaited his signal, and prepared to erect a throne for him upon heaps of dead. I took a house at Neuilly, and, without indulging in any illusive expectations on the fearful condition in which all suspected persons were placed, I waited tranquilly either for more propitious times or for an end

to my suspense, which is never dreaded by virtue and by innocence.

Barrère proposed the establishment of a military school, and the plain of the Sablons was chosen for assembling the impetuous and enthusiastic youth, who, arriving from all quarters at a centre for instruction, were one day to shine in the brilliant career of danger and of victory. The vicinity of the situation to the spot I had chosen made me predict unpleasant events. Couthon daily came to riot in the delights of bagatelle. Robespierre, St. Just, Le * * *, and Tachereau, amused themselves in the neighbourhood of Passy; and the close of the day always carried back these sanguinary tyrants to the city. Neuilly contained a great number of refugees, who, having escaped the search of the revolutionary banditti, modestly employed themselves in offices of benevolence, and habitually conformed to the daily presentation which took place before the municipality, in compliance with the decree of the 8th Floreal. The municipal officers, ignorant and ferocious magistrates, had, at the same time, to serve the ruling party, which was already sending forth its emissaries, and to listen to the claims of virtue, which it was necessary for them to appear to countenance.

A hundred and fourteen individuals, arrived on the faith of treaties, under the guarantee even of the law, which had driven them from their natural domi-

cile, appeared to them victims of sufficient celebrity to offer, and not very difficult to sacrifice. They formed their plans with Le * * *, whom the committee had named representative to the pupils of Mars. An artful and cunning denunciation was the result of their deliberations. One hundred and fourteen persons, who had never seen, known, or met each other, were charged with having conspired and spread abroad libels in the camp, and were therefore devoted to destruction by this horde of reptiles. Labretèche, a simple hussar in the plains of Belgium, and a general in the plain of the Sablons, infatuated with his new dignity, undertook to bear to the Committee of General Security the horrible web of this absurd plot. An order was signed. Vadier was immediately conveyed to him. Foaming horses and spruce aides-de-camp arrived, in ostentatious display, at the municipality; the mayor placed himself by the side of the general, and ordered carriages to be prepared; the armed force arrived, and one hundred and fourteen individuals, young as well as old, were plunged into a prison. Crowded into waggons, without seats or benches, they collected like so many lambs destined for the slaughter-house, all those who were scattered in the villages around Neuilly; the others were arrested when they went to have their names inscribed, for, at the end of each day, our weak confidence carried us into the presence of these perfidious magistrates.

The mandate of the Committee of General Security ordered the arrest of all the ci-devant nobles and their servants, charged with disseminating libels in the camp of Mars, to excite the pupils to insurrection. The measure was executed on the 16th Messidor, and every one will bear in mind, that the camp was formed only on the day before, the 15th, at which period very few young men had arrived at the college. How, then, was it posssible, that a hundred individuals, who had never assembled together, nor known each other, could conspire and endeavour to seduce an army that was still upon the high roads, and not yet united. The staff alone were at their post, and I appeal to all those who composed it, to declare whether they ever perceived a single refugee of Neuilly in the neighbourhood of that fatal plain. But every pretext served the purposes of tyranny. Persons of all ages, and of both sexes, a crowd of citizens who were not even mentioned in the warrant for arrest, were included in this proscription.

We were placed in the cemetery of the Temple of Reason, and in the temple itself. It was amongst tombs, and upon the yellow herbage which grows under the shade of the cypress, that, united by misfortune, we learnt to know each other; and the first words which escaped the lips of each were the pure and ingenuous expressions of astonished innocence. The fearful mother gazed upon her children, and the

smile of confidence and affection responded to her alarms. A father and a husband, absorbed in bitter grief, had not courage even to indulge a hope, although they had had the confidence to fear nothing. Alas! I had my beloved sister near me upon the same grave, and she reminded me that we had derived our existence from the same source, and that, perhaps, upon the same scaffold, innocent and unfortunate, we should breathe our last sighs together. Ah! how could we dare to indulge in any illusive hopes on the fate that seemed to await us? Descendants of a proscribed and persecuted race, having before us the oft-repeated spectacle of thousands of victims sacrificed to events, could we for a moment doubt that we were fated to perish on the scaffold? The municipal officers and some of their auxiliaries arrived from Paris, and deliberated in a general secret sitting. It was in vain to hope for a hearing to our remonstrances. Half of our number were sent to the Conciergerie, and the remainder to other prisons.

They left us, however, to pass the night amongst the tombs, doubtlessly for the purpose of familiarizing us with our approaching abode. Called over and registered, the men on one side and the women on the other, we answered to the muster-roll; and, when a weak and agitated voice did not respond soon enough for the ear of the brutal commandant, the harshest and most abusive epithets provoked a reply

more loudly articulated. Thus, this sub-chief of division, who, for some time, had purposely allowed his hideous mustachios to grow for this memorable day, classed and numbered the victims whom he knew to be pure and innocent. No one dared to utter a word in our behalf, for terror possessed the minds of those who witnessed our situation, to such a degree, that, although all were known by every member who belonged to the constituted body, not a single individual had sufficient courage or humanity to do his duty, and to avail himself of the benevolence of him who came for us, furnished with full powers from the Committee of General Security, and who offered to leave those for whom the municipality would answer.* Some amongst us were firm in our remonstrances, and insisted strenuously on the most scrupulous examination of our conduct and papers ;† but the barbarians preserved a profound silence, gazed upon each other with a confused and

* A manufacturer of the commune of Neuilly observed to an individual named Saunier, a municipal officer, that his absence would be a cause of distress to the poor people whom he employed in his workshops. "Do not alarm thyself," said the latter; "it will only be the affair of three days." In fact, on the third day, we were ready to appear before the tribunal.

† They had also arrested Citizen Royer, an old man of seventy, who had that day come to visit a friend that happened to be included in the warrant. It was in vain to remonstrate, or to exhibit his card of Paris, and his certificate of patriotism; and he was obliged to share our fate.

stupid air, and ordered every citizen who was bold enough to tell them to their face that he was innocent, to be taken away. The monsters had sold us, and were impatient to see their crime consummated, and to behold us delivered up to those who were come to fetch us on the part of the executioners.*

How admirable is that Providence which watches over the destiny of men upon earth! Loaded with anathemas and proscriptions, and charged with every counter-revolutionary crime, on the 16th Messidor, we were cast into a prison by the municipal officers of Neuilly; and on the 10th Fructidor, the day on which justice paid due homage to innocence by restoring us to liberty, the same municipal officers delivered us honourable certificates of patriotism and good conduct!

There arrived fresh victims almost momentarily. Each wretch was busy in exercising his hatred and

* Three days after our arrest, the municipal officers of Neuilly indulged in revolutionary orgies at a tavern in front of the national treasury. Towards the close of their feast, the registrar of the commune complimented the mayor on the great character he had displayed at the time of the arrest of the victims by him pointed out; he added, that he should never have thought he had possessed so much firmness, and that the event was so much the more fortunate, as, had it not happened, they would have been undone. The numerous acts of oppression committed by these tigers; had excited a part of the inhabitants of Neuilly and of the popular society; by provoking a general measure against those already mentioned, they succeeded, and pushed their unfortunate fellow-citizens down the precipice.

revenge. The honest artisan, the shopkeeper, and the labourer, quitted their workshops, their counters, and their trowels, to come and expiate, in dungeons, the misfortune of having lived during the anarchical reign of the enemies of their character and credit.* At length, after twenty hours of suspense and suffering, fifteen waggons came for us, and we were, as before, ranged in two lines. The commissary then told us that it was customary, when numbers were thus arrested in a body, to pay the expenses of the gendarmes and for the loss of time of those who served the public welfare by arresting their fellow-

* A man named Brissy, who had lived twenty years in Neuilly, was indicated for arrest by the resentment of the mayor, although he did not appear upon the list. In consequence of his absence from home, they arrested his wife, who was torn from the arms of her child. The tenderness of her husband was well-known.* Upon his return, hearing of his proscription and the absence of his wife, he came to demand her liberation, and took her place in the prison.—*Note of the Author.*

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* Female citizens have been seen (says the author of Memoirs on the Tyranny exercised at Blois), forced by these wretches, on their way to prison, to follow them, in order that they might be present at the arrest of other victims. Gendarmes who have not found the husband have taken away the wife, and substituted, in the warrants, the name of the one for the other. Madame Duchesne was conducted to the house of Madame Durosay: Citizen Ferrand Vaillant was constrained to bear off Madame Douaire; and our souls yet shudder at the mistake this respectable old man was obliged to commit, to protect his own head and those of his family from the scaffold.—*Note of the Editors.*

citizens. The collection amounted to 500 francs, of which the gendarmes never afterwards heard mention made; but which were made use of by the municipal officers and some of the members of the Revolutionary Committee, to pay for a handsome feast with which they copiously regaled themselves. They laughed heartily at our expense, and a few hours after our departure the commissary returned amongst them.

Our removal was dreadful: children were torn from the arms of their mothers, and delivered into the first hands which offered themselves. Thrown upon carts, without seats in them, and without covering to protect us either from the burning sun or from the outrages of the deluded populace, who had been purposely deceived respecting our offences, we thus passed through the hootings, menaces, and imprecations of the mob which such a numerous procession collected on our road, and were conducted to Paris. We heard people who were designedly posted on the route, cry out that we were brigands from La Vendee, who were going to be shot in the Champ de Mars.

The appearance, however, of a crowd of young children, of young women who happened to be dressed in their holiday clothes,* and of old men,

* Never did mortal carry perfidy and villany further than this chancellor of Robespierre. His most intimate friends were sacrificed by him, and he tried the same power on men that children exercise over birds, which they first play with and then destroy :

an assemblage which presented at once a view of innocence and loveliness, was an extraordinary event to the surprised and curious populace; and, whatever Barrère did to describe us in unfavourable terms at the tribune of the Convention, calling us monsters and wild beasts, who had been hunted out,* they found it difficult to discover guilt in countenances that bore the stamp of innocence and tranquillity of conscience. We arrived about two o'clock on the Place of the Revolution, without having been able, on the road, to procure a little water to quench our intolerable thirst. Under a burning perpendicular sun, we were stopped before the place of daily executions, in order that we might contemplate at leisure the stones which had been so

we had amongst us a charming woman, whose misfortune it was to know him; she had been left at her own house in a burning fever, from an attack of small-pox, and they went for her on the day following that on which we were to appear before the tribunal; but, being warned in time, she summoned resolution to brave all the dangers of her disease, in order to avoid a certain death, and, throwing herself into a cabriolet, she deceived the vigilance of her guards, and took flight.—*Note of the Author.*

* The Mayor of Neuilly provoked a second hunt: thus it was that he called the first arrest. He wrote to Bonard, agent of the Committee of General Security, entreating him to point out the place where he had deposited his victims, urging him to continue his labours, and to bear away the importunate individuals who had solicited pardon for innocence. Bonard showed this letter to two citizens of Neuilly, and engaged to produce it again.—*Note of the Author.*

often bathed in blood, and which, it was hoped, would yet be sprinkled with our's. The cruel excuse of resting there, in order to give the horses time to breathe, only created in us the smile of indignation; not a countenance did I see change, and yet it was a scene well calculated to inspire shuddering emotions.

We continued our route along the quays, and at length, after twenty-four hours of grief and outrage, we were placed in the prison of Egalité, formerly the College of Plessis. We hoped that we should find in our new abode the tranquillity and regard which humanity would dictate; but, alas! we deceived ourselves, and met with nothing but cruelty and ferocity. The gaoler of the prison was a perfect tyrant and scoundrel. I here point him out to the authorities charged with the care of prosecuting reprobates and punishing rascals. Never did man carry insolence and barbarity to a greater extent! He was a rogue while the day lasted and favoured his cupidity, and ferocious as a tiger during the night, when messengers came, in the name of Fouquier Tinville, to demand the forty victims who were daily led to the scaffold. All were alike to him, and it was indifferent to the monster whether he sent the soldier or the priest. He pretended, that the prisoners could explain themselves at the tribunal; but God knows whether a single one escaped of those who were carried thither by mistake! A petty messen-

ger of the public accuser, whose name I regret that I cannot call to mind, with a heart as black as his master's, came daily with a long list to carry off the fated victims: they left in carriages, passed the night at the Conciergerie, at nine o'clock in the morning appeared before the judges, and at five, p. m. were led off to execution. One woman, however, appeared at the tribunal, and returned again amongst us.

A female citizen, called d'Argouges, received a bill of accusation, purporting that she had kept up a correspondence with an emigrant brother, although she never had a brother. They cross-questioned her in every possible way, to persuade her that she had one in Germany. "Alas!" said she, "I never had one; nature has refused me that consolation." "Thou art insulting the majesty of the people," replied Fouquier Tinville; "thy brother has emigrated, and here is his own letter under the eyes of the judges: thou lodged with him at such a place, such a street, and such a number." "I never occupied the lodgings which are mentioned to me. A mistake is about to cause my death; I never had a brother, and I recommend my innocence to the virtue of the citizens who now hear me." The people expressed a sentiment of pity, and she was dismissed. On beholding her return, each eagerly hurried to meet her, for it was a sort of phenomenon. Her maid, who had been in the most overwhelming grief after

her separation from her mistress, rushed into her arms, and evinced the most extravagant joy to see her once again.

At the period of our entrance into Le Plessis, the prisoners had just left table, and were taking the air in the court. Suddenly, the frightful signal to re-enter their cells was heard, the doors were closed, the grating opened, and fifteen cars discharged their miserable loads of a hundred and fourteen unfortunate beings. Curiosity kept all the inmates at their windows ;* through fifteen hundred gratings we saw as many livid and hairy faces. The horror of the scene cannot be imagined. Each questioned us, in accents of pity, at the same moment. "Oh, how we pity you citizens," said they kindly to us. "This place is dreadful ; here it is that Fouquier collects his victims: be prudent, and do not speak to any one: if you have money or valuables, conceal them. They take all, and will only leave you your despair."

* Our conveyances had attracted the curiosity of the prisoners. Many, under various pretexts, according to the practice of that period, approached the Register Office. We inquired if men were admitted into this *maison de plaisance* (country-house), which we fancied contained only women. "*We take in all*," they immediately answered. We petitioned the keeper, Bertrand, to be admitted under his immediate *surveillance*, but he was difficult to deal with, and it was necessary to entreat him earnestly. Who would have believed that we should have prayed a gaoler to take us under his charge !—*Extract from a pamphlet on the Prison of the English.*

Scarcely had we alighted, before they separated us. It was a sad blow to friendship and tenderness, and tears of anguish marked the scene. We were led to the *Sourcière*, but it did not suffice to hold us, and the dungeons were had recourse to. The space was so confined and narrow, that, on attempting to sit, we found there was not room for what remained, and many were obliged to stand. It was in vain for us to ask for a lodging where we might rest; our prayers were disregarded. On arrival at the Plessis, they commence practising a system of torture, to the great emolument of the gaoler, as in the Souricière the prisoner lives at his charge and expense, although, from the day of entrance, the administration of police pays three livres per day for each person for the common food, which they are often not called to partake of till the third day. This rascality considerably augments the perquisites of the gaoler, who, besides, tithes all the provisions which are introduced by the other rogues, his agents. We paid twenty-seven livres for a duck and four bottles of wine.*

After much entreaty, we were permitted to sleep in the court, where we could at least stretch ourselves out at full length. The night preceding we had passed on the grass amongst the tombs: this we spent on the sharp pavement of a filthy court, tor-

* Wine of a quality no better than English table-beer.

mented by the broken glass and the ordure of every description, which the gaoler Haly suffered to be collected in every part of it.

There are several circumstances connected with that long and dreadful night that deserve to be known. They sunk deep into my heart, and will doubtlessly interest every feeling reader who peruses my narrative. Most of my companions must have suffered as severely as myself.

A father had beside him a son of the age of fourteen. This boy, full of ingenuousness and grace, sinking under the weight of his anxieties, had at length found solace in sleep, that consolatory soother of our miseries. The night was cold, and he was only sheltered from the chill air by a light vest. Creeping and folding himself closely up, he pressed against the side of his father, who turned a tearful gaze upon the boy; and, taking off his own coat, he wound it carefully over the delicate limbs of his sleeping son.

A gendarme had received a medallion and some hair from a female prisoner. The fear that they might tear from her pledges that were dear to her heart, determined her to call upon the pity of a soldier, and to confide these precious relics of affection to him. As soon as we were rid of a part of our greedy *surveillans*, whom drunkenness rendered incapable of paying their usual attention to what was passing around them, the gendarme glided gently

away, softened his hoarse and rough voice, and called the lady who had deposited the cherished portrait in his hands. She appeared, and offered "to reward his integrity. "No, madam," replied the worthy citizen; "I experience too pure a pleasure in secretly restoring to you what may alleviate your sorrows, and I should indeed be unfortunate if I could not sometimes be useful to misfortune: take it, and I will move away." The gaoler was making his rounds, discovered the charitable man, overwhelmed him with abuse and invective, and, pretending to perceive a design of conspiracy, had an idea of denouncing him. The gendarme replied with energetic indignation, and the quarrel became very animated: the keepers came forth, the dogs barked, and the gendarme, who drew his sabre to defend himself, was surrounded; he was attacked and forced to yield, and a dungeon became his portion.

The women were the first to undergo the *rapiotage*.* This technical expression requires ex-

* Is it to be credited that the government ordered and suffered fifteen months of similar atrocities? Gods! to think that a lovely and modest female should be forced to stand before a villain, and be stripped by him, in order that he might feel assured she had not concealed any assignats or valuables! This horrid plunder made the fortune of these wretches. The contemptible Haly reposed in the most voluptuous alcoves, under gilded canopies, trod on the beautiful carpets of Turkey, sat on rich Indian covers, and admired his disgusting figure in the most splendid mirrors.

planation. Whenever it was proposed to take a prisoner out of the Souricière, and to place him amongst his new companions, he was searched and robbed, and nothing left him but his handkerchief. Buckles, knives, scissors, money, assignats, gold, and jewels,—all, in a word, was taken, and he was completely stripped of everything valuable. This robbery was called *rapioter* (to pilfer or filch). The women were compelled to present to the brutality of the gaolers all which could inspire their ferocious desires and their disgusting remarks: the youngest were undressed and stripped, and, the avarice of the wretches being satisfied, their lust was awakened, and these lovely unfortunates, with downcast weeping eyes and trembling frames, could not, in the presence of the monsters, hide from their brutal gaze what modesty even conceals from happy and legitimate love! Yet virtue was then the pretended idol of the day, and the multitude celebrated the honours of the Supreme Being, of Robespierre, and the guillotine!

The next day the men were also subjected to the *rapiotage*, when only a hundred *sous* were left them, the remainder being put aside. We were distributed into rooms already prepared for us, each containing a girth-bed of a miserable description. The heat was excessive, and the pestilential prison fever, of which many became victims, was soon added to the miseries endured from our tormentors.

The opening of the windows had been diminished; and, to see or breathe the fresh air, we were obliged to stand upon chairs close to our gratings. The workmen were still occupied in preparing skylights. Le Plessis, formerly the school of innocence had become the school of misfortune and of death: most of the prisoners had passed their youth in the establishment, every room of which was endeared to them by the pleasing recollections of infancy. In the same court where they had oft indulged in the thoughtless gaiety of boyhood, the delightful companion of early age, they were now waiting for their bills of accusation. We only went down at the hour of dinner, and were allowed three hours for exercise, and were condemned twenty-one hours each day to our dungeons: thus did our moments pass till the period arrived for sleep, when all received a pause, and when folly and wisdom—love and hope, looked not for a morrow of existence. Le Plessis was the most severe prison in Paris, and was regulated by Fouquier Tinville, immediately under his discipline. It was governed with the most heartless barbarity; and few prisoners ever left it, but to move to the fatal scaffold. One of my companions, of cool judgment and ardent conception, whom I consulted on the mode by which I should obtain justice, took my hand, and whispered in my ear, "We are in a tomb; let us take care not to raise the stones that compose it, but let us creep underneath." This

prisoner escaped the same night, but was seized again, and more closely confined.

We had not yet been able to repose for a moment: under different pretexts, sheets were refused us. The gaoler, aware of the fate that awaited us, already looked upon us with that contempt with which brutal and sanguinary characters insult the last moments of oppressed virtue. The second night after our arrival, we were all aroused at midnight, and addressed in sepulchral tones, that made us shudder:—"All the prisoners of Neuilly must come to the tribunal! Let them dress themselves instantly—no packets to be taken, as they will not need them," resounded through the corridors. Fathers, children, friends, and brothers, assembled together, deplored their sad destiny, and prepared themselves for death. A few hours were reserved for them. Although innocent, the scaffold was already arrayed for them. The conveyances had not arrived, and the suspense was horrible. Feeble and timid females bitterly wept at their situation so deplorable, and so little merited. "Oh, suffer me to dry up my tears!" said one interesting creature; "I owe that homage to nature and to love! I yet belong to my children—to my husband! Soon I shall be restored to myself—to my fortitude, and shall know how to meet my fate!" Some of them designed to appeal to the justice of the people, and to trace to them a portrait of all the crimes which

were committed in their name. Most of them were absorbed in the wretched reflections which the contemplation of speedy death created, and endeavoured to shut up their feelings against every charm of existence, in order that they might yield their neck to the fatal steel without regrets and weakness. Children of a tender age clung to the arms of their mothers, and seemed as if they would have mingled their lives with the dear authors of their being, and suffered at one blow. Unfortunate fathers and husbands penned their last wishes, and sought for feeling hearts, who, sheltered from a like fate, might one day consign these evidences of departed affection to cherished children or an adored wife.

The day appeared, and with it a faint ray of hope. The conveyances, ordered to fetch us, had been at the Luxembourg, from which they had carried away eight unhappy beings, who afterwards perished. The registrar had formed his list from the list of that prison, out of which a further removal was to take place the day after. This error saved our lives. The Committee of General Security, fearing that such a great number of unfortunates, sacrificed with so much display, impudence, and precipitation, might inspire commiseration and remorse in the people, gave a counter order: it was therefore decided that we should be assassinated in the prison conspiracies. It was announced to us that

we might remain quiet, as there would be no more transfers of prisoners at present. Sheets were given to us; and at length we were enabled to sleep. The furies let loose their prey for a while.

Our food was detestable; and we could procure nothing from without. A miserable quality of wine, which was the perquisite of the turnkeys, was sold to us at a very dear rate. At three o'clock, a long ill-arranged table was fixed in the court, on which were placed three dishes, and a hundred dirty plates. We were obliged to tear the meat with our fingers, as we were deprived of knives. The only useful articles we possessed were a pot, a wooden fork and spoon, and a cup. When our nails became inconvenient, from their length, the keeper lent us a pair of scissors, but did not quit us until this part of our toilet was finished. A barber came daily to shave and dress the hair of those who required it. The same basin and the same soap served for those who had the itch, the scurvy, or any other disease; and five sous was the expense for each.

An unfortunate barber, who had been imprisoned for more than twelve months, had had the dexterity to hide a razor from the *rapiotage* of the gaolers, and he daily made use of it for those who paid him well. A sentinel was always placed to watch while he was operating: his razor was his fortune, and he made considerable sums by it: he had refused a

hundred crowns for it; for, notwithstanding the vigilance of the turnkeys, assignats were conveyed in parcels of linen, in the soles of shoes, and I know not in how many other ways, whenever Mademoiselle Beaulieu was good enough to take charge of them.

We had to attend to all our own household affairs, as was the case in every prison;—to make our beds, to sweep our rooms, wheel away the common tubs, and fetch our water. The fountain was in the building allotted for the women, and to fetch it was a service that each desired: on our passage we could see our wives, our children, our sisters, &c., indulge in the mingled embrace of grief and affection, and exhort each other to fortitude.

The gaoler perceived that the water furnished a pretext for frequent visits to the department of the women, and he ordered that, in future, no individual should be allowed to fetch it: an aqueduct was formed for the purpose of conveying it to us. The brutal Haly exercised his utmost ingenuity to annoy and torment us: his cousin, the chief steward of the prison, an insolent and rascally cheat, had all who found his wine bad and weak transferred to the Bicêtre. The cook had the same power, and employed the same resource, when it was represented to him that his meat was tainted, and covered with vermin, and that the salted provisions that he provided were absolutely composed of

the flesh which was gathered from the guillotine*.

Closely pent up during the whole of the day, the heat was frightfully oppressive, and greatly affected our health and spirits. The three hours' promenade which was daily permitted us was generally made under a burning sun in the narrow paved court of the prison, but we were sometimes permitted to join the females, and to enjoy in their society the cool air of night: but our hopes of momentary enjoyments were constantly blasted by the heart-sinking noise of waggons, preceded by a messenger of death, announcing that forty more of us had only a few moments to live. The frightful bird of prey croaked aloud, in terrific cry, forty names,—and as many victims presented themselves, bade us farewell, confided their last words to our memory—their last pledges to our hearts, in order to be delivered to their relations and their friends:—"Tell them that at least we died with courage, and that our last thoughts were fixed on them;"—such were their last recommendations†.

* Haly called this a dish of *ci-devants*, and heartily laughed at he brutal joke. Certain it is that the police of the period ordered this horrible resource.

† I was lately in a house, the mistress of which was formerly happy and opulent. A wretched fire had drawn us towards a hearth, poorly heated, and still worse lighted. A stranger was announced, an individal who had just left the Carmes, where he

By preparations for the scaffold, and for death, it was, that we disposed ourselves to sleep. The same companion who, the evening before, was our neighbour, who slept by our side, with whom we shared our frugal resources, suddenly sank in one night into the tomb, and prepared a morrow of bitter grief for a wife, a father, or a mistress.

Twenty-four hours of suspense and despair were the diurnal portion of the prisoners of Le Plessis, when they escaped the removal of the night. Sometimes, indeed, it happened, that those were fetched in the morning who had been forgotten the preceding evening.

The newspapers were never allowed to be admitted, and we had no commerce with the living without the prison. The only intercourse permitted us

had been prisoner for a year. "A prisoner," said he to us, on entering, "who long shared with me the horrors of a tedious captivity, and whose generous attentions alleviated my sufferings, confided to my gratitude and my friendship these sad pledges of his love for his mother: I have come to deliver them to you, madam; and one day I hope I shall return, to discharge my own private debt." The unhappy mother, struck with this tender recollection, shrieked aloud, and fell to the ground: she grasped in her fingers the hair that had belonged to her son, to which a letter was attached. The unfortunate youth was ignorant of the causes of his fate, and walked to the scaffold without knowing of the charge against him: he entreated her to share with his sisters the melancholy relics of his youth, and sometimes to speak of him in their conversations.

way into the prison, usually at a very dear rate to the possessors of them. What Feuillant sold at two sous, we purchased at the rate of twenty-five livres. The article of the proceedings before the tribunal was always the object of our solicitude and curiosity. Every day we read of about sixty victims, amongst which were the names of our unfortunate companions.

A colonel of hussars, the son of a cloth-dealer of Besançon, a young man of a handsome countenance and vigorous form, five feet eleven in height, with fine dark eyes, aqueline nose, and elegant figure, was called on the 6th Thermidor to present himself before the tribunal. He went down with a lofty air, gaily took leave of every one, and went to look for the officers of his corps, with whom he had been sent to Paris. Not finding them near the fatal cart, he refused to mount it, assuring them that it was a mistake, and that, as his comrades were not also summoned, it could not be he that was called for. A gendarme insisted, but the young man vigorously cast the man from him, when others approached, whom he soon threw down, he having fortunately found, near the cart, a long stick, with an iron ferule upon it, which he used with great effect: he awed so completely the rest, that it was decided that the conveyances, which were already full, should set out, and that he should be put into a dungeon until they should come for him again. He was forgotten

by them for three days, and happily the 10th Thermidor restored him to life and liberty.

The administrators of police came daily to visit the prison, in order to ascertain what kind of spirit pervaded the prisoners, whom they insulted in cool blood, and they never departed without ordering a still harsher treatment than before.

We patiently resigned ourselves, and waited quietly for the end of the decade, hoping that his successor would be more humane. His successor arrived, but the same forms and the same barbarities were still exercised.

From the period of my entrance into this prison, I had not deemed it well to inform any of my friends of my fate; fearing lest I should compromise their safety, I endured alone my sad privations and the most distressing poverty. At length, I thought it advisable to address myself to one whose known patriotism assured his safety, and whose connections secured him against inconvenience from any interference in favour of a suspected person. I flattered myself that he would fly to my assistance, and that, as he owed me money, he would at the same time acquit his debt of gratitude and friendship; but, alas! a refusal was the only reply to my application.

The revolution has displayed the weak side of men; egotists, cowards, and intriguers, have marched hand in hand, seeking for men in place and sacrificing them when they fell themselves. Women, on the

contrary, have mingled in the commonest scenes, and have braved everything to give consolation to misfortune, and an asylum to the proscribed.

I saw a woman follow to the scaffold the lover whom she tenderly and passionately adored, and she accompanied his sad remains to the place where they were to be buried. She there endeavoured to provoke the avarice of the gravedigger, to give up to her the head of the unfortunate victim,—"Those gentle blue eyes which but now shone with affection on me, his beautiful auburn hair, and the graces of his face, which misfortune had almost destroyed. Oh, my friend, these are what I would possess: a hundred louis shall be your reward, if you will grant my boon!" The head was promised, and she fetched it in a beautiful fine winding-sheet. Love would not trust its cares to any other; but nature gave way to delirium, and the unhappy maid, unable to resist the transports of agony which the sight of the sadly precious burden inspired, sank down at the corner of Rue St. Florentin. Her singular deposit and her secret were discovered to the terrified gaze of the passers by; and she was conducted to the Revolutionary Committee of the section of the Champs Elysées.

Amongst the victims who were daily taken away from Le Plessis, the wife of Citizen Grimaldi, by her fortitude and noble pride, left the most distressing remembrances behind her. She refused to read

her bill of accusation, and not the slightest emotion was visible on her features; on her departure, she distributed to the indigent, whom she habitually aided, all the money that she had remaining, embraced her maid, and took leave of us, as an individual, after a long journey, bids farewell to travelling companions whose society has proved useful and gratifying.

The wife of Citizen L . . . C . . . was sleeping close to her young children, whom she had been permitted to keep near her, when at midnight the doors opened with a loud noise, and a sinister voice pronounced her fated name.

In utter dismay, she took for a dream the image of death, which was presented to her in the midst of the interesting creatures who owed to her their existence. She started up from their arms, pointed out their ingenuous graces as the emblem of her own innocence, and endeavoured to soften her tormentors by the affecting spectacle of a weeping and desolated mother. "It is eight years to-day since I gave birth to these twins; your cruelty has already assassinated their father; do you, then, wish to leave nothing upon this ensanguined land but monsters and orphans, spoils and desolations?"—She was taken away without being allowed time to dress herself, and never returned.

The tribunal at times acquitted a few poor strangers, or unfortunates, who lived in the Faubourgs;

they returned in triumph to seek for their bags, got drunk with the keepers, and applauded, to the other prisoners, the equity of the judges and jurors.

Several individuals were smitten with the small pox; but all entreaties to the gaoler for a doctor, remedies, and a hospital, proved unavailing. "You teaze me," replied the brutal wretch; "I have not time; you weary me to death, and I have a thousand more necessary affairs on hand; the administrators are in the Office of Records." Thither they were, in fact, in the habit of going frequently, to drink the wine which was sent for the prisoners. This petty gaoler stopped everything that suited him,—wines, pies, fowls, linen, &c., from which he always took the marks out, and appropriated them to his own use. He stole more than six hundred livres from Citizen Bonard. He was afterwards prosecuted for it, and made to refund two hundred livres. He was absolutely a greater despot in his arm-chair than the great mogul on his ivory throne. Young Carillon, after three days' sickness, died without assistance, in the arms of his father; the wife of Citizen Déréo likewise paid the fatal tribute to humanity, and lost her life from poverty and fever. Another female, attacked by the same disease, in the first transport of the disorder, threw herself from the top of the roof to terminate her days the sooner, and fell crushed and dead at our feet. An old captain of cavalry, in a dying state, on his bed, not being

able to obtain any succour or remedy, had the courage to crawl in his shirt into the court, in order to endeavour, by his appearance, to excite the compassion of the gaoler; he was, however, repulsed, and thrown, in this deplorable condition, upon a wretched mattress, into the depths of a dungeon, where he died. The body had been forgotten, when a number of prisoners, having arrived from Normandy, were conducted to Le Plessis; several women, who were suckling their children, were thrown into this horrible place, and, in pacing through their gloomy abode, they stumbled upon the inanimate body, from which they shrank with shuddering horror: the interior of the dungeon presented a surface strewed with unfortunate victims who had only thus avoided the scaffold.

On the 8th Thermidor, a messenger came to ask for a prisoner named Vermantois, canon of Chartres; no one appeared, and not an individual present had been a canon. "I must have a canon," repeated over and over the agent of Fouquier. At length, after much search, they discovered an individual of the name of Courlet-Vermantois, formerly in the army, son of a counsellor of Dijon. The bill of accusation for the canon was given to him; he had nothing in common with the canon in question, but, nevertheless, he was led away to explain himself before the public accuser, and was executed the next day. We were in a state of the most

gloomy dejection, when one day the tocsin was sounded, and the funeral knell was heard in redoubled echoes. *To arms* was the cry on all sides. This immediately called to our minds the butcheries of the 2d and 3d September; but we determined that we would defend our lives, and sell them dearly to the assassins. We were perfectly ignorant of the pretences for these musters, for the prohibition to intercourse with the outside of the prison having been more rigorous than ever for some days past, nothing whatever could reach us, and even the commissaries had discontinued their visits. A transverse wall had been built, dividing the court into two equal parts, one part being allotted for the scaffolds, and the other for the victims.—This scheme had been adopted by the committees of the government, who at first, divided by their prejudices and their private fears, had united in order to occupy themselves with one common interest, and to march in conjunction to the same determined end, which was nothing less than the massacre of the prisoners, the assassination of the major part of the representatives of the people, and the arrest or flight of the rest. The deputies who would have remained, and those who were engaged in missions, would necessarily have been united with the two triumphant committees, and these few individuals would have taken possession of supreme authority.

In total ignorance of the movements which we heard going on, and abandoned by our keepers, whom fear had removed, we agreed amongst ourselves, that we would regulate our measures prudently, but that valour and despair should seek a revenge for us against our tormentors. It was decided that, on the first signal of danger, we would arm ourselves with the bed-stocks, and, assembled in the courts, we would place our wives and children in the midst of us; that a fence of mattresses, carried by the strongest amongst us, should protect us from the first assault, and that, in this manner, we would charge the assassins. The sound of the tocsin was renewed with more violence; and the cries of the people, the beating of the drums, and the rattling of the cannon, added to the apprehensions which our situation inspired. "What party will triumph, what will become of the prisoners, and will our families be massacred? We must defend ourselves and perish with bravery." Such was the oft-repeated language of the night.

At length the much wished-for morning arrived; and a proclamation announced to us victory, and the triumph of virtue. Our joy burst forth unbounded, and we embraced each other, as companions, after a bloody combat, embrace their surviving friends. By the embarrassed manner of the gaolers, and their new and prepossessing deportment to us, we might have divined everything;

but so many snares had been laid for us, that it was prudent yet to remain silent on what it would have been delightful to descant upon. At last, the deep voice of St. Huruge issued from his dungeon, and informed us that Robespierre, Lebas, Couthon, and St. Just, declared out of the pale of the law, were to lose their heads upon a scaffold, which was already prepared for them. His window looked into some houses in the neighbourhood, and the inhabitants of them had got upon the roofs, to announce, by hints and signs, the success of late events, and to give us the hope of what we might expect from such a propitious day. It was a strange spectacle to see these feeling men and compassionate women, who, from the tops of the chimneys, the garret windows, and the spouts, conveyed consolation and hope to our bosoms. St. Huruge kept no measure in his language and conduct; but treated with bitter indignation all the individuals attached to the faction that had just fallen, who soon arrived in crowds.

The 10th Thermidor softened down the harsh severity of our keepers; our doors were opened at an early hour, and we all hurried to the department of the females, to bear them news of peace, and hope, and happiness.

Everything, at this period, assumed a different aspect. The gaoler softened his voice, and his wife endeavoured to speak in honied tones. All the

wretches became more gentle, and the secret dungeons were opened. Each representative who had an unfortunate friend confined came to snatch him from the horrors of a living tomb. The first who issued from his confinement was an individual named Lafond, who, because he refused to communicate the place of his father's retreat, withered in a solitary dungeon for six months. On coming forth, his first gaze was fixed upon a group of interesting female prisoners, who went to meet him, and hailed him with cries of *Vive la Convention!* He promised that his companions in misfortune should occupy his attention, and he did, in fact, obtain the liberty of several of them.

Once again restored to hope, my tastes returned, and, during the remainder of my abode in Le Plessis, music and poetry served to chase away *ennui*.

Men and women now mingled together in the promenade. All became amiable and cheerful—the toilet of the men was rendered more neat and clean, and that of the women more exact and elegant. Security supplied the place of terror; tranquillity succeeded apprehension; and verses employed our pens instead of petitions. Excellent breakfasts were given and received in return, and all of us took a share in them. Le Plessis was now an immense house, containing a single numerous family.

One young man then discovered, that Nathaliede

la Borde, to the most correct deportment, joined the most enchanting face and figure. On the 10th Thermidor, she appeared with the brilliancy of that timid flower which opens its calix to salute the first rays of the orient sun. Poetry is often the child of happiness, or the resource of delirium; I could not resist the pleasure of imparting to her, in the breathings of my muse, that an unfortunate prisoner, whose sufferings had been most severe, only began to feel relief from them in learning to love herself. I addressed two stanzas to her, in the name of my amorous companion. Ah! fain would I have rendered her sensible to his passion, and interested her in the fate of my friend!

Sophia de Magny, uniting the most fascinating tournure of form with the most bewitching eyes, soon received the homage due to her beauty. The touching languor of the lovely Barbantane passed not without a charmed notice, and the amiable qualities of her sister, Madame de Vassay, excited delighted attention. Aglaé de Bail plagued every one. Maurille moved her elegant form, amidst the pleased gaze of all. The timid Depont only appeared in the evening, attended by the graces: the two brothers, Titon, never quitted her. With the night came down the indolent but witty St. Haon. The late widow of the late Buffon, forgetting her sorrows, dreamt of enjoyment. Desmarets de Beaurains, a beautiful brunette, gave herself up to her sad

regrets. The worthy Madame Montansier furnished us with news, and some of the fishwomen with amours. I owe a tribute of respect and admiration to the ci-devant Duchess Duras: kind, gentle, and compassionate, she has suffered everything, and still suffers unavoidable privations, and the sorrows created by her long misfortunes. Her virtue is beyond all praise, and her resignation has no model.

Le Plessis was no longer a prison; the door was, however, always besieged by a crowd of persons, whom the sentinels, from a slight remain of Robespierrian feeling, often cruelly treated, when, through the wickets, or even underneath, they sought to discover a relation or a friend, of whom they had been long deprived. I have seen the loveliest visages braving the stench of a common sewer, to tell a father or a husband how dearly they were loved, and how anxiously wished for, and to inform them of the measures that were taking in in their behalf.

It was through one of these pestilential aqueducts, that I one day heard my name pronounced, and a soft and trembling voice call out "*my friend!*" Alas! since my captivity had commenced, I had been abandoned by all nature. This tutelary angel, a friend without weakness, and tenderly beneficent without interested motives, had only guessed at my misfortunes by my silence, and, thinking she might yet alleviate them, she came

forth from her retirement to seek for me. With the infected water which flowed through the sink, she received the tears of tenderness and gratitude which her goodness wrung from my eyes. Oh! never, never shall I forget that sweet though fetid spot! Each day brought her thither, and, from her friendship, hope and consolation found their way into my heart.

The committees had just been renewed, and, without dread, people might now approach the place of their sittings, and solicit them in behalf of the unfortunate. The voice of the oppressed began to be freely heard, and the ears of the old members and clerks were gradually at length familiarized with the words *humanity* and *justice*.

Then the worthy inhabitants of Neuilly, whom terror had long kept in awe, recalled to their minds that the tyrants had torn from their commune, and from the asylum which they had offered to proscription, a hundred and fourteen individuals of both sexes, and of every age and condition; and even exerted themselves to be useful to them, and to restore them to liberty. The inhabitants all came to claim our release, and sent waggons and torches to fetch us away; but certain forms and delays prolonged our captivity, as it was wished to render us justice with due precaution. Yet with what zeal and precipitation did they persist in evil! The municipality were questioned, and, for a mo-

ment, were the arbiter of our liberty. The municipal officers would not, however, hear a word in our favour; but the national agent, who alone appeared to be honest, followed by two members of the Committee of *Surveillance*, went to the Committee of General Security, and there declared our innocence; upon which we were immediately restored to liberty.

## *Sequel of the Anecdotes on the Prison of Le Plessis.*

This ancient college had become, as it were, a general depôt for the Conciergerie; during the time of the triumvirate, they threw into it a multitude of victims of every age and of each sex, which the dungeons of the Conciergerie were incapable of containing; and yet they daily drew out of the latter prison a great number of victims, to send them to destruction. Le Plessis was also the rendezvous of the prisoners from the departments, who arrived there in such crowds, that the place was not half large enough to contain the persons who were crammed into it; and it therefore became necessary to break through the walls which communicated with the college of Louis le Grand, and these two edifices then formed one and the same bastile.

The women inhabited the buildings of Le Plessis, and were shut up in the attics, from which they could be seen through skylights that were almost

cntirely closed up; but they were allowed an hour each day to take the air in the court. It was a heart-rending spectacle to behold young women, interesting from their beauty and their elegance, thus immured; and even children, of the tenderest age, brought up in the midst of tears and despair, having no other food but bread and water, for it often happened that their unfortunate mothers were not in a condition to obtain any other nourishment from the greedy traiteur, who sold everything at an exorbitant rate.

In the buildings of the old college of Louis le Grand, the men were lodged; those who had been removed from the Conciergerie were almost ready to bless their destiny, since they found at least, in their new abode, a bed to lie upon, and were not huddled together, as was the case in the other prison, on heaps of rotten straw, which was very rarely renewed.

The doors of Le Plessis were not besieged, like those of the Conciergerie, by a sanguinary horde of women, who made the ears of the unfortunate prisoners re-echo with the horrible cry of "*to the guillotine*," and who announced to them, in terms of the most obscene and ribald abuse, the sad fate which awaited them.

All these horrors did not exist in this prison; but the agents of tyranny had had sufficient management to prepare another mode of torture for

the prisoners. In entering, they were put into a sort of trench, where they remained standing, sometimes for ten whole hours, waiting till it should please the turnkey to come and call their names over, and to send them into a particular place, where they were previously searched, ere they had any communication with the other prisoners. This operation did not take place till three days after the entrance of each prisoner. The keepers then proceeded to a very strict search; all the assignats which each had above fifty, were taken from him, and knives, forks, buckles,—in a word, all disappeared. I saw a poor *sans-culotte*, who possessed a single iron spoon, which he would not have parted with for almost any price, and which he sorrowfully kissed, for it was his only earthly treasure. He had been dexterous enough to hide it from the eyes of his arguses, had flattened it, and had had patience enough to form it into a well-sharpened knife, by whetting it on the pavement.

A crowd of turnkeys were perpetually roving through the prisons, to spy into the actions, words, looks, and even thoughts of the prisoners. They had not exactly the harsh and ferocious aspect of the turnkeys of the Conciergerie; but were simply lackeys out of place, who were yet only in their noviciate, and who, nevertheless, had preserved the haughtiness and insolence of the monsters they had quitted.

Woe to those whose health became affected, for sickness was allowed unrestrained to prey upon them. Few were able to escape, and yet there were orders to transfer the sick to the hospital of the Bishopric; but the wretches had more pleasure in seeing the unfortunate die, than in securing them aid and comfort in their afflictions. I recollect an instance of a cavalry officer, who had requested for three days in succession to be removed, and who was found dead in his bed, without having received a medical visit, or the least advice and assistance.

It had been rumoured amongst the public, that Le Plessis contained nothing but notorious conspirators, who were devoted to death; and yet they were most of them worthy landholders, who had never even conceived the idea of a conspiracy. Amongst the number of prisoners, were also found young men, who had pursued their studies in this college, under the despotism of the priests, and who, on quitting it, were very far from imagining that they would once more return to it, to go through a course of patient endurance, under a still harsher despotism. They recollected the pleasures and amusements of their infancy and youth, and the play of ball, in which they had formerly exercised themselves, served to temper the *ennui* of their captivity.

The measures of general security had been taken against them with admirable sagacity: here there

were enormous doors, with heavy bolts; and, further on, windows overcharged with thick bars, crossed in all directions, through which the light could barely penetrate.

All external communication was interdicted; the public papers and the news were not permitted to proceed beyond the turnkey's room. Yet the prisoners succeeded in acquiring a knowledge of the decree which declared that France acknowledged the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul: "They are also going to acknowledge the claims of justice and humanity," said the prisoners to each other; "our fate is about to change, and the liberty which was so unjustly ravished from us will soon be restored to us. We shall likewise be able to celebrate, in conjunction with our brethren, the fête which is preparing; we shall again be able to press them to our hearts, and that will prove the happiest day of our existence."

Fatal error! the fête was celebrated, and the massacres, far from being diminished, continued in increasing progression, till the day in which the tyrant's destruction once more restored hope to the suffering captives, who had no other prospect than the scaffold.

Before the revolution of the 10th Thermidor, no one retired to rest without being pursued by the fear of receiving his *extrait mortuaire* (death-warrant) during the night; thus it was that the prisoners

were wont to call the bill of accusation, by which they were summoned the following day before the tribunal.

When it chanced that some individuals escaped the sword of tyranny, the revulsion of feeling occasioned by the news of unexpected liberty, the *ennui*, and the despair to which they had been a prey, and the foul air which they had inhaled, sometimes produced long and cruel diseases, against which all the resources of art proved but too often ineffectual.

# PRISON OF PORT LIBRE,

COMMONLY CALLED

# *LA BOURBE (THE MIRE).*

# PRISON OF PORT LIBRE,

*&c. &c.*

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THIS prison, which stood in an agreeable and airy situation, comprised several buildings, and contained on the 26th Frimaire upwards of two hundred prisoners; among whom were twenty-seven farmers-general and twenty-seven receivers-general of the finances, who had been sent there in order to be within reach of communicating and concerting with each other respecting the delivery of their accounts.

Among the other prisoners of rank were, the Citizen Perigny, formerly an administrator of the domains; Lamillière, his son-in-law, an ex-intendant of the Ponts-et-Chaussées; Augran, an ex-president of the Parliament; the ci-devant Count de Bar, who had been removed from the Madelonnettes to the Luxembourg, and thence to Port Libre, together with his wife and daughter.

Among the females were the widow of Sabran, who afterwards died at the Madelonnettes of the

small-pox; Madame d'Agvay; De Crosne, and her son, a young man fourteen years of age; Madame Desmonières, with her family, consisting of a son and a daughter; Madame Chabot, and Madame Duplessis, each accompanied by a daughter.

The men inhabited what is called the great building, composed of two stories, each having a large corridor and thirty-two cells, some of which looked out on the Observatory and the Rue d'Enfer, and the others on the monastery, which had formerly been used as a burying-ground.

At the end of each corridor, there were two large well-heated stoves.

There was also another building, which faced the Rue d'Enfer, and looked upon the country. It was three stories high, each divided into three large common rooms, in which from twenty to twenty-two persons slept on the first days of their removal to this prison. The room on the ground-floor bore the name of the Hall de l'Unité; that on the first-floor, Du Républicain; and that on the second, Des Sans-culottes. The third story was divided into four rooms, each containing three or four beds.

The women occupied a building separated by a wicket-gate from that of the men.

The rich were placed in the corridor on the first floor, in cells with two beds in each; and the sans-culottes on the second floor, several of whom had been brought from La Force and other prisons.

The two corridors had no communication with each other; a sentinel being stationed at the foot of the staircase leading to them, for the purpose of preventing any egress except in cases of necessity.

The escape of three prisoners, which had taken place a few days before our arrival from the Madelonnettes, suggested to the gaoler, Haly, the necessity of placing several sentinels in the interior of the prison. This man had the most disagreeable countenance, and was deficient in that order and intelligence which are required in the regulation of so extensive and important a concern. He was, however, at bottom, a man of a tolerably good heart, but a complete little despot, being a man of very small stature. His usual reply to those who presented him petitions, or made observations to him in his moments of ill-humour, was, "Be silent, or I'll send you to Bicêtre. Know that I am master here."

The prisoners in this house were divided into three distinct classes; those who paid for the indigent, those who provided for themselves alone, and those whose subsistence was paid for by others: but this distinction was repugnant to the feelings of those who had the principles of equality deeply engraven on their hearts, and this class was very numerous.

There was a large hall at the end of the corridor on the first floor, which was called the Salon, which contained six tables, each holding sixteen persons,

and at which the rich prisoners dined. Thirty sous a day were given to those who were not able to provide for their own subsistence, and bread was provided for the prisoners in general at the expense of the rich, who all subscribed according to their means.

They met in the evening in the Salon, in the midst of which stood a large table: to which every one, both men and women, brought their own candles.

The men placed themselves around the large table: some read, others wrote, and the greatest silence was observed, those who were seated at the fire taking care to speak in a low voice.

The women ranged themselves around a smaller table, and employed themselves in the occupations belonging to their sex, some in knitting, others in embroidering.

Then came a light agreeable supper; every one took their share in preparing the table, and the silence which had at first existed giving room to gaiety and freedom, the idea of being in a prison was entirely forgotten: in fact, nothing less resembled one than this house. No iron gratings, no bolts, no bars,—the doors were merely fastened with a latch. We enjoyed good society and agreeable company, and the women were treated with every respect and attention, so that we appeared like a numerous family united in a vast mansion.

Our numbers daily increasing by the numerous

arrests, we were forced to alter our arrangements. Both rich and sans-culottes were sent in in crowds. The names of the new comers were immediately inscribed on the list, and they were called upon for their contribution to the general stock. Collectors were appointed for each corridor, and the greatest exertions were made to provide for our expenses, which generally exceeded the receipts; but they contrived, however, to make both ends meet.

The number of the females increased daily, and we enjoyed their society in the Salon, in the evening. On their entrance, the men rose from table; they then seated themselves at their work, and the men entered into conversation with them. On certain stated days, we varied our amusements by music, poetry, and reading aloud, and thus contrived to calm our sorrows and our torments, and endeavoured to forget the painfulness of our situation.

The ci-devant Baron de Wirback, a most superior performer on the violin, was a great resource to the prisoners, and exerted himself to the utmost in soothing the disagreeable recollections of our unhappy fate.

All ideas of inequality of rank were effaced by the close union which reigned among the prisoners, for the prohibition of communicating with each other having been done away with after the first day, all the sans-culottes in the prison kept up an intercourse with the other prisoners, assisted at our concerts

and our conversations, and were not in themselves the smallest ornament to our saloon. However, at nine o'clock we were obliged to break up, for the purpose of answering to the calling over of our names. After which each person retired to his cell, but with the hope of meeting again on the following day.

It was with no small regret that we heard the disagreeable bell which summoned us to separate, particularly when we were in the midst of a concert, or the perusal of a book. The gaoler sometimes allowed us an additional quarter of an hour, for which we seized every opportunity of expressing our gratitude.

According as the number of prisoners increased, they were lodged in the Pavillon de l'Acacia, and in another building, which looked out on the Rue de la Bourbe, and the court called Sablée. The infirmary was established in a healthy situation, looking towards the Boulevard leading to the Hotel des Invalides.

Thanks to the exertions of the revolutionary committees, all the buildings were soon full; and the gaoler was at length obliged to refuse to receive several prisoners who were brought to him.

This house contained, in all, six hundred persons, and this number was constantly kept up, notwithstanding the cart-loads of victims who were daily taken away.

Amongst our various keepers, there were some

who were very considerate and humane, and others most cruel and ferocious: among the first were Garnier, Desfardins, Guillebaut, and Lamblin. The journal which follows this description will serve to make the reader acquainted with the generous feelings of the first, and the cold-blooded atrocity of the others, who, being guided by the most sordid views of interest, conformed themselves to all the wishes of the petty despots, whose barbarous injunctions they took pleasure in executing, even beyond the letter. We shall here cite two or three circumstances, which will serve to give an idea of the manner in which they behaved towards the prisoners.

If a fricassee of chickens was sent in to a prisoner, one of them would take a leg out of the dish, and, if not prevented by the boy's representing that his master would be accused of not having furnished it, would have had no hesitation in eating it, and, even when checked, he would first suck it in his mouth, and then put it back on the dish, saying, "I wished to see if the sauce was good."

Another, upon some fruits or preserves being brought in for us, would begin by tasting them, and, if he found them good, would offer some to his companions, who were sure not to refuse them, and thus deprived us of the little gratifications which it cost us excessive trouble and an enormous price to procure.

They gave the example of breach of trust and

robbery to the messengers, several of whom were dismissed on those accounts.

I shall not retrace all the horrors which were daily committed at the gate of the prison, the licentious gestures and the insulting and indecent language which they used towards suffering virtue and supplicating misery.

The prisoners confined in this house never lost sight of the caution and prudence so necessary in their situation. The police officers who were charged with its management could not dissemble their rage at seeing the failure of all the projects which they formed for the purpose of exciting the prisoners to revolt. These monsters employed their emissaries in circulating false reports among us, with the view of sounding our opinions. Men, brought up in infamy and baseness, sported with the lives of citizens; and the hope of a speedy release made them commit the most odious villanies.

Certain combinations of the government caused the removal of these wretches to the prison Des Carmes, where their execrable talents were put in greater requisition. Proscription-lists were hastily drawn out, and genius and virtue were led forth to the scaffold.

## *Journal of the Events which took place at Port Libre after my Entrance into that Prison.*

*27th Frimaire, the Year II. of the French Republic.*

Released from an infectious prison, we enjoyed the charm of breathing a purer and more salubrious atmosphere, and felt delighted at the idea of being no longer confined within the enormous bolts and iron gratings of a strong prison. The apartments in which we were now placed were only fastened with small latches, the windows were without bars, and the only thing that reminded us of our being in a house of confinement was the wicket and enormous lock in the entrance-door of the building in which we were lodged.

The person who performed the functions of registrar was himself a prisoner; his name was Brissolier. Both he and the gaoler Haly received us with kindness, and immediately occupied themselves with marking out our lodgings.

Although it was known that we should provide ourselves with beds, all had not taken the precaution of procuring them: and. although we mutually assisted each other by lending mattresses, &c. some were obliged to lie on the ground.

We arrived from the Madelonnettes in detach-

ments ; that is to say, we were transported three at a time in a carriage.

The veterans of the prison did not at first communicate with us, and confined themselves to examining our countenances one by one as we arrived. Some of us, however, having been recognised by them, were treated with much attention, and established in more convenient lodgings.

We could not suppress our joy on the arrival of Dr. Dupontet. Our air of satisfaction awakened general curiosity ; the others wished to know something concerning our new guest ; we gave a sketch of his character, and they joined us in congratulating ourselves at having among us a citizen whose humanity had rendered him, and might still render him, so very useful to us.

How 'great were the services we received from him in our new prison ! . . . . How many unfortunate creatures rescued by him from a certain death ! The regime of a prison is not very agreeable to those in good health ; but it is dreadful for the sick ; it was almost a miracle to see a person leave the infirmary after having once entered it. Dupontet frequently advanced money to the indigent, to purchase the medicines necessary for their cure.

This day was only rendered remarkable by the interest which the invalids of Port Libre took in our fate, and by the gratitude which we testified to them for their amiable attentions.

*28th and 29th.*—Prisoners still continued to arrive from the Madelonnettes, who completed the list of the fifty-four who were ordered to be removed to Port Libre. We received news of our friends, and learned that the remainder of the prisoners at the Madelonnettes were to be transferred to Picpus and St. Lazare.

On the 29th, arrived Madame Fougeret, with her three daughters, who, during our sojourn at Port Libre, afforded us the most affecting picture of conjugal and filial affection. These interesting females entered the prison with a gay and satisfied air, and exclaimed, "Oh, how happy are we! They have granted us our desire; we daily prayed to be arrested, in order that we might share the sufferings of our father: his innocence inspires us with confidence, and we love him so dearly! Oh, he will no doubt triumph over his enemies!

The tears which this interesting family shed through joy at their re-union were not destined to be dried up: they were far from foreseeing the blow which afterwards fell on them.

The following was the reason of Fougeret's arrest. He was called upon for a contribution of thirty thousand livres, for an estate which he had at ——. A sum was extorted from him four times greater than that exacted by the law. It was in vain he represented that he had already subscribed enormously by voluntary and patriotic contributions, and that it

would be a gross injustice to require more of him: his representations only gained him a prison, though he offered to come to an arrangement with the revolutionary collectors. The unfortunate man was afterwards guillotined.

*2nd Nivose.*—Several chambers having been prepared in the interior buildings of the prison, some of the prisoners were removed there, which gave more room to those who had been heaped upon each other in the large apartments. The Foucheret family remained in our saloon, and diffused a gaiety amongst us to which we were before unaccustomed.

*3rd.*—We were honoured early this morning by a visit from Grandpré, the secretary of the minister of the interior, who came to inform himself in what manner we were treated; he ordered stoves to be immediately placed in the large rooms, had panes of glass put in wherever they were wanted, and gave the fullest instructions to have us lodged in the most wholesome and convenient manner. We had also a visit in the evening from Biquet, one of the principal officers of police, who gave the same orders. These acts of humanity caused us the greatest joy, and made us all as gay as possible.

*4th.*—A fatal event occurred to-day, which has caused us all the greatest grief. While the young people were playing at prison-bar in the garden, an unhappy prisoner, named Cuny, formerly valet-de-

chambre to the Marquis de Coigny, cut his throat in a small cabinet adjoining the monastery. The fact was not discovered until a quarter of an hour after the unfortunate man had done the deed. Cuny, who had only arrived two days before at Port Libre, slept in one of the large apartments, and had there given a full relation of his misfortunes. On the following morning, an air of melancholy and dejection was spread over all his features; his companions in vain endeavoured to console him. He had so fully made up his mind to his own destruction, that he had sharpened his knife expressly for the purpose, and had drawn up his dying testament, which was found in his pocket when the municipal officers went to the prison to examine into the circumstances. The following is a literal copy of his will:—

"The person who is the cause of my death is the commissary of my own section, who took an inventory of the contents of my chamber, he having constantly refused to listen to me, neither allowing me to speak nor to explain myself, insulting me at every word I took the liberty to say, and treating me as a robber and an abandoned wretch. According to him, I had stolen everything in my possession, either from my masters or from others; he represented everything in his report in the most malicious terms, being determined to send me to the guillotine. He addressed me in the severest language, said I was the greatest rascal in the universe, and cut me short

the moment I attempted to say a word in my defence. He reproached me with my economy, but he knew not why I have economized: it was for my nephews and nieces, particularly for a poor orphan that I have all my life loved and protected: I only waited for my death to give them all I had. They are now thrown upon the committee of protection of the National Convention for assistance out of whatever means I leave behind me.

"I hope they will pay some regard to my demand in favour of these unfortunate sans-culottes; I beg of the gaoler to impart my prayer to the Committee of Public Safety. (Signed) CUNY,

"Valet-de-chambre of the ci-devant

"Marquis de Coigny.

"*Paris, the 4th Nivose, the Year II. of the French Republic.*"

Cuny had several assignats on his person, and also a very handsome gold watch. He was carried to the infirmary, and was confided to the care of Dupontet, who did not leave him until he died.

This was not the only suicide that occurred at the same time. Girardot, a banker, who had been sent to the Madelonnettes at the beginning of September, stabbed himself several times with a knife in the body, in the hospital of Belhomme, to which he had been removed. Another man, named Lafarre, also put an end to his existence, in the same manner, at the Madelonnettes.

*5th.*—In the morning, there was still some little hope

respecting the state of the unfortunate Cuny, but at three o'clock he expired, after having suffered the greatest agony for more than eight-and-twenty hours.

The twenty-seven farmers-general were released. They bid adieu to all the prisoners, handsomely rewarded the services of the gaoler, and left 4,000 livres for the purchase of mattresses for the infirmary, and for the assistance of the indigent prisoners. They were generally regretted.

In the evening, we learned with much pleasure the release of the citizen Boulard, of the section of La Montagne.

*7th.*—Two prisoners arrived from the Madelonnettes; they gave us news of our former companions who remained there after us, together with the following details respecting the suicide of Lafarre.

About eight o'clock in the evening, a person was brought to the Madelonnettes, who gave in his name as Lafarre, an ex-marquis: the most particular orders were given to the gaoler to keep a close watch over him. Vaubertrand lodged him on the fourth story, in No. 43: he there met Louis Roux, an ex-officer of police, to whom he opened his mind respecting the cause of his arrest. He had been apprehended in the fact of issuing a forged assignat. Roux observed to him, that the most honest man in the world might receive forged assignats, and put them again in circulation, without knowing that they were so, and that he might therefore divest himself of the

smallest degree of uneasiness. Lafarre replied that it was not the affair of the assignats which alarmed him most; but that, bearing a name like his, he was, in point of fact, liable to be accused as an emigrant; that he feared lest this circumstance should cause his being brought before the revolutionary tribunal, and concluded by saying that he would reflect upon it. The gaoler, recalling to mind the particular orders he had received respecting this prisoner, removed him from the place where he had first put him, and locked him up in a private cell.

The moment he was shut up, he stabbed himself with his knife. It was presumed, from the blood with which the wall was sprinkled, that he must have leaned himself against it, in order to execute his design. In about a quarter of an hour, as they were going round to fasten up all the cells for the night, they found him dead, and immediately drew up a report of the event.

*8th.*—This day opened rather badly; we learned that Madame Debar had had a gold watch, set with diamonds, stolen from her during the time she was in the Salon. No search was made for it by the authorities of the prison, and a new regulation was announced to us, suppressing the evening suppers in the Salon.

*9th.*—Several new prisoners had been brought in during the night. We began to-day to eat in a common refectory; the dinner was rather indifferent, but we flattered ourselves that it would be better for

the future. The following maxims were written in large characters around the refectory:—

"A man of free mind cherishes the thought of liberty, even when he is himself deprived of it."

"Circumstances do not change the heart; liberty, equality, reason, will always be the divinities that he will adore."

"Good morals, virtue, and candour, are the principles of the true republican. Nature, reason, and his country, are the objects of his worship."

"Liberty includes all the rights of man: it is reason, it is equality, it is justice."

"A republic is the happiest state of society; it unites all classes under the banner of general interest."

*10th and 11th.*—The taking of Toulon was celebrated by public rejoicings in Paris. We took our part in the victories of the republic, and sung the exploits of our warriors. Several new prisoners were brought in, whose situation we did all in our power to render less painful. We had, among the rest, the young Mademoiselle de Bussy, aged eighteen years, whose name was not entered at all on the gaoler's register, but she preferred losing her liberty to leaving her mother. They also brought the family of the Sombreuils, the father, the son, and the daughter, the latter of whom so courageously rushed between her father and his butchers, at the massacre of September, and succeeded in rescuing him out of their

hands; since that time, her affection had only increased, and there was no care or attention she did not lavish on her father, notwithstanding the dreadful convulsions with which she was tortured every month, during three days, since that lamentable epoch. When she appeared in the saloon, all eyes were fixed on her, and overflowed with tears.

12*th*.—Lavoisier, of the section of La Montagne, and who was executed on the 9th Thermidor, was brought to prison this morning. He was arrested at the moment when he was going to lay down his arms before the Revolutionary Committee; as he was without either linen or a hat, he requested to be allowed to go, under escort, as far as his own house, to get what he wanted before he should be put in prison. "Bah!" replied the commissary, "you must come along as you are."* His guards,

* Even sickness and infirmity met with no respect from these ferocious commissaries. They even wanted to triumph over the physical impossibility of acting. We read the following fact in a memoir on the prison of Brive:—"Verlhac endeavoured to force an old man, who was disabled in all his limbs by the gout, and unable to stir out of his cell, or almost to rise from his chair, to walk down stairs from the second floor. In vain did the poor old man say: 'I cannot stir without help.'—'Come along down whether or not, in the name of the law. . . . . Do not dare to resist it. . . . . Don't complete your ruin by your obstinacy!' . . . . Two fusileers were at length obliged to mount the stairs, and carry the unfortunate man in their arms to the guard-house."

being more humane, took it upon themselves to accede to his request.

*15th.*—Nothing new since but the arrival of Larive, a distinguished performer of the Théatre Français.

*19th.*—Our gaoler is under arrest in his own house: different circumstances have been the cause of this, but more particularly the following. Being displeased with some of the keepers, he had discharged them; among the rest, one who had allowed the wife of a prisoner to enter secretly to visit her husband. The discharged keeper took the following mode of revenging himself. The gaoler Haly, by one of those abuses which are so common in prisons, was in the habit of giving, for a certain sum, a number of cards, which entitled the bearer to be admitted into the prison. The very day on which the keepers were discharged, a young man gained entrance into the prison of Port Libre, by means of a ticket signed by the gaoler. The keeper informed his comrades of the circumstance, made a report upon it to the Revolutionary Committee of his section, and, unfortunately for the gaoler, the presence of the young man in the prison was in itself an evident proof of his guilt.

*22nd.*—The robber of Madame Debar's watch has been discovered. The real thief would never have been suspected: it was no other than a young and fashionable fellow, of the most agreeable coun-

tenance, of mild and amiable manners, a great favourite with the ladies, and who was thought to have a good fortune, living in a style which announced the greatest ease in his circumstances. The following was the manner in which the thing first got wind: he was so imprudent as to send the watch in a bundle of soiled clothes, to an opera girl, his mistress, whom he charged with selling or pledging it. The girl could only raise five hundred livres on it, and they even refused to advance any money on it without the consent of the proprietor. It appeared that the girl was so honest as to say that the watch did not belong to herself. She imparted to her lover the difficulty that lay in the way of the sale; the registrar of the prison, on examining the letter, discovered the whole affair, and sent it forward to the young man, who, in his answer, unveiled the entire circumstances respecting it. The robber, being sent for, confessed everything. He is to be removed to another prison, where, no doubt, he will not long be left to pine away in confine ment.

This mean conduct, on the part of a young man of his description, greatly shocked the prisoners.

1*st Pluviose*.—A disagreeable circumstance occurred to-day in the saloon. Some one was reading out the evening paper, as was usual: when he came to the article respecting the proceedings of the Revolutionary Tribunal, he read, among the names of

those who had been executed, those of the Citizen Charas and his wife. At that instant, Labretèche, whom we did not know to be related to these unhappy victims, fell without sense on the ground, and it was with the greatest difficulty he was recalled to life.

*4th.*—The receivers-general of the finances left us to-day; the entire prison has been in motion; the most affecting scenes took place between those who were departing and those who remained behind: the eyes of all were drowned in tears.

*5th.*—A melancholy accident happened yesterday to the Citizen Thêvenin de Taulay, formerly a gentleman of the chamber of Louis XVI., a man of eighty-four years of age. In passing through one of the dark corridors he fell, and received a deep wound in his head. He is at this moment insensible, and they even speak of trepanning him, if he has sufficient strength to support the operation; but Dr. Dupontet despairs of him.

Froidure, a chief officer of police, and Grandpré, secretary of the minister of the interior, this day visited the prison. The latter listened with much kindness to our complaints respecting the bad quality of the bread which was furnished us, and has made arrangements for our being provided with better.

8*th.*—The number of prisoners is constantly increasing; they will soon be obliged to remove some

of them elsewhere. A considerable robbery has just been committed on Jousserau, who has recently arrived from the Madelonnettes. He has lost 8,050 livres. He had seventeen assignats of 400 livres each, and 150 livres in small assignats, in a pocket-book, which he put in the pocket of a waistcoat, and locked the whole up in a small deal box, with a bad lock. He lodged in a cell with two beds, which was only fastened with a latch. A bundle of linen had been brought him before dinner, which he had neglected to lock up. On returning from the refectory, he found his box broken open, and his pocket-book gone.

Commissaries of police were appointed to search for the stolen goods; they visited every room in the prison, and made the closest search, but without finding anything. They also employed another means, which met with no better success. They left a dark room open, and requested all the prisoners to enter it one after the other, and to remain there a couple of minutes, thus giving time to the robber, if he was susceptible of any remorse, to give up the pocket-book. The operation being finished, the commissaries entered, but found nothing.

Commissaries of the section have come here to take down the declaration of Jousserau.

Our gaoler has departed for La Force, and is replaced, for the present, by a turnkey of that prison, named Hoyet. We have as yet no fixed ideas re-

specting the cause of this arrest: it is supposed that it is owing to the denunciations of the keepers under him: perhaps it may be a general measure, for we have just learned that the gaolers of several other prisons have also been arrested. However that may be, the gaoler of Port Libre was a great despot, despised the principles of equality, but was very accessible to effective recommendations, such as bottles of wine, pastry, &c.

13*th*.—Madame Lachabeaussière was allowed to go out of her secret prison this evening for a few moments, to take a little air. This unhappy victim of an atrocious denunciation drew tears from the eyes of all present. Her legs were swelled to a prodigious size, and her eyes wore a most sickly hue. She now occupies herself with painting, and has shown us a portrait of her daughter, painted by Isabey, which is exquisitely finished. She expects that her secret confinement will cease in a few days, and that she will be allowed to have her daughter remain with her.

14*th*.—We have had a heart-rending scene before our eyes for some days back. Madame Malessy, the divorced wife of Grimoard, and the daughter of Madame Lachabeaussiére, has lately arrived in this prison. This interesting woman, full of majesty and grace, and at this moment pregnant, has solicited her transfer, in order to be within reach of her mother, who is still confined in secret. She is,

however, occasionally allowed to leave her cell. This evening, she was brought to the great hall; she there met her daughter, who rushed into her arms, and they remained locked in each other's embrace for more than a quarter of an hour, without being able to articulate a single word. How eloquent was this language! All present melted into tears.

The sufferings of Madame Lachabeaussiére have so strongly affected the sensible heart of her daughter, that she has in a great degree lost the command of her senses. She is the Nina of filial piety. My heart is torn with compassion when I look on her. If she sits down to work, she remains seated for a few minutes; then, hastily rising from her chair, she runs across the corridor, and seats herself at the door of her mother's cell; she listens; if she hears no sound, she weeps, and cries in a low and melancholy voice, "Oh, my mother! my darling unfortunate mother!" Her voice is the accent of despair and madness. If she returns to the saloon, her large eyes become fixed in her head, and she observes nothing that passes around her. She sighs and groans; her features and her frame are tortured with convulsions. Her senses are so strongly alienated, that she takes no care whatever of her person: her hair hangs down about her shoulders; she thinks not of covering her head even when she retires to her solitary cell to sleep.

When Madame Lachabeaussiére was first impri-

soned, she was confined in an apartment used by the keepers of the prison. The same room was the abode of a dog and six whelps, and the resting-place of two of the keepers. There she was confined for four days; but, being naturally of a delicate constitution, this unfortunate female could not support the infectious smell which exhaled from the litter of so many dogs, and she prayed to have them removed. It was not until after some time that they listened to her supplications; and, when the straw was removed, the floor was found all discoloured with the filth of the dogs. Madame Lachabeaussiére, being little acquainted with the usages of prisons, was uncertain whether it would be proper in her to testify her gratitude to the turnkeys, who had delivered her from an infection which would most probably have brought her to the grave. She held her pocket-book in her hand, from which she had drawn an assignat of five livres; she looked at it, without being bold enough to offer it. One of the keepers approached: "What are you going to do with that?" "Citizen, I . . . . I know not if I am allowed to offer you anything?"—"Oh yes, to be sure, we will take it." And she acquitted the obligation. One dog was left with her, which was the only consolation she had. This animal so well distinguished the keepers who were kind to his mistress, that it was impossible to deceive him. If she wanted anything, she called out to her dog,

who always remained outside the door. "I want my breakfast, I want my dinner, or I want to take some air; go, look for Garnier or Desfardins;" and Brillant immediately ran to seek the keeper, leaped upon him, and never quitted him until he came to his mistress.

Madame Malessy carried every day to her unhappy mother, a part of her own provisions, which she must have often done without, but for this attention on the part of her daughter. One day, she prayed with the accent of despair to have her mother's dungeon opened, in order that she might fulfil this pious duty. Unfortunately, the gang of gaolers were at table, and were regaling themselves with a stewed cat, another victim of their disgusting barbarity: neither the courageous resignation nor the interesting charms of the unfortunate young woman could move the ferocious hearts of these savages. "Let your mother wait for you," said they, with all the gross accompaniments of a language worthy of such wretches; "we are not her servants." Tears escaped from the eyes of her daughter. "You are crying, then," said one of the sbirri; "well then, I will do what you want, but on two conditions: the first, that you eat some cat, and the second, that you drink out of my glass." In vain did she mildly represent the invincible disgust which her pregnancy and her sufferings gave her to the idea of eating cat, and of drinking wine, of which she never drank. The

keys were to be had on no other terms. Her filial affection gave her strength to support this humiliation: she determined to suffer the two trials, the illness which would inevitably follow them, the indecent laughter and the coarse witticisms of the authors of this pleasantry: she could not otherwise obtain permission to carry food to her unhappy mother, and to see her for a few minutes.

16*th*.—Officers came here early to-day, for the purpose of interrogating eight nuns who are confined in secret. They wanted to make them take the oath of liberty and equality, which they refused to do, saying that they did not live under the reign of liberty, being themselves prisoners. As for equality, they were of the same opinion, when they saw the pride and arrogance of those who interrogated them. Upon being threatened with being carried before the revolutionary tribunal, they replied that they would go there with pleasure. "But will you give up all claim to your pension?" asked the officers.—"No; because it represents the property which has been taken from us." But the law forbids payment to be given to those who will not obey it; and how will you then live?"—"Providence will take care of us." "But Providence does not give you any bread."—"We don't ask anybody for anything?" "As the republic cannot allow any of its enemies to remain within its bosom, you shall

be transported: where should you wish to go?" "To France, the country of our birth."

These eight nuns have since been guillotined, as accused of fanaticism.

18*th*.—The Citizen Grappin, at the request of several prisoners, has given us the most interesting details respecting the different events which took place on the first days of the month of September, 1792. This excellent man succeeded in saving from sixty to seventy victims himself. He was one of the eight deputies who were sent by his section (the *Contrat Social*) to demand the release of the prisoners who were about to be massacred. They had already sent three times in search of them to the prison de l'Abbaye; the commissaries, finding their exertions to discover them fruitless, were about to retire, when Grappin asked the gaoler for his register-book, and forced him to attend him in his search through the prison. Grappin at length despaired of finding them, when the gaoler said to him, "Don't be discouraged, perhaps they are in the little church." They proceeded there accordingly, and found nearly four hundred prisoners, among whom were two hundred and forty-six Swiss soldiers who had laid down their arms previous to the 10th of August. They were all drawn up in order; the gaoler was calling over the list, when a young man endeavoured to escape by leaping out of one of the windows: he was instantly

brought to the ground by a shower of balls; the report of the guns spread terror through the church, the gaoler hurried from the scene, and Grappin remained alone in this abode of death. He was dressed in uniform, and his appearance impressed the gang of turnkeys with respect: he stationed himself near the seat occupied by the principal judge, Maillard, and a few assistants. They were about to deliver a citizen to the executioners, who were waiting for their prey. The unfortunate man was a father of six children. Grappin courageously took up his defence. "I shall not assert," said he, "that he is innocent; but, if he be not guilty, his judges will have to reproach themselves with the murder of the hope of a numerous family, and with having shed the blood of the innocent." His harangue produced the desired effect; the accused was allowed to proceed in his defence, he fully justified himself, and was rescued from the hands of the executioners.

This success encouraged Grappin. He flew in search of the gaoler, and they both entered a dungeon containing eight prisoners, whom Grappin recognised as his acquaintances. They were plunged in the most profound melancholy; and were expecting, in silence, the moment of their being torn from their dungeon, and dragged before the fatal tribunal. "Things are not yet so desperate," said Grappin to them. Write to your sections to demand your

release." The unhappy men wrote as he desired; he took charge of their letters, and went in search of his colleagues, who had left the prison, after being so fortunate as to find and rescue the two prisoners whom they had come to seek in the name of their section.

Grappin was going to leave the Abbaye, when he met the executioners, leading along with them the Citizen Sombreuil, the governor of the Invalids. Grappin succeeded in calming their fury; the thirst of blood was for a moment extinguished in the hearts of these monsters, still panting with carnage and massacre. He approached the Citizen Sombreuil, who assured him that he did not quit his post on the 10th of August, and that the persons who denounced him were individuals gained over for that purpose by his enemies. Grappin had him led into a private cabinet; the monsters still had hold of their prisoner. Sombreuil's daughter threw herself at their feet. "Take my life," said she, "but save my father's."

Grappin used his utmost exertions to bend the purpose of the murderers, and proposed to them to send messengers to the Hotel des Invalides, in order to ascertain really whether Sombreuil was absent on the 10th of August. They at length agreed to his request, and an answer was brought back, stating that Sombreuil's assertion was perfectly true. The murderers made objections to its validity. Grappin

insists upon its reception: "But, citizens, you will nor pronounce an unjust sentence—you will hear his accusers; the old defenders of the country are incapable of falsehood. Allow me to proceed to the Invalides with four citizens worthy of your confidence, and we will bring you evidence worthy of every credit." The assassins hesitated for some time, but at length gave way to his entreaties, and a second order was dispatched.

Grappin arrived at the Invalides; it was then half-past four in the morning; the deputy-governor rose from his bed, the messengers presented the order authorizing them to examine witnesses, the drum beat, and the invalids assembled in the great court, to the number of eight hundred persons. Grappin mounted upon a table: "My friends," exclaimed he, "let those who have anything to say against Sombreuil pass to one side; and those who have no accusation to make against him pass to the other." About twelve began to depose against him, and induced about a hundred and fifty more to follow their example; they wanted to put their denunciations in form and in writing. Grappin had only an hour left to save Sombreuil. "We have not time to write," cried he; "once for all, let all those who have complaints to make do so publicly, and let them only speak according to the dictates of their conscience."

A dispute which arose between some of the invalids was near making Grappin lose the fruit of his

generous exertions. Some honest men, who had no reproach to make respecting the Citizen Sombreuil, refused to take part with his accusers, notwithstanding their entreaties and menaces. The contest began to assume a serious character; blows were already given, when Grappin ordered the most mutinous to be taken from the ranks, and confined in their chambers. When calm was re-established, he once more counted the numbers, and the minority verbally gave in their denunciations.

In this state of things, Grappin declared to the invalids his satisfaction at their conduct, and called upon the commissaries who accompanied him to remark that the majority had not inculpated the Citizen Sombreuil, but had, on the contrary, rendered him full justice; and also observed to them that party spirit alone had directed the denunciations which had been made. After this harangue, he invited the commissaries to draw up a report of the facts: they requested to be excused, and replied, that whatever he should say would be right, and that they were disposed to support him with all their influence.

They then returned to the Abbaye, and Grappin gave an account of his mission to the judges. The assassins appeared dissatisfied; he used every exertion, and called upon the commissaries to testify to the truth of his relation; the verdict was given, and—Sombreuil was acquitted. Grappin flew to the fatal

cabinet where he had left that citizen and his daughter; he announced to them their deliverance, accompaanied them to the gates of the prison, and pointed them out to the mob, saying, "Behold a brave officer and a good father." After having conducted them a few steps, he embraced them and confided them to some men who took upon themselves the care of escorting to their homes all those who escaped this butchery.

Grappin again entered the prison, and had the happiness of saving several other victims: among the rest, an old man of eighty-five years of age, whom the executioners were going to tear into pieces: it was a contest between them who should have the pleasure of tearing out his heart. Grappin seized him in his arms, and succeeded in rescuing him from the furious rage of these savages.

After having deposited this old man in a safe place, *he* recollected that he had received letters at the Abbaye addressed to different sections. He leaped into a carriage, arrived at the seat of the meetings, and implored the humanity of the citizens. The eloquence of a feeling heart electrified every bosom; commissaries were immediately named to demand the release of the eight prisoners confined in the Abbaye: they were saved. Among these was the Citizen Cahier; at the moment the commissaries arrived, he was before the formidable tribunal; all hope had fled his distracted heart; he was being delivered into the hands of the executioners:

already had he given his watch to one of the judges; and had burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Farewell, my wife and children!"

The tribunal was on the point of giving its opinion respecting the Swiss soldiers. They were deliberating whether they should order them for immediate execution, or send them to the commune. Grappin stood forward in their defence: "In battle," said he, "all who perish fall justly; but after victory it would be barbarous to assassinate unfortunate men, who erred through the persuasion of their officers, and who afterwards laid down their arms. Allow them to live, and restore them to their country. They will there publish our benevolence, our courage, and our generosity. The thirteen cantons have always been the allies of France; will you make them our enemies by massacreing their children? I therefore give it as my opinion that they should be sent to the Commune." This opinion being adopted, Grappin proceeded to the council-general, and there warmly pleaded the cause of the Swiss.

Petion, who was present at the time, was struck with the energy of his language, and said, "Excellent man! hasten to the prison of La Force, and tell them in my name to retire, and to let the law alone judge the guilty." He then ordered a municipal officer to accompany Grappin. They arrived at La Force, where the massacre was still going on.

They called upon the murderers, in the name of Petion, to desist from their sanguinary work. No regard was paid to their representations. Grappin hastened back to the Commune, and hurried Petion along with him, almost against his will, to the prison. Upon their arrival, the mayor of Paris addressed the mob. At his voice the massacre was suspended, but the people continued to crowd in, eager for blood and carnage. Grappin mounted upon a bench, and harangued the mob; he represented to them that it was of the utmost importance that they should each of them retire to their section, in order to defeat the plots of some abandoned wretches who had entered into a conspiracy for the overthrow of liberty. The mob retired, the cavalry took possession of all the approaches to the prison, and the massacre was at an end.

Grappin, born in poverty, and endued with no other education than that of nature, contended with these butchers during seventy-eight hours for the rescue of their victims, and succeeded in saving a great number of them. Virtuous man! May your name, blessed by your contemporaries, be handed down with glory to posterity!

A citizen arrived among us to-day, who was intimately acquainted with Bazire, of whom he related to us the following anecdote.

The Committee of General Security, wishing to know to a certainty if the correspondence which

was going on in the country was closely watched at the post-office, had a parcel of letters put in the office, addressed to the citizen the Comte d'Artois. They then had the mail stopped at a few leagues from Paris, and the parcel was found. Among other letters, Bazire opened one written by a foreign princess, who had been confined in the Abbaye a few days after the executions of September, and the letters of which she had traced with her blood. She had expressed, in this letter, which contained a packet of her hair, the most affectionate sentiments towards her friends, and her firm resolution of dying.

The sensibility of Bazire was strongly affected; he sent a gendarme to know the cause of the princess's imprisonment; none could be assigned. He then issued an order to have her brought before him. The unhappy female, believing that she was going to hear the sentence of death pronounced on her, threw herself at the feet of Bazire, who raised her up, and said, "I have found no charges against you at the committee; and, as there is no reason why you should be deprived of your liberty, I restore it to you, and am very happy at being useful to you."

These different details have served to lighten the ennui of our captivity.

*27th Ventose.*—Two gendarmes came this morning in search of Duruey, formerly the court banker, and a receiver-general of finance, whom they carried

before the Revolutionary Tribunal. The cause of this examination is unknown. We are all in the greatest uneasiness respecting the fate of this upright citizen, whose only thought has been to do good, and who still sheds blessings on all who surround him.

28*th*.—Duruey received a summons in the course of the night, and departed this morning at seven o'clock for the tribunal, which is to open its sitting at nine, and his sentence will be pronounced between ten and eleven. What justice! Great God! We are all in the greatest uneasiness. It is said that his indictment involves very serious accusations. Having made the gendarmes wait for him in the morning rather longer than they wished, he politely apologized for having delayed them, but said that he considered it proper to appear in a decent manner before the tribunal. One of them replied that it was scarcely worth the trouble to arrange himself so well for the purpose of going to the guillotine.

We have received a visit from two officers of police, who have promised us that the prohibition of receiving letters should be removed in a few days.

A turnkey has announced to us the sentence of Duruey: he has been condemned to death. It is said that he was accused of having sent forward money to a foreign country, and of having paid a bill for 6000 livres, drawn upon him in London.

This citizen is universally regretted, as a man who enjoyed the esteem of all the prisoners.

*4th Germinal.*—As I was taking a round of the garden this morning, with the ci-devant princess of St. Maurice, the keepers came up and requested us to retire. Madame de Maurice, a little hurt at this order, exclaimed, "Oh mon Dieu! This building resembles a college; but I know not what is to be learned from such stupid fellows."

An officer of police came to inspect the palisades which are erecting around our walk, and amused himself with writing on them with a piece of chalk, "Street of Liberty." This man must certainly be an atrocious wretch.

*6th.*—Our numbers were increased to day by the Citizen Noiret, a clerk in the post-office, who was set at liberty yesterday, and has been re-imprisoned to-day, under the following circumstances. He was released from the Luxembourg by order of the Committee of General Security; upon his arrival at his own house, he entered into a conversation with one of his neighbours from the window. The latter asked him if he had been acquainted at the Luxembourg with one of his relations who was confined there; and, upon his answering in the affirmative, asked him when he thought he should return to the Luxembourg. "I intend to go there to-morrow," answered Noiret, "for the purpose of getting my clothes." "You would do me a great service, if you would

charge yourself with delivering a letter to my relation." "Oh! that is impossible; the orders are too strict against it; I cannot possibly grant your request."

A man named Dufaye having overheard this conversation, immediately denounced Noiret, as having charged himself with a letter for the Luxembourg. Noiret goes, as he intended, to that prison, and proceeds to the apartment of his late companions in misfortune; scarcely had he found them when he was sent for by the gaoler, who signified to him that he had received orders to keep him prisoner. Noiret asked the cause of this new arrest, and was told that he was suspected of having brought a letter with him, in disobedience to the regulations of the prison. "I recollect," said Noiret, "that one of my neighbours requested me yesterday to bring a letter from him to one of his relations, who is confined here, but I refused him. It will be besides very easy to ascertain the fact: I have not yet seen this relation, you have only to send for him and examine him, while I shall remain in this room." The gaoler gave orders for the prisoner to be sent for, and the registrar interrogated him; his answers testified to the truth of what Noiret had stated, and fully justified him. The gaoler, however, told him, that he must wait for the arrival of an officer of police, who would decide upon the circumstance. Danger arrived about five o'clock, and entered upon a close

examination of Noiret: among other questions, he asked him what was his opinion respecting the Luxembourg; Noiret replied that he was convinced there were several true patriots among the prisoners, who deserved, as well as he himself, to be set at liberty.

After this interrogatory, Noiret was sent to the Mairie, and Danger promised that he would, without delay, make his report respecting him to the police. He was, however, forgotten for three hours, during which he was kept in a dark closet, where he underwent another examination. At length, at an early hour in the morning, a gendarme announced to him that he had received orders to remove him to Port Libre. "Comrade," said he to him, "we had better take a carriage."—"Why so? it is fine weather." "If you don't choose to take one, I must manacle you."—"Manacle me! that would be too much!" "It is, however, what I must do." They at length took a carriage, and Noiret was brought to increase the number of the unhappy prisoners of Port Libre.

The conduct of the wife of Lavergne, who cried out Vive le Roi, in order to perish with her husband, has greatly affected us. The unfortunate woman has been executed to-day.

13*th*.—The affair of Danton, Chabot, Fabré d'Eglantine, &c. excites to a singular degree the curiosity of the prisoners. It is said that these men have robbed the state to a prodigious amount, and

that Danton alone has made purchases to the value of upwards of five hundred thousand livres.

*16th.*—The accused display the greatest firmness before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and defend themselves in the most forcible manner. A citizen who was present at the debates has told us that Danton makes both the judges and the jury tremble, and drowns the sound of the president's bell with his loud voice: upon his asking him, "Do you not hear the bell?"—"President," replied Danton, "the voice of a man who has his life and his honour to defend will cover the voice of your bell." The public becoming a little tumultuous during the debate, Danton exclaimed: "Citizens, you shall judge me when I shall have finished saying everything in my defence: my voice must not only be heard by you, but by all France."

*16th.*—We have learned to-day the execution of Danton and his companions. The punishment of these men has astonished us less than that of Hébert.

*3d Floreal.*—The officers have brought here to-day M. de la Rochefaucaild and Mademoiselle de Béthisy, the daughter of the ex-count de Béthisy: she is very young to have gone through so much misfortune, being now only seventeen years of age; she was forced to follow her father, three years ago, when he emigrated, and a decree of the National Convention acquitted her of the crime of emigra-

tion. On her return to France, she applied herself to the most severe and fatiguing labours, in order to provide for her subsistence; and was by turns a workwoman and a washerwoman. Alas! this young and interesting female has not yet, in all probability, reached the term of her sufferings.

The prisoners relate different anecdotes respecting the virtuous Malesherbes. When the officers came to lead Rosambo to prison, his wife begged of M. de Malesherbes, her father, to draw up a memorial in favour of her husband. M. de Malesherbes composed one, in which he took up the defence of his son-in-law, and exerted himself to prove that they could not, with any justice, condemn to death a magistrate who had only done his duty, in giving his opinion against some innovations, in a protest signed by his colleagues in office.

M. de Malesherbes, who is confined here, addressed a letter to one of his friends, in which he expressed his satisfaction at having been honoured with the confidence of Louis XVI., who charged him with his defence. This letter was examined at the register office of the prison, and was returned to him with the observation that it might be attended with fatal consequences to him, should the contents of it be known. M. de Malesherbes held it for a moment in his hand, and then said to the registrar, —"You are right; this letter would very probably cause me to be guillotined." He then became

thoughtful, and remained for a few minutes, as if undecided how he should act; at length he said,—"What matter? It shall go. Such is my opinion, and I should be a coward to deny it: I have only done my duty." The letter was sent, and it has since figured in the mock trial in consequence of which this excellent man was murdered.

Châteaubriand* has been informed to-day that he is to be removed to-morrow to stand his trial before the tribunal. He has concealed his fears from his wife, and has displayed the greatest courage and resignation. In general, indeed, all our companions in misfortune leave us, on their way to the scaffold, with the greatest sang-froid,—I would almost say with heroism.

5th.—The entire prison has shuddered at learning the execution of several victims who had gained the esteem of all the prisoners; we are, however, assured, that the public accusers said to one of those who were present,—"Well! they must have been greatly alarmed at Port Libre, when they learned the execution of so many of their companions. That is just as it should be. You may, however, assure the citizens who remain there, that I have nothing against them at this moment, and that they

* M. de Châteaubriand, who was married to the grand-daughter of the celebrated Malesherbes, was the eldest brother of the distinguished writer of the Génie du Christianisme, and Les Martyrs.

may be perfectly at ease." These words, which were immediately repeated to us, have, in some degree, calmed our terror.

17*th*.—A considerable armed force is at this moment (eight o'clock in the morning), drawn up in the garden. The sentinels are doubled, and new ones are stationed in different places, by men covered over with tri-coloured ribbons. We cannot imagine the reason of these preparations.

We have just heard that three of the prisoners have been visited, and that their knives, razors, and scissors were taken from them.

It is now three o'clock, and the bell has been rung; and orders issued for each of us to retire to our rooms; we are assured that the visit will not be long, but, in the mean time, all communication is prohibited. We are all in the greatest alarm and confusion. I have just made the sacrifice of my little pieces of poetry, but will not part with my journal, unless I find it absolutely impossible to keep it. In the midst of the alarms to which we are a prey, we have learned the death of another Seneca, Luiller, a national agent of the department of Paris, who opened his veins at the Luxembourg. May all such wretches perish in the same manner!

18*th*.—We still continue under orders. I intend concealing this journal under the ashes, behind the large block in the fire-place, though at the risk of its being burned. If it comes out safe, I shall con-

tinue it. I have hid my scissors, my watch, and one razor in the chimney. I hope these little matters may escape the vigilance of our inquisitors.

A guard of a hundred men has been left over us to-night; and we were told that there are cannons drawn up in front of the gate, and carts prepared for our removal. We are in a dreadful state of agony and suspense. As I occupy the last room on the upper story of the last building, I shall, I suppose, be one of the last examined.

19*th*.—The commissaries proceed in their inquisition. We have heard that several prisoners have been treated by them with the greatest severity. They take their knives entirely away from some, and make it a rule to break the points of those they leave. It is even reported that they have stripped some individuals entirely naked. This measure is surely unnecessary. The greatest gloom overhangs us all; all communication is intercepted, and sentinels are stationed at the doors of those who have undergone their examination. There is no knowing how all this may end. We have no means of procuring our dinner; the orders with respect to communication are very severe, and prevent our hearing what is passing abroad. We have, however, learned that the farmers-general have been put to death at the Place de la Revolution.

The commissaries came into our building after their dinner. They began by visiting the first

corridor, where they remained until midnight, and searched nearly a hundred persons. This operation was effected with greater celerity than we could possibly have imagined, but has added additional difficulty to our communications with the prisoners confined in that quarter of the prison. The first commissaries, being exhausted with fatigue, have been replaced by others.

20*th*.—The commissaries have entered our corridor. Two of these gentlemen are particularly remarkable for the disgusting expression of their countenances, and the haughty air with which they display their tri-coloured insignia. One of them was formerly an old clothes merchant under the piazza of the market. They proceeded very slowly in their examination, and remained more than two hours in No. 33, which I occupied upon my arrival in this prison. They did not spare the delicacy of the females, but searched their persons with the greatest rigour. We were informed this morning that they made several of the women undress themselves; and among others, the two femmes-de-chambre of Madame Du Barry, and Madame Poissonier, who was attached to the person of the late queen.

21*st*.—We are led to expect that we shall be visited to-day. We are in anxious impatience to have it over, as we shall then be allowed to renew our communications with our fellow-prisoners, those

who have passed their examination being allowed to walk in the garden. The Citizen Poissonier repeated in an under-tone these two Latin words, as he was passing through our corridor, *sicut infans*, which leads us to suppose that we shall be stripped naked and put in the state we were born.

After dinner we were informed that the commissaries were going to the Mairie, and that our examination was to be deferred until the following day. This delay greatly disappointed us.

A moment after, we learned that a new deputation of commissaries were proceeding in the search. I went to pass the evening with Emmery, and I had scarcely returned to my own apartment when the commissaries entered the adjoining room. They inquired how many rooms remained to be visited, and were answered that there were only three. After having ascertained the number of prisoners they contained, they were about to retire without terminating their operations. I observed to them, that it was already five days since we had been prohibited from walking in the garden, and that we had the greatest necessity of taking the air, and then requested of them to conclude their examination this evening, which they promised to do. It was then half-past six.

At the head of my bed was a door communicating with the adjoining room; it was so fixed that one could not speak in rather a loud voice in one room, without being overheard in the other; and

we had accordingly agreed that the prisoners in the first room should elevate their voice during their interrogatory, in order that we might hear the questions and answers.

Not wishing to undergo the humiliation of being undressed by the commissaries, I went to bed, and my companions followed my example. We observed the strictest silence. I was on the watch with my ear close to the key-hole in the door of communication. I learned by what I overheard that they took away knives, scissors, and razors. I immediately got out of bed, and concealed my knife in the ashes.

The commissaries at length arrived at our room. The gaoler who accompanied them said to me, "Ah! ah! my friend, you knew, then, we were coming, since you have got into bed; you deserve to be put in the dungeon." I afterwards perceived that he only wished to amuse himself by frightening me. I was asked, if I had a razor? "Yes." "Scissors?" "Yes;" and at the same time I handed them my razor and scissors. "Have you a knife?"—"No." "Assignats?"—"Here is my pocket-book;" and I drew out an assignat of five livres and two pieces of ten sous. "Oh! oh!" said one of the commissaries, in a kind tone; "Yes, parbleu! I know this one; he is an honest fellow."—"Who are you pray, who say you know me?" "You shall know that before three days more."—"Is it long since you

knew me?" "Yes."—"What is my name?" "Coittant; and I must say you are an honest fellow, and that is what I don't say of every body." He would not tell me who he was, notwithstanding all my entreaties. These gentlemen kept my razor and my scissors. Our examination did not last long, as my companions had taken my example, and undressed themselves—three true sans-culottes.

Immediately on their departure, I drew from their hiding-place my watch, my new scissors, my remaining razor, and my poor journal, which was a little injured by the fire. Thus did we pass a hundred and eleven hours in real agony.

*22nd.*—Communications of every sort are again permitted us. The commissaries, notwithstanding all their precautions, have not been able to prevent several of the prisoners from knowing the object of their visit; and many of them managed to conceal those objects on which they placed most value.

One prisoner had deposited twenty-five gold louis in one of the common houses, under some straw. After he had been searched, his first thought was to fly to his treasure. It had, however, disappeared. In vain did he search in the straw; his exertions to discover it were useless. He then directed his steps to another corner, and there found another sum to the same amount, which had been concealed there by some other person, and of which he took possession.

It appears that, in the course of this adventure,

some person must have suddenly found himself master of twenty-five louis, to the detriment of an unlucky prisoner.

Another had concealed some assignats under a heap of dirt. A dog, while scraping up this heap in search of bones, uncovered the assignats and laid them open to view. One of the prisoners perceived what had passed, and charitably covered the assignats again. The cursed dog returned to the charge, and once more uncovered them. At the same moment, one of the keepers, passing by, perceived the assignats, and pocketed them without any scruple; and when the unfortunate owner came in search of his deposit, he had to lament its disappearance.

Two prisoners contrived a skilful plan of getting rid of the municipal officers. While waiting for the visit of the officers, they amused themselves with smoking cigars. They were quietly seated on their beds, when the functionaries arrived. The cell was so full of smoke that the light was extinguished. The taper was again lighted. "Ouf!" says one of the visitors, "we shall be stifled here." At these words the smokers launched several broadsides of smoke at him and his companions. The officers, scarcely able to breathe, coughed and sneezed in the most violent manner. "Don't you like the smell of tobacco," says a prisoner to one of them, and almost blinded him with a fresh puff. "Don't you smoke?" says another, renewing the volley. "Oh, my God!

it is impossible to stand it!" cried the officers. "Have you any arms, jewels, or assignats?" "Search us, and you shall see," said they, puffing out volleys of smoke. "Oh, no," said one of the tri-coloured tyrants, we do not suspect anything here; sign, and let us pass to the next."

These fellows increased their severity towards the prisoners in proportion to their presumed wealth. When they found little or nothing in the room of a person who by his name and quality promised them a rich harvest, they proceeded in their search with the most disagreeable particularity; and, when their exertions were fruitless, they loaded the unhappy prisoner with all sorts of abuse.

*23rd.*—The piercing cries of the daughters of M. Fougeret inform us, that that unfortunate citizen has just been butchered by the tribunal. There is something horrible in witnessing the excessive sufferings of those who have a father, a son, a husband, or a wife, torn from them by the hired assassins of the government. The sacrifice of each victim is a new wound to the heart.

Madame Fougeret announced this melancholy event to her daughters, saying, "Your father is put to death." These girls adored their unfortunate father, and used to go regularly twice a-day, however bad the weather, to see him at the Madelonnettes, where he was formerly confined. I saw

them on their arrival here with their mother; when they thanked heaven for their arrest, since it once more united them with their father. Unfortunate women! they were far from foreseeing the fatal blow which has fallen on them to-day. Madame Desmemères, the sister of M. Fougeret, was in a dreadful state; she is naturally subject to nervous attacks, and on hearing the fatal news she fell into the most frightful convulsions. These sights are constantly renewed in our prison. What a life!

29*th*.—Madame Malessy, the daughter of Madame Lachabeaussière, has just lain in of a daughter. Her unhappy mother, who is still in close confinement, has in vain prayed to be allowed to see the infant. This inhuman refusal has made us all shudder with indignation.

30*th*.—Our food becomes detestable, we are besieged by ennui, and devoured by uncertainty and suspense. I asked, a few days ago, for some philosophical works, but they refused to allow them into the prison. The only books that are tolerated are romances. Books of devotion are absolutely prohibited, as being calculated to exalt the brain. Works on morality are also proscribed, as they do not wish that the prisoners should reflect. Miserable tyrants! poor human species! what a revolution!

*4th Prairial*.—The current report to-day is that Collot d'Herbois has had a narrow escape of being

shot, and that Robespierre's life is also in danger. These reports have not been listened to with much regret.

A new regulation has just been put in action, placing all the prisoners on a level, with respect to food. Fifty sous a day are allowed to each of us for his consumption, and even the richest do not disdain to accept of their share, the fear of being remarked rendering them very exact in calling for their daily allowance. It is, however, rather a singular circumstance to see the *ex-garde-des-sceaux* (chancellor) of France, Hue de Miromenit, daily demand, with the greatest humility, the fifty sous allowed him by the nation.

6*th*.—The Committee of General Security has just given us an intimation of its intentions, in a notice which has been placarded through the interior of the prison. We there read that any of us who shall be judged enemies of the republic, enemies of the nation, enemies of Robespierre, of the tribunal, &c. shall be guillotined or transported, *ad libitum*. It also orders that the prisoners shall have no sort of communication with the outside, no books, no letters, no consolation; and that there shall be two boxes at the door, for the purpose of receiving the bundles of soiled linen, which will be returned washed, through the same medium. One cook is appointed for all the prison, and the system of equality is to be kept in force in the distribution of victuals. This extreme

rigour has thrown the greatest damp upon our minds.

12*th*.—The ex-marquis de Lavalette, formerly an officer of the guards, has been carried to-day before the revolutionary tribunal. The cries of his unhappy wife announced to us this melancholy event. She hung on the neck of her husband, clung to him with all the energy of despair, and prayed the turnkey to take her with her husband. This heart-rending scene affected everybody, except the inexorable turnkey, who became impatient at the delay, and cried out, in a hoarse voice, "Come along, will you soon have done?"

This odious wretch appeared gratified in torturing the heart of this unfortunate female. The windows of Madame Lavalette's apartment looked out in the garden in which her husband used to take exercise. "Call your husband," said the turnkey to her.—"For what purpose?" "Call him, I tell you."—"But, my friend, do tell me for what." "To go to the tribunal." At these fatal words, Madame Lavalette fell on the floor.

26*th*.—As I was walking this morning under the trees near the little monastery, one of my companions in misfortune advanced towards me with a melancholy air, and asked me if I was capable of firmness. I answered in the affirmative. "Well, then, prepare yourself—you are going to be taken before the tribunal, together with Gamache. The gen-

darme is at the gaoler's." I immediately ascended into my room, and gave to my friend my watch, my box, and the portrait of my dear Helen, to whom I begged of him to transmit them. He promised to do so, and then departed to learn to a certainty what was going on at the gaoler's. He returned full of joy in about a quarter of an hour, and informed me that an error in the name had made him tremble for my safety. This information gave me great relief, though I was, in all cases, prepared to meet my fate with resignation.

The infernal Benoit has just issued orders to us not to use candles for the future: we have obeyed without a single murmur. We sup and go to bed by the light of the lamps.

27*th*.—We shall not be obliged any longer to go to bed without a candle, the officer of police having permitted us to have one until a quarter past ten.

Gamache was sent for yesterday evening, and he has departed for the tribunal. He said to the gendarme who conducted him, "My friend, I am an old soldier, who knows not what it is to resist the orders of his superiors; I am not ignorant that you have a right to bind me: but you need fear nothing; I shall know how to die like a man." We have been told that he was not manacled, and that he died with the greatest intrepidity.

8*th Messidor*.—Broglie, formerly a member of the

Constituent Assembly, left us this evening, to appear before the tribunal . . . . . In all probability we shall never see him again. Though he was informed of his fate two hours beforehand, his tranquillity was still the same. Vigée was with him, and was reading aloud some of his own productions; Broglie drew out his watch, and said to him: "The hour approaches; I know not whether I shall have time to hear you to the end,—but no matter, continue at least until they send for me."

11*th*.—I have had a long conversation with the Citizen Loppin, a member of the commission, whom I have assured that I am entirely ignorant of the motive of my imprisonment for these last ten months. He has promised me to inquire into it. Some of my companions have observed to me that this conversation would perhaps only send me the sooner to the guillotine.* But what signifies the loss of life to a man who is wasting it away in captivity?

*3rd Thermidor*.—The moment we awoke this morning, we learned that there were ten gendarmes at the door, who were come to remove forty prisoners. The alarm was immediately spread on all sides; every one feared for himself; but at length we were informed that they were come for the purpose of re-

* Nothing could be truer than this observation, as I have, since my release, seen among the archives of the Committee of General Security my sentence of death, signed by this same Loppin.

moving those prisoners who have been most forward in complaining of the abuses of the prison.

*5th.*—They came very late this evening for General Dublaisel, to conduct him before the revolutionary tribunal. This officer, who is seventy-eight years of age, has been living retired at the monastery of the Chartreux for about fifteen years, and had not interfered in the affairs of the revolution. When the turnkeys made their appearance, he only took one shirt with him, saying, "It is, no doubt, the last I shall put on." He was guillotined.

*6th.*—Forty-five females have arrived here this evening from the Benedictines Anglaises. All this bustle announces that there is some considerable change about to take place in our prison.

Our conjectures were but too true; a great number of us have been torn from our old retreat, and removed to the prison of the Carmelites.

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## *Removal of a Part of the Prisoners of Port Libre to the Prison of the Carmelites.*

THE storm which has so long threatened us has at length broke over our heads; we had some means of enabling ourselves to support the loss of our liberty when at Port Libre, for we had acquaintances and friends: but all of a sudden, on the 7th Messidor,

our intended removal was announced to us, and we were forced to ascend the fatal carts destined to transport us, to the number of forty-five, we knew not whither. Amongst those who were removed were myself, Laroche, Quoinat, and Vigée. Several who were comprised in the list purchased at a dear price the liberty of remaining at Port Libre.

Our doubts vanished when we found that our carts continued to proceed for a long time at a slow pace, under the escort of a detachment of horse police. We at length stopped at the prison of the Carmelites. How gloomy and horrible it appeared to us after that we had just quitted! We were shut up in a filthy stable, where we remained for several hours without the smallest attention being paid to us. After waiting for what appeared to us a very considerable time, we were at length led out four by four, and were shut up for the night in galleries and dungeons, which were so moist that in the morning we were obliged to wring the wet out of our clothes. We were released from them at half-past ten, devoured by insects of every description, and almost dead with hunger, for they had refused to allow us to bring any provisions from Port Libre.

In this prison the corridors are not lighted; the prisoners are but seldom allowed into the garden: the women who are confined here, to the number of twenty, can only be seen through the windows, and take their meals separately from the men. The

corridors are in a dilapidated condition ; and, though spacious, are very badly aired, and infected by the mephitic smell of the common sewers. The windows are more than three quarters stopped, so that there is no light but from the top ; and even the little openings that are in the roof are obscured by strong iron gratings. In fine, it is a strong prison in all its horrors. The prisoners pay no attention to their persons, as at *La Bourbe:* they remain with their breasts uncovered, the greater part of them without cravats, in filthy shirts and trousers, with their feet naked, a handkerchief around their heads, uncombed and unshaved. The females, our unhappy companions in misfortune, are devoured with melancholy and care, and clothe themselves in a short gown or wrapper. As for the rest, we are tolerably well treated with regard to food ; we are allowed at dinner as much bread as we choose, and half a bottle of wine for each. Our gaoler is a man of a cruel repulsive disposition.

We were kept in a constant state of alarm during the entire night of the 9th Thermidor, by the beating of drums, the ringing of the alarum-bell, the distant cries and shoutings which confusedly reached our ears ; and we were locked up, in our cells at a very early hour, which did not a little add to our uneasiness.

On the following day our fears were partly dissipated. We learned that Santerre had been set

at liberty at three o'clock in the morning. We were only in part informed of the strange events which had just taken place, and of those no less extraordinary ones which were still in agitation.—But we were soon informed that, but for the fall of Robespierre, and that of the arrogant and conspiring commune, we should every one of us have been massacred; as a wretch named Crepin, an officer of police, was actually at the door of our prison, with a band of butchers, waiting for the signal for the carnage to commence; and such was his ferocious impatience, that he had the door twice opened, intending to proceed on his sanguinary work.—When he heard that the feelings of humanity had gained the ascendancy, he attempted to hide himself in the midst of us; but we refused to receive him: he wept, and said that he had been elected to his office against his own will, that he was concerned in no plot, and that his only wish was to do good.

Destournelles, formerly the director of the public taxes, who had before been our companion at the Madelonnettes, also shared our alarms at the prison of the Carmelites. He was still the same, affecting the pretensions of a man of talents, and ridiculously assuming the airs of a minister: he pretended to have forgotten every one, even myself, with whom he had been acquainted for seventeen years.

Santerre paid us a short friendly visit on the 11th, and gave us the consoling assurance that it was then

in contemplation to restore the patriots to liberty. We expressed our rejoicings at this happy news in singing hymns to liberty, and did not retire to our cells until ten o'clock in the evening.

Two new police officers have assured us that our situation is about to be alleviated; we are allowed the use of the garden, and are permitted to get the newspapers and writing materials, and may write letters and receive answers. The females are also allowed to walk with us.

We have learned the execution of five of our late companions at Port Libre, St. Romans, the Montcrifs, father and son, Botton, junior, and Lavoisier. The day we made our departure, Madame Derigny, her son, and De Thiars, were carried before the tribunal. Nothing could have affected us more than seeing our unhappy companions thus led out to death, and it was a consolation to us to have been freed from witnessing so unpleasant a sight!

To-day, 19th Thermidor, three of our companions have been set at liberty,—Destournelles, Defourny, and another.

Among those released to-day was Madame Beauharnois, a female universally beloved by the prisoners. We were so pleased at hearing that Tallien had put an end to her sufferings, by procuring her release, that we broke out into an unanimous shout of joy, which affected her so strongly, that she was taken suddenly ill. When she had recovered her-

self, she bade us all farewell, and left the prison amidst the prayers and blessings of every individual inside the walls.*

Laroche has just obtained his liberty (21st Thermidor). He is now free, and his daughter is once more allowed to indulge the feelings of gratified affectiou.

Vigée has also been restored to his friends; the Muses are no longer condemned to see one of their favourites buried within the gloomy walls of a prison.

We have been greatly afflicted this morning by the arrival of twenty-eight prisoners from the department Du Nord, who have been sent up to Paris, by orders of Joseph Lebon, in order to appear before the Revolutionary Tribunal. They were treated, during the entire journey, with the most unexampled barbarity. At their departure, they were fifty-eight in number, but their inhuman conductors had the cruelty to separate the husbands from their wives, the fathers from their children. One of these unhappy men was in the most violent despair, having been forced away from his wife and six lovely daughters, all equally dear to his heart.

Our gaoler, Arbert, is beginning to resume his former brutal mode of treatment (25th Thermidor).

* She is now the consort of the conqueror of Italy, General Buonaparte.—*Note of the Author.*

This change bodes us no good. The conduct of the gaoler and turnkeys is always a sure indication of our future fate. When they are mild and officiously gracious in their bearing towards us, we calculate that circumstances are in our favour, and, on the contrary, when they are insolent and overbearing, we are sure that things are taking a turn against us.

Under the reign of the former gaoler and managing municipal officers of this prison, two of the prisoners were stripped, one of eleven hundred livres, and the other of ten thousand livres: and not only did these tyrants refuse to restore these sums to them, but even had the inhumanity to leave them entirely destitute of sheets, shirts, shoes, stockings, and other necessary articles.*

* This journal is written by M. Coittant, who has spoken of his own situation in several of the preceding pages.

# *THE HORRORS*

OF

# THE PRISONS OF ARRAS;

OR,

*The Crimes of Joseph Lebon, and his Agents.*

# THE HORRORS

OF

# *THE PRISONS OF ARRAS,*

*&c. &c.*

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INCARCERATED in the prisons of the commune of Arras, we were successively witnesses of the removal of the victims destined for the massacres in which Joseph Lebon delighted, and which served as a source of pleasure to him.

If we escaped the instrument of death, which was suspended for four months over our heads, we only owe this good fortune to the indignant alarm of the National Convention at the conduct of one of its own emissaries; and there is not one of us but owes his safety to the knowledge which that body acquired of our dangers.

The law of the 17th September, 1793, O. S. had for its object to secure information with respect to the cases in which the administrators might consistently employ rigorous measures of general security; in other words, order arrests of suspected per-

sons. It also determined the formalities which should be observed in these cases.

The fourth article of this law provided that the members of the Committee of Public Surveillance should not order the arrest of any individual, unless they were to the number of seven assembled at once, and unless there was an absolute majority of voices.

This form, then, necessarily supposed that no person would be arrested by order of the committee, without a deliberation *ad hoc*, founded on one of the cases expressed by this law; it was to be presumed that the other authorities would be so jealous for their own justification, and feel so much respect for this same law, as never to attack the liberty of a citizen, without conforming to these dispositions.

All had had leisure to meditate upon the law in question, after the commencement of the arrests, which filled with terror the souls of the citizens of Arras, on the 17th October following, and which were afterwards continued, without intermission, during seven or eight months consecutively.

It will be scarcely credited that, out of from two to three thousand individuals, there was scarcely one towards whom these formalities had been observed, and that therefore all of them lost their liberty, in contempt of that very law which was created for their safeguard.

In fact, one was arrested because, said they,

he has aristocracy engraven in his heart; another, because it is depicted on his face; this individual, under pretext of an imaginary dismissal, which public acts belied; another, as a suspected person, without further denunciation; a fifth, upon the observation of a single member; a sixth, because, his father, his brother, or some of his relations, being already under arrest, it seemed convenient that he also should be imprisoned; others, in fine—and they were in the greatest numbers—without any assignable cause, without any deliberation or *procès verbal*, and without any known cause, either on the part of the Committee of Surveillance or on the part of the other authorities.

There were even some people who were thought by the administrators to be at liberty at their own homes, although they had been more than a year immured in dungeons.

The reader will cease to feel astonishment, when he learns, that there was not a single member of the various administrations who did not deem that he had the right of ordering the seizure, of his own will, and by his own authority, without the concurrence of the administration to which he belonged, of any citizen who had offended him.

The Committee of Surveillance had remarked this abuse, and had taken a resolution that seemed calculated to afford the citizens a guarantee against unlawful attacks on their liberty; but this reso-

lution, although in itself just, and although founded on an intimate conviction of the patriotism of the imprisoned citizens, was in force but for a few days, and after that was totally forgotten.

With regard to the women, the same oppressions were practised, and the licentiousness of those who exercised them, thwarted as it was by the virtue of those whom they attacked, was often the sole cause of their arrest. The depravity of the agents could not be acknowledged by the monsters, and consequently, against females so circumstanced, there existed no document which gave the motive of their arrest.

We do not mean to say that all the administrators were guilty; there were, doubtlessly, some amongst them, who have had no other alternative than gloomy silence, if they would not risk sharing in the proscription against us. But the wretches whom we may point out, from their public notoriety, are:—Daillot, Carlier, Cabriére, Duponchel, Darthé, Lefetz, &c. as well as several other monsters, whom Joseph Lebon had made the partners of his crimes.

By a refinement in barbarity, the barbarians divided the execution of the arrests which they had meditated, and affected, in their tyrannical measures, a sort of procrastination, which was only the more fatal for those who were to be sacrificed. They published beforehand, that such and such indivi-

duals would be arrested, but that there was still a great number of them whom they would keep *in petto*.

By this means, those designated remained in their houses, in the midst of the alarms and tears of their families; while those who had not yet been named likewise secluded themselves, in the hope that, by not showing themselves, they should avoid imprisonment.

The city already began to lose its distinctive features; the bustling activity which it had enjoyed under the first revolutionary administrations was no more; the streets were deserted, and the few inhabitants whom one met there appeared strangers, and glanced reciprocally at each other with the eye of mistrust and dejection.

These earlier inquietudes were only the prelude of the further distresses that were preparing for them by the atrocious wretches who were weaving their black webs in the darkness of mystery.

The months of October and November passed away, and a new dawn arose upon the city of Arras, which seemed to afford some promise of tranquillity and justice.

Laurent, a worthy representative of the French people, as rigid as he was equitable, could not but perceive, that most of the arrests had no other principle but the play of individual passions, under the mask of false patriotism.

As long as it was in his power, he listened to the just remonstrances of all, and, from the information which he thus acquired, a great number were indebted to his enlightened equity for the triumph of their innocence, and a restoration to liberty.

If we imagine that those who had been fortunate enough to cause these arbitrary acts to be annulled, had nothing more to dread, because a representative had decided on their fate, we shall deceive ourselves; for a very few days elapsed, before they saw themselves again exposed to the fury of the emissaries, already mentioned, of the city of Arras.

The latter endeavoured to induce the persuasion, that the sympathetic feelings of Laurent had been surprised and wrought upon; and that, being a stranger to the city, he could not know its inhabitants; and they profited by the moment of his absence, on service with the army, to render his acts of justice of none effect, and to incarcerate again those whom he had deemed worthy of liberty.

Foreseeing the danger to which they were exposing themselves, in thus degrading the authority of the national representation, by the substitution of their own in opposition to it, they flattered themselves they should be able to cover the odium of their conduct, by concerting with Joseph Lebon*

* An ex-priest; after the revolution, he gave himself the title of *priest of the Eternal.*

the means of consummating their persevering enmities.

Joseph Lebon had been suddenly sent on a mission to Arras, to disperse an assembly of pretended patriots, who had repaired thither to establish a league, under the title of the Popular Central Society of the Three Departments of *Le Nord*, of *La Somme*, and *Le Pas-de-Calais*.

They profited by this mission to solicit, that he should be charged with everything which might in any way relate to the commune of Arras.

They probably calumniated Laurent, with a view of attaching to their interests a man who, although of the same city as that which gave birth to Robespierre, was already one of his slaves; and it was doubtlessly from the ascendancy of the latter, that this demand was granted by one of the committees of the convention.

In order to prepare for the proposed re-imprisonment of those liberated by Laurent, they thus set to work:—

On the first of January, 1794, O. S. Lebon ordered the Popular Society of Arras to be convoked. He appeared there with an infernal gang, composed, for the most part, of ex-monks, and began by announcing that most of the members of that society did not deserve to preserve their places in it; that they had neither sufficient character nor energy to fulfil the services which the country had a right to

as well for our own health as for that of the inhabitants of the city, that we might be less crowded together; but it was all in vain, and we were continually deluded by false promises.

Thus passed several decades, always lulled by these vain consolations, and the delusive hope of a speedy release.

Easy of belief, and never imagining that men who had risen to the administration could be so corrupt and false as they in the sequel proved, we addressed our petitions to them with blind confidence and credulity.

They all artfully abused our honest faith;—we must not say *all*, for Citizen Effrey must be excepted from the number; and let him here receive the tribute of gratitude, not merely of one unfortunate victim, but of thousands of unhappy beings, who groaned in the different prisons of this city! We hope we shall again have occasion to recall to the minds of our fellow-citizens a man truly virtuous and truly patriotic, to whom it must be delightful to reflect, that he never appeared amongst us but to impart consolation! This was the worthy citizen who came on purpose to authorize the visits of our relations and friends. With the exception of this humane individual, all of them studied to aggravate our misfortunes.*

* One, of the name of Lefebvre, an ex-clerk, a personage violent beyond all expression, uttered the most obscene language,

At this period it was intimated to us that Joseph Lebon, who was making a course through the departments, was about to return; that he would recommence his measures by annulling the constituted authorities; that he would occupy his mind with the prisoners, and that their fate would be disposed of in the deliberations of the Popular Society.

At length the moment for appearing before it arrived; till then we had waited for it with tranquillity, because we regarded it as the signal for justice, and, in fact, it was mentioned to us as the day reserved for the triumph of innocence.

But the imposing preparations which were made to fetch us soon opened our eyes.

A company of Chasseurs, and of National Guards, announced by the sound of the trumpet and the noise of the drum, stopped, about two o'clock, at the gates of L'Abbatiale.

conducted himself towards the women in the most revolting manner, and impudently raved through every chamber; when he met a female to his taste, he did not blush to say to her: "Well, my love, when shall we sleep together? Marry me, and thou shalt be liberated."

There was also one Demaux, puffed up with his unwonted authority, who ordered an Englishwoman, who had, till then, always lodged alone, according to the mode of her country, to be conducted to the *Orpheines*, into a garret filled with men; and he again removed her, and placed her amongst a number of Englishmen, notwithstanding her extreme repugnance.—*Note of the Author.*

There they halted, placed their arms in a charging position, and immediately entered our prison.

In vain could we attempt to describe all the feelings which this terrifying visit created in our hearts; all we can recall to our minds is the recollection of seeing women dropping down in swoons, daughters throwing themselves into the arms of their weeping mothers, fathers and husbands too much dismayed to afford assistance or consolation to those who were most dear to them. Those alone were in a condition to employ their attentions towards others who had no relations confined with them, yet who, deeply affected by such an afflicting scene, could only render themselves partially and feebly useful, although they spared no kindness which was within the scope of their troubled faculties.

Thus it was that the messengers, surrounded by bayonets, called over the names of the prisoners, and placed them in parties, to be conducted, under escort, to the club.

There they were ranged in a private hall, called alternately, and placed upon a wooden seat elevated to the height of ten feet, in order that they might be better exposed to the sneers and laughter of their enemies, and to every kind of denunciation: in disposing the seat in that particular manner for this object, it had been named the *formidable armchair*.

Those who were eager for the perpetration of crimes, horrors, and murders, seated at the table of the notorious Lebon, then arose by turns, and indulged in the most infamous invectives against the prisoners. The sequel fully proved that this scene had only been contrived for the purpose of deluding more completely, and of disposing their minds generally against all the prisoners.

To some they imputed it as a crime to possess ability; others were esteemed criminal if they were endowed with wit and knowledge; and the greater part were held to be guilty because they cultivated moral principles. Several, however, obtained their liberation, and two, in particular, moved the sensibility of their fellow-citizens to such a degree, that they were forthwith restored to their friends. These were the Citizens Stoupi and Lallart Delbuquière the younger; but they were soon afterwards again incarcerated.

To the ex-priests every sort of language was held; there were some of them who, by confessing that they had been mere impostors, mountebanks, and reprobates, appeared to merit their liberty from that title alone. But there were not many of this character; one of them, amongst others, was liberated on burning his licence of priesthood, in testimony of his atheism.*

* Although some unworthy ministers have disgraced religion, an immense number of pious ecclesiastics have honoured it by

This expedition lasted about three hours, after which we were led back again to the place of our imprisonment, in the same manner we had been removed from it, namely, by the hootings and insults of an excited mob.

On our arrival, our first business was to communicate to the women what we had experienced, and to exhort them to fortitude and courage.

We saw them, likewise, set out in their turn: they were escorted as we had been ourselves, and endured the same humiliation.

The infamous familiars of Lebon, who seemed to have exhausted all their rage and revenge upon us, assumed towards them the bitter tone of raillery, and treated them with the most shameful vulgarity. The wretches prepared in anticipation the pretexts which, in the sequel, served as the basis to determine upon the murder of many of these females.*

their virtues, and proved it by their death. It will be seen, on reference to the Memoirs on September, with what courage they suffered martyrdom. The narrative which follows fully attests the fortitude and patience with which they bore the evils of captivity.

* The author of the History of the Prisons gives the finishing touch, by the following traits, to the hideous picture of the barbarity of Lebon and his creatures towards the defenceless sex:—

"A woman named Duvigne was walking for the benefit of her health on the ramparts of Arras, in company with her daughter. They were reading the novel of Clarissa Harlowe. Lebon perceived them, and at first fired a pistol to alarm them. He then

In those, who united with youth the smiles, the graces, and the ingenuousness of innocence, they made it a crime not to have frequented those balls, which, by the disorders that pervaded them, necessarily kept at a distance all who had anything like morality; in those of a more advanced age, who had been present only from fear, they found it a cause of reproach that they had not occupied the

approached them, and commanded the mother to give him the book which she was reading. Her daughter remarked that there was nothing of a suspicious nature in it; whereupon he struck at her with his clenched fist, and knocked her down. He afterwards searched the workbags of both, but, finding nothing suspicious in them, he forbid the daughter to undress herself, in order that he might make a stricter search. After having placed her in the most indecent situation, he degraded his character to such a degree as to conduct these females to prison himself. As, however, they were without reproach, he was obliged to release them the next day.

"A young girl who did not know Joseph Lebon, met him. He asked her whither she was going? 'What is that to you?' she replied. The proconsul felt indignant that he should be treated with so little respect. The consequence was, that the girl herself, her father, mother, and brothers, were incarcerated the next day, and all of them were condemned to death and executed.

"He had a young girl of seventeen years of age publicly exposed for not having danced with the patriots. She was then in prison.

"He published a decree prohibiting women and girls from decorating themselves on Sunday, under pain of imprisonment. He decreed, at the same time, that the houses of the municipal officers who should not see to the execution of his will should be razed to the ground."

place of the patriots; and with respect to such as were arrived at old age, they were likewise inculpated, and charged with being tainted by the poison of their ancient habits.

This we learnt from these unfortunate beings when they returned amongst us with aching hearts.

To give us a little breathing-time, they appeared to forget us for some days; that is to say, during the whole time that Lebon was occupied in performing the same operations in the other prisons of the city successively, and in afterwards summoning such of the prisoners as, from sickness or other causes, had not yet appeared before the clubs.

After having thus passed a crowd of individuals in review before him, Lebon further conceived the whim of wishing to see all the late nuns who lived in the city, assembled in his presence; and he enjoined them, under the severest penalties, to repair to his meetings. He there held before them the most obscene language, till then unknown to beings whose simplicity of manners was their richest ornament. He made promises or held out menaces to them, and finished his measure by sending those who would not take the oath he required into the prison of the Abbatiale. Some of the trusty agents of this wretch seized each of them, and the guard, following the example, dragged them ignominiously into our place of imprisonment.

These reprobates doubtlessly thought they should

inflict a punishment upon the nuns by sending them amongst us; but how were they deceived! . . . . Scarcely had they made their appearance, before all displayed the utmost alacrity, in emulation of each other, to assist and console them.*

The next day more rigorous orders came, and entrance to the garden was prohibited; there was posted up a regulation worthy of the hypocrite who drew it out, and who afterwards experienced, as well as ourselves, all the hardship of it.

In consequence of this regulation, approved by the exterminator of our wretched city, the men were separated from the women, and all kind of communication between them was forbidden.

An obscure watchmaker was continually coming to insult our misfortunes; he stopped the public papers, prevented every sort of intercourse with persons from without, and, whenever he appeared, his sinister countenance afforded the sure presage of fresh oppressions.†

* At the *Orphelines*, nine of the nuns of the Hospitalier order, belonging to Bourbourg, had nothing else on their truckle beds to lie upon but straw, during the whole winter.

† This scoundrel, named Gilles, anticipating already the plunder of our prisons, insinuated to us how requisite it was to order any provisions we were able to muster to be brought as soon as possible, and we became the dupes of his villany. This was the cause of the considerable capture that was made in all the prisons; and great care was taken to divulge it artfully to the people, in

It was likewise this same artisan who came to install the directors, and he obliged us to exhibit to them the notes which we wrote to procure ourselves the necessaries of life. He subjected us to an examination of our papers and of everything that was brought to us, and at length forbade us even to write for our usual food. This barbarity will scarcely be credited by those who have not witnessed similar cruelties.

They thus began by degrees to make us drink of the bitter cup of sorrow, which we afterwards exhausted to the very dregs!

Some days passed in the closest and most rigorous captivity, while all the constituted authorities were meditating the means of aggravating our sufferings and hastening the period for the execution of their more infamous schemes.

Alas! those days of grief and mourning arrived but too soon!

On the 8th February, 1794, (O. S.) about three o'clock in the afternoon, we heard the repeated sound of the trumpet and the noise of the drum. We were anxiously endeavouring to ascertain the cause of the alarm, when we were informed that a troop of chasseurs and of national guards was at the gates of our prison.

order to excite them against us more easily, and to lead them to the execrable point contemplated.

For about two hours, we heard them performing military evolutions in front of the prison : but, at length, the gates were opened, and the soldiery were commanded to charge their arms.

Some of the confidential creatures of Lebon regulated this military preparation.

We were in our rooms, looking on all this parade with an anxious gaze. The formidable horde concerted their signals in silence, and suddenly this terrible order was intimated to us. Let the men pass to one side, and the women to the other ! The troop then separated into two parties, one to guard the men, and the other to prevent the women from approaching them.

Considering that we were arrived at the last hour of our existence, we only thought of collecting all our energies in order to terminate courageously blameless and irreproachable lives.

Such was our alarming position, when an apostle of an anti-social religion, named Lefitz, an ex-monk, as hypocritical as he was abandoned, advanced towards the men, made one of them approach, searched him, turned his pockets inside out, and took possession of all his papers ; and the same thing he did with some of the rest. This reptile pushed his duplicity so far as to return the pocket-books, saying that he had no design upon our purses.

His example was imitated, towards part of the prisoners, by a draper named Cavrois, assisted by the

famous Carreau, the brewer. They searched the women with the most barefaced indecency, and rifled and stripped them as their whims dictated.*

This search continued for three hours, and was followed by other excesses.

Lefitz, the man who, as well as his infamous companions, ought never to have risen from the state of contempt and abjection in which the revolution placed him,† obliged every one to remain in the courts, took possession of all the outlets, at which he placed guards, whom he thus addressed: "Sentinels, if any of these scoundrels move a step to enter, stick your bayonets into them."

Our worthy brothers of arms, who till then had not been able to refuse obedience to the orders that had been given to them, were indignant at such harshness, and refused to execute the command. They mingled their tears with our's, and even offered to revenge the cruelties which we had been

* "At the time of these searches at the Abbatiale, the barbarity of the wretches was so refined, that they even deprived mothers, whose children were yet at the breast, of the linen and clothing necessary for these innocents.

"During more than six weeks, the commissaries Demaux and Gilles had the base cruelty to leave them in this state of nudity, and even to refuse them the linen which indispensable cleanliness requires at certain times."—*(Extract from a Memoir on Arras.)*

† Extract from the report of the representative Thureau on the priests, at the sitting of 17th Messidor, year iii.

made to endure. We used our endeavours to calm them, and to prevail upon them not to interfere for us. The same soldiers, we remarked, did not again appear at the Abbatiale.

The object of this order was to afford opportunity to make further searches in the chambers, and to carry away from them the wine and other provisions they might contain.

During all this time we remained in the court, to the number of three hundred persons, without any other seats to rest upon than the steps of the entrance staircase.

The interior visit was prolonged till seven o'clock in the morning of the next day, when these drunken reprobates retired, gorged with the wine and provisions which they had swept away. While, on the one hand, females earnestly demanded bread, on the other, there were many who had no other resource to recruit their exhausted powers but a few essences; yet these wretches had retired into the chamber of some women of the name of Grandval, and were there warming themselves perfectly at their ease, consuming the provisions that many of us had reserved for our suppers.

The following day, at the same hour, there was the same military parade, the same command, the same visit, and the same order against the prisoners.

Lefitz, who was again at their head, ordered one of the prisoners to approach, and demanded his buckles, his watch, his pocket-book, and his cash; thus he searched and stripped them all in succession, leaving them no other clothes but those they wore.

All the things were put into hand-baskets, around which, as well as around the pocket-books, they merely tied a band of paper, and pretended to make notes of the things taken away, which did not contain anything like a description of them.

The same ceremony was employed towards the women, and the infernal superintendent, after he had disposed everything as he had done the evening before for the internal plunder, fatigued with the debauch that had accompanied his first dilapidations, and not being able to pass a second night, deputed Carreau and Cavrois to carry off the remainder of the spoil.

After the example of their general, these two bore off all our property, disposed, like bashaws, of a part of our money, tore the few historical and other books which we were allowed to read, and placed a seal upon all that was under lock and key. And as to our provisions, they were all lost to us.

Our representations, urging that we might be permitted to retain a few necessary articles, received no other reply than the vain promises to restore to

each of us six shirts, six pocket-handkerchiefs, and six pair of stockings.*

This scene lasted till the morning of the following day, and the prisoners were again exposed to the inclemency of the weather.

They had no sooner despoiled us, than they proceeded to the Hotél Dieu, whither were daily sent all those who became objects of the decrees of the traitors of St. Just and L * * *

There is no doubt, from the circumstance of their being able to remove the women from the view of the men in that prison, that they were outraged in a more atrocious manner than everywhere else.

The wretches acted in the most cruel manner to the young females, who were stripped almost naked. One of them, whose father and uncle perished on the scaffold, became distinguished from the dreadful treatment she endured on the part of the reptiles employed by Carreau.

These infamous wretches were not content with merely insulting the modesty of this interesting creature, and driving her almost frantic: she at-

* We are assured, that the captures made in the prisons of the Abbatiale, of the Orphelines, of the Baudets, of the Capuchins, of the Vivier, of the Rivage, and of St. Vaast, amounted to six thousand livres. All these prisons, with the exception of that of St. Vaast, which is the farthest removed, could each be blown to pieces, if a battery of cannon was directed against them.

tempted to escape from their brutality, but the monsters forced her back in derision, and unveiled the secrecy of her sex. Amongst other things, they robbed her of a ring which she cherished as a pledge of what she held most dear. Ye who boasted incessantly of the virtue of your brother in crime, Robespierre, thus it was, then, that you put it in practice.*

These brigands, who absolutely were making guilt a labour to themselves, went through the different prisons both night and day. At every turn they came to overwhelm us, and it appeared as if they were gradually preparing the sufferings which we only escaped by the National Convention becoming acquainted with the atrocities in which our tormentors, unknown to them, had indulged in the city of Arras.

Generous spirits, whose indignation has already broken forth on witnessing the picture we have just portrayed, think not that ye have yet beheld all; your sensibility must prepare itself for further shocks!

Scarcely had we recovered our self-possession after the last scene, when the doors of the Abbatiale suddenly opened. We saw a number of volunteers and commissaries enter in confusion, followed by a crowd of carriages and porters. The

* We have given in the Appendix (C), some further details of these scandalous examinations.

drum was beaten, the soldiers arranged themselves in line, and the gaolers immediately ordered the male prisoners to come down.* The dismayed females appeared on every side at their windows, and cried out to us, in broken accents, that the order to prepare for departure had been just given to them, and that only half an hour was allowed them for their arrangements, ere they went to La Providence.

In vain did they call upon us to aid them in their little preparations; in vain did they implore that they might bid a last farewell to their fathers, their husbands, and their children—their efforts were repulsed, in our presence, with the bayonet.

To form an acmé to this scene of tyranny, in the midst of the desolating spectacle, several weeping females arrived from the city, arrested by order of the tyrant, and who, hoping to throw themselves into the arms of their husbands, there to find consolation, while seeking with anxious gaze to distinguish them in the crowd, were pitilessly repulsed, and afterwards conducted to La Providence.†

* At this period, F. Dubois, who was painted to the life in the paper entitled *The Sentinel of the North*, who, till then, had passed for the Coryphæus of the administrators, had been placed in arrest, with all his family. He was sobbing in a corner alone; one of us could not refrain from addressing him as we descended, and thus reproaching him:—"Aye, weep, hypocrite; it is time for thee, since thou art the cause of a part of our misfortunes."

† We have given in the appendix, (D) a piece of some

To La Providence! that vile den of prostitutes, a prison which had long been destined to receive only insane women, and such as the law had driven from the pale of society!

There they were heaped together, one upon another, to the number of five hundred, in this den, which was barely capable of containing three hundred, and were confided to the direction of three Megaras, exercised, in every possible way, to serve the caprices of Lebon and his coadjutors. He called them, it is said, his *toupies* (tops).*

Completely overcome by what had just passed, we endeavoured to draw near to each other, in order to exchange mutual consolations, and strengthen our expiring courage, at this moment

extent, and full of interesting matter, in which the sufferings of these unfortunate victims are described.—*Note of the Editors.*

* To form an idea of these furies, it is necessary to be acquainted with what two inhabitants of Dunkirk, our companions, communicated to us. On the 24th Thermidor, after a year's imprisonment, and after having presented seven or eight petitions in the course of five months, to all the authorities, in order to obtain the restoration of their effects, they were at length restored. For that purpose they had occasion to take a female citizen with them to *La Providence.* The bleacher, Demaux, conducted them thither; on entering, they saw the commissaries taking liberties with these harpies, under the eyes even of the victims whom curiosity had drawn into the court. It was to the virtuous Effroy, who never belied his character, that these two citizens owed the restoration of their plundered property.—*Note of the Author.*

a pale and haggard man crossed the court, uttering the most heart-rending cries and complaints: "My wife, my poor wife! My children, my dear children! . . . The wretches have borne them away! . . . They are about to butcher them! . . . Alas! I have no tie now upon earth; I have lost all . . . my wife! my children! I now wish to die!"

Some present flew to the assistance of this unfortunate man (Citizen Clement). In his first excess of despair, he threw down those who approached him, struck all who attempted to come near, and made a desperate effort to destroy himself. Immediately, the charitable doctors who were fellow-sufferers with us hurried to our assistance.

The melancholy cries of the despairing man reached the ears of a commissary, who was promenading in the garden. He hastened to the spot. The doctors told him, that, with a little patience, the fit would be calmed down, and that it was a crisis occasioned by the lively grief which Clement was suffering; but this inhuman wretch (Gilles) judged for himself, took three men of the guard, carried away the unhappy Clement, and plunged him into the prison of the Baudets, a place destined for all those who were irrevocably doomed to death.

The prisoner, on seeing the guard, recovered his senses, and crossed the court with the coolest reso-

lution, previously bidding us farewell, exclaiming, "My friends, I am happy—I go to the guillotine; and, in a quarter of an hour, I shall see all my sorrows ended." He flattered himself they would at least grant him the favour which he demanded, which was, that he might die immediately; but this unfortunate man was brought, some time afterwards, the Hotel Dieu, where he experienced further persecutions.

The porter, who generally appeared to enjoy our sufferings when any new severity was exercised, could not restrain his tears on beholding the melancholy situation of this citizen, and, for the first time, he seemed to feel affected at our fate.

Another, of the commune of Amiens, was so greatly affected by what he saw passing, that he actually fell into a state of insensibility in consequence of it, and showed no signs of life until the following day.

Thus terminated the day of the removal of the women.

Many of us were in the court, when suddenly the ferocious Lefitz, having caused his arrival to be announced by the extraordinary sound of the bell, appeared, and forbade the keepers to allow anything to enter or to go out, even provisions, observing that "bread and water were good enough for the scoundrels." The porter told him, that there was neither bread nor water in the place; yet this circumstance

even did not make him withhold the order which he had just prescribed.

In the meanwhile, about noon, one of the directors informed the district of it. The order prohibiting the admission of anything was rescinded, but it was still forbidden to send anything out. We daily received a bottle full of wine, which we could not send away empty; and the bottles, then sold at twenty sous each, remained, on our departure from the Abbatiale, the property of the porters.

Although we had taken down all our moveables, we were left till evening in the wearisome expectation of our departure. For three successive days, we did the same thing, and it was not till the end of the sixth day, about six o'clock in the evening, that we went to the Hotel Dieu, under the escort of a numerous guard, and by sound of drum.

There we found the citizens detained by virtue of the tyrannical decrees of St. Just and L * * . Their first inquiry was, whether we had been stripped as well as themselves; if we had not, they recommended us to conceal everything we possessed. We communicated to them the vexatious proceedings which had been adopted towards us, which they said was, in all respects, similar to what they had endured.

On the following days, the prisoners from the other places of confinement, who had likewise suf-

fered the same outrages, came successively to the same prison.

Those from the Orphelines reported that they were ranged several times in the court, notwithstanding the rain, in the midst of a formidable guard. Carreau and Voisin, who had been commissioned to search them, were also appointed to see to their removal. The insolent Carreau, emboldened by impunity, dared to threaten them several times, that he would break his stick over the back of the first dog who should stir from the line. The greater part of them, who were citizens of the department of the North, remained for some time stripped of everything, and they could only exist by the assistance of their companions in misfortune.

In vain did they remonstrate. It was insinuated, in reply, that they might write to their friends and demand aid. They wrote accordingly, and placed their letters in a box, which was sent every day to the municipality, considering that they would be taken out and regularly despatched to their respective destinations. None of them, however, arrived, and the same hardships were practised towards them for more than four months; it may easily then be judged, how bitterly they suffered, and to what cruel anxieties their distressed families were, at the same time, subjected.

Arrests of every kind, in contempt of all law,

then began to increase. Lebon ordered the arrest of all the women whose husbands were already incarcerated, and of all the husbands whose wives only were imprisoned. Each new comer was usually put into close confinement, until Carreau,* or others of his stamp, should have an opportunity of plundering him. All was then taken from the prisoner, without any *procès-verbal* being drawn up. We in general endeavoured to intimate to him, that he was going about to be stripped of everything, but often found it very difficult to succeed in informing him of it.*

We one day were lucky enough to inform two individuals, who had escaped secret imprisonment, of the system that was pursued, and recommended them to send home what they might have about them; it was very difficult, however, to induce them to follow our advice, from the circumstance of the constituted authorities having assured them positively, that

* This Carreau, in 1789, one day when he was almost dead-drunk, met a patrol, and attacked him, and one of his comrades, and wounded the principal of them; he was consequently imprisoned, and avoided death only by the protection of his cousin-german, of execrable memory, Maximilian Robespierre, then deputy to the Constituent Assembly. This same Carreau, whenever he came, was wont to speak of cutting off heads; one day he said that forty of us were to be executed, and the next day he came to take his promenade in the courts, and increased the number. We were then more than two hundred and fifty.—*Note of the Author.*

they had only taken a few aristocratical rings from some beaus of the prisons.

Nothing was meant but to deceive them into confidence, and they were soon after searched.

We were prevented from giving a hint to another citizen, who was incarcerated for having braved every danger, in order to fly to the assistance of a brother-in-law, who was on the point of perishing. Cobriére, who had the order for his arrest, prevailed upon him to take his pocket-book, his watch, and many other valuables with him, and scarcely had he entered the prison, before he plundered him of everything, without taking any account of it; and afterwards left his victim, without even the common necessaries.

In order to induce us to desire and request our removal to the Hotel Dieu, it had been described to us as a most convenient abode, and excited our feelings by extolling the advantage we should have of seeing our wives and children, who were shut up in La Providence, which prison was immediately in front of the walls of the Hotel Dieu.

At the commencement, we were allowed to approach the windows which looked out on that side; shortly, however, this privilege was taken away, and all the windows were ordered to be stopped up, excepting those judged necessary for ventilation.

The approach was so rigidly prohibited, that if a prisoner was found there, our gaolers immediately

called the guard, and put the unlucky individual whom they had surprised into close confinement.* We have been since assured, that the women at La Providence were treated still more harshly.

Through the windows of the attics, we were witnesses of an infamous scene between Joseph Lebon and two female citizens, whom we could not recognise. Having seen them seated upon the rampart, in a place where, according to the idea of this madman, they had no right to be, he drew his sword, struck them with it, and aided by his Don Quixotte, Lefitz, he arrested them, and conducted them to La Providence.

To justify what we have said upon the inconsistency of some of the arrests, it will suffice to quote a few examples.

One, a notary, who perished in the sequel, was arrested by Carlier, because he chanced to meet him one evening on his passage. Another was imprisoned,

* This close confinement was in a deep and damp cellar, in which the prisoner was kept twenty-four hours.

I have since heard that they acted with the like cruelty at La Providence; for our wives and children, who were unfortunately there immured, upon hearing that we had been removed to the Hotel Dieu, naturally flew to the windows which commanded the view of our prison, in the anxious hope of catching a glimpse of those they so dearly loved; yet were they driven back by their inhuman keepers, and treated with as much severity as if they had committed a crime.—*Note of the Author.*

owing to a turkey falling into his well. He sent for a man named Lentillette, to draw the turkey out, in doing which he found a small plated candlestick, not worth more than twenty-five sous. He made his report upon it, and this petty affair caused an immediate order for the arrest of the individual, and procured the well-digger, who was well known at Arras, the appointment of a member of the Committee of Surveillance. A female was incarcerated because she unluckily met Lebon as she was carrying some food to her imprisoned brother. Several were placed in confinement as counter-revolutionists for having given a few sous to a poor man who asked charity. Another was seized by the collar by Duponchel, Mayor of Arras, in passing over the bridge of the citadel, for going to visit some prisoners of war newly arrived. Many others came to increase our numbers, in consequence of their having been found, by chance, at the houses of individuals who had been ordered to be arrested, as well as all those who belonged to the houses.*

After having thus incarcerated, without any quarter, men and women, there still remained in some of

* Every pretext will serve the turn of hatred. An arrest which took place at Brives, of which an account may be found in the Appendix (E), bears the same character of inconsistency and fatal animosity.—*Note of the Author.*

the houses of the prisoners, their children and confidential servants; they, however, were no more spared than the prisoners themselves.*

Children from the age of five years arrived from all quarters; and, in order to remove them from all paternal control, commissaries were sent to them from time to time, who indulged in the most immoral language to the children; so that some of them afterwards became the most formidable torments of the prison.

We learnt at the same time, from those who afterwards arrived, that our confidential domestics were all shut up in the Abbatiale, and that they had been subjected to every sort of examination, as well to discover our valuable effects as to prevail upon them to give false testimony. More than three weeks elapsed before they regained their liberty.†

All these precautions were useless; most of these prisoners, faithful to their consciences, remained invulnerable. Some of them, indeed, there were

* When the emissaries went to carry away our children and servants, they began by driving them out of their abodes, and, after they had left the premises, the seals were placed out of the sight of the interested parties.—*Note of the Author.*

† We have been informed that Lebon, in order to gain over the minds of the families of these worthy citizens, granted them their liberty, and caused a retribution of twenty-two sous a day to be paid them, until they could place themselves elsewhere.—*Note of the Author.*

who accompanied their unfortunate masters even to execution !

In the meantime, they did not lose sight of us. Lefitz, either in a fit of intoxication or madness, passing one Sunday, or rather Decadi, by our prison, took it into his head to come in person to reiterate the prohibition to the admission of food from our friends, under the specious pretext, that the large kettles placed with the intention of reducing all the prisoners to a common mess ought to be set to work ; but he had no food to provide for the support of three hundred and fifty persons, nor had he the means of causing it to be procured. How could he have effected it when the farmers and other purveyors, following the example of travellers, turned aside from, and dreaded to approach, this city of desolation ! It became, therefore, necessary that the municipality, on the motion of the excellent Effroi, one of its members, who had the superintendence of some of the prisons, should interpose their authority to rescind such a barbarous order.

The number of prisoners at the Hotel Dieu, added to those which it was proposed further to immure in it, convinced the administrators that the place was insufficient for the object ; in consequence of which a satellite of the infamous Lebon came and took the names of those whose age exceeded sixty, and of the prisoners that were in a dying state, with a view of transferring them to the ci-devant Capucins.

These unfortunate beings, who thought that they should find in this new asylum less hardship than in that which they had already abandoned at the voice of authority, presented a spectacle of misery to us till then unknown.

Those who had planned this scheme of removal forthwith had it executed with a cruelty which they hoped would appear meritorious in the eyes of the too-powerful Lebon.

With much difficulty we prevailed upon them to send for hackney-coaches, in which we placed these worthy and respectable old men.

Citizen Asselin, who had been suffering for several days from a putrid and malignant fever, which our physicians, Ansart and Toursel, excellent men, of whom I have already spoken, regarded as mortal, was tormented like the rest, and pitilessly transported to the ci-devant Capucins, where he remained till the evening of the same day without receiving his bed. On the following day, this worthy but ill-fated citizen died.

Citizen Mayoult, having refused to leave us, because he had lost the use of all his limbs, and was abandoning the support of his young son, was loaded with the most atrocious imprecations. All kinds of threats were employed against him, and in the afternoon, notwithstanding a heavy rain-storm, he was transported upon his mattress in a wheel-barrow to his new destination. He thus passed through a part of

the city, sheltered from the rain by nothing but an umbrella. This worthy citizen long remained ignorant, that his wife, two of his daughters, and his cook had likewise been subjected to the sanguinary cruelties of the infamous Lebon, to the deep regret of their fellow-citizens.

None of them remained more than three or four days in their new retreat: some amongst them never received their beds, and their horrible situations may, therefore, easily be conceived.

They were brought back in the night to the Hotel Dieu, and in the same manner as they had quitted it. Darkness was purposely chosen for the execution of the new scheme, as the first removal had greatly shocked the feelings of all the citizens.

About eleven o'clock, p. m. they arrived without much noise on that side of the building known under the name of the Hospital. Without the least respect for the age and infirmities of some amongst the number, they were placed in a damp place, upon a stone floor, where there was no fire; and no other restoratives were given to these unfortunate beings, who were perishing of cold, than a pitcher of water.

With respect to us, who, as usual, had been shut up since eight o'clock in our chambers or garrets, which were far removed from this *soi-disant* hospital, with which all communication had been forbidden us, we were far from suspecting that such

atrocities were going on under the same roof. . . . . Had we for a moment imagined that these citizens were so barbarously treated, we should have solicited permission to fly to their assistance, and would have immediately warmed them, and placed them in comfortable situations for the night.*

We only heard of their return the following day. Each of us then displayed the utmost alacrity to serve them, we prepared them broths, arranged their beds, and cleaned out their rooms, which were infected by the overflowing of the common sewers, and did not quit them until they were able to do without our assistance.

In the midst of so many horrors, attempts were made to amuse us with delusive hopes. The same emissaries came to inquire, for the fourth or fifth time, our names, ages, professions, and the causes of our arrests, insinuating that this measure was intended to accelerate our liberation; but the result did not on this account prove more propitious.†

* Three of them, viz. Citizens Desguerchin, Bon Lallart, and Gosse, died during the same decade, no doubt from the little care which had been taken of them.

† We were bitterly deceived in thus deluding ourselves by vain hopes; for the intriguing Lefebvre, already mentioned, who was one of those charged with this mission, when he happened one day to be surrounded by eight or ten of us, proposed to us to poison a part of our companions, to cut them to pieces, and to throw them into the common sewer, assuring us that he would answer

To prove that these examinations had an object diametrically opposite, it may be remarked, that from that moment the executions began to take place.

Towards four o'clock, we received a visit from Tacquet, jun. bailiff of the revolutionary tribunal, dressed in uniform, and wearing an embroidered police hat: he came to single out the victims who were to be immolated that or the following day.

The directors were then clandestinely ordered to be called, and they were seen going through the courts and buildings, seeking with an eye of brutal pleasure the persons fixed upon for the sacrifice. Each trembled for himself; the victim who was to be carried off received his summons in these terms: "Take thy hat and come along; thou art waited for below."

The bailiff appointed to superintend these fatal draughts from our numbers seemed to have been purposely modelled for such a dreadful office. His haggard eye, in anticipation, saw the prey he seized already writhing in expiring agony; and, before he led them towards the tribunal, he commenced his horrid duty by taking possession of everything valuable they had, either in jewels, money, or public notes. His crabbed physiognomy was so dreadfully repulsive, that

with his head no evil consequences should result from it to ourselves.—*Note of the Author.*

it would be a difficult task to portray it, or to find one upon earth more capable of inspiring terror in the firmest and most courageous minds. His presence alone was more terrible than death, and his sepulchral and hollow voice sounded like the funeral cries of those fearful phantoms which fiction paints, when it traces the crimes of hell's subaltern agents.

The first that heard the dreadful summons were Souchez, Coutonet, both ex-nobles, and Berlette. The last-mentioned was acquitted, and doubtlessly his sentence had displeased Lebon, as the subsequent day he was brought before the tribunal again, and condemned to death, as the two former had been the evening before.

He is not the only one who, having been acquitted, was summoned anew to judgment, either the same day or the day after, at the requisition of the tyrannical Lebon; but I will not allow myself to indulge in any reflections on the atrocities which were daily committed.

After an interval of a few days, the same fatal ceremony was employed towards seven ex-nobles, who had figured in the states of Artois. At the time of their removal, their names were ironically called over according to their former titles, viz. Delaunoy, Daix, Dewasseras, Serjeant d'Hennecourt, Debaulincourt, Coupigny, and Thieulaine.

Notwithstanding the infirmities of several of them, who, for a long time, had been dragging on a frail

existence in the infirmary, and who could scarcely crawl along, they were inhumanly torn from their beds, and conducted, under the escort of a numerous guard, from the Hotel Dieu to the prison of the Baudets.

It did not satisfy the barbarians that a conveyance should be refused, even to the most feeble, for the passage from the one prison to the other, situated as they were, at the two extremities of the city; but they had the cruelty to refuse them permission to have their beds removed, and consequently the wretched sufferers were necessitated to sleep in a dungeon upon straw.

As if it had been determined to make them suffer a thousand deaths before they tasted that which was preparing for them, they were left in horrid suspense for some days, at the end of which they were brought up for trial. Their imputed guilt consisted in their having signed in 1788, at the time of the assembly of the notables—consequently, before the revolution—a protest against all which might be attempted in prejudice to the privileges of the ci-devant province of Artois. Coupigny the elder escaped the condemnation which others suffered, from the circumstance of his having been at Paris at the time, which proved that he had no share in the protest. Thieulaine was also acquitted.

The same day, Blanquart, a legal character, who had drawn up this protest, was carried off in the

same manner, and paid, with his head, for the share he had had as counsel in the obnoxious measure.

In the same decade, they came to summon Gamonet Blin the elder, Leroy d'Hurtebise, and Lacomté, as forming part of a list which widow Bataille had kept of all those who had given her alms; and one of them for having been present at the ceremony of a marriage solemnized by a constitutional priest in the house of the said widow. Seventeen women were removed from La Providence, or from their own houses, for the same affair.

By a refinement of cruelty, which seemed to afford a certain presage of their acquittal, instead of taking them to the prison of the Baudets, they were led back, contrary to custom, to their first house of confinement, and the next day they were fetched to go before the tribunal, and thence to execution.

The precipitation of this proceeding was such, that several of these twenty victims were immolated, without preparatory examination, and without being heard, merely because they happened to be inscribed upon a charitable list, as the donors of three livres. Amongst the rest was a female named Toursel, wife of a doctor, leaving behind her nine very young children.

We learnt, after our liberation, that outrages were committed upon their dead bodies unparalleled in the history of the most barbarous nations.*

* The evening of this execution, the female superintendents of

The only mode by which we could hear of the melancholy fate of these victims was by the seizure of their effects, without any inventory or order whatever.

The following day, or the next day but one, Citizen Corbeau, who had been clerk to the beforementioned states, came into our garret, threw himself into our arms, bade us farewell, and departed with an expression of hope that he should live in our remembrance. This man, well persuaded that his just defence would be all in vain, said to his judges, "I know that you have decided on my death; I am resigned to it, and have nothing to answer but to the Supreme Being, who, more clearly than you can do, reads the feelings of my heart, and who will avenge my fate, and the fate of all the innocent beings whose destruction you have plotted."

A citizen, named Delettres, a land-surveyor of Arras, was summoned, a short time afterwards, on suspicion of having purchased a church on account of some emigrants. He first appeared at the district, and said to us on his return: "My friends, worthy

La Providence took possession of the wine and liquors belonging to these seventeen unhappy women. They got drunk, and danced a part of the night; and whenever there were similar executions, they renewed their orgies.

To announce these days of mourning the chief governess was wont to observe,—"To-day I afford food for the guillotine."—*Note of the Author.*

patriots though you are, you have a traitor amongst you, who reveals all that you say, and who disguises it under the most odious and hypocritical features; from what he has declared to our enemies respecting me, I am about to be sacrificed. May you escape the snares of this perfidious wretch!" The next day he was taken away from amongst us, and suffered, as he had predicted, the penalty of death.

Each day was marked by similar transfers from our prison, and the afternoon was looked for with deadly terror, until the hour usually fixed for the fatal visit was past. Sighing over the fate of those whom tyranny had chosen, we then breathed to each other the mournfully-pleasing truth—"There is yet another day's delay for us!"

I should enter into an endless task were I to relate the sinister events of every succeeding day.

The following I cannot pass silently over:—One Decadi (day of the fête of Beneficence), the bailiff came to summon the Citizens Marchandise, Boitel, Griffon, Wigna, and Lacroix. Marchandise was in his room, and said to the directors, when they called him: "I am at your service in a moment; allow me only just to go down into the yard."

Foreseeing that it could be no other than the infamous emissary of the tribunal, he did in fact go towards the *aisances*, the position of which appeared to him best calculated to favour his escape. He

scaled the walls, jumped into a garden, and gained the street by the adjoining house.

The cries of a female who chanced to be in the garden, gave intimation that a prisoner had fled, and set in pursuit after him a number of persons of the city, and particularly the guard paid by Lebon. The news of the circumstance soon spread abroad in the prison. The superintendents, sub-superintendents, porters, and other turnkeys, hurried out of the place to recover their prey. The prison being all at once without keepers, it would have been easy for the four others to profit by this moment of confusion with greater success, and more especially if the prisoners, to the number of upwards of three hundred, had conceived the project of gaining their liberty by flight.

But each, strong in his innocence, remained tranquil, even the four who, already consigned into the hands of the officer of the tribunal, could not disguise from their minds the fate which awaited them. A gloomy silence, and a mournful calm (the cruel position of those who had just been called operating upon our minds), that sprung from that tranquillity of soul which is the inseparable companion of innocence, were the only sentiments which were, on this occasion, manifested. On the contrary, guilt was visibly depicted on the countenances of the bailiff and his satellites, and their fears were so strong that, even when they knew, for a certainty, that Marchandise

had been caught, they counted the four other victims five or six times over, and, by the great anxiety they evinced to keep them in safety, only announced to us more clearly that they were in reality condemned, though their trial had not taken place.*

In the meantime, these daily executions began to weary even that portion of the people who were in the pay of the tyrants, and the effusion of blood began to lose its attractions for them. The theatre of his assassinations became deserted, notwithstanding all the efforts of the infamous Lebon to attract a crowd thither,—nay, even to constrain them to be present.

Base and hardened as he was, he could not disguise from his own thoughts, that the continuation of his atrocities might, sooner or later, excite a general revolt, of which he would infallibly be the first victim.

In order to avoid the threatened storm, he went to establish a new tribunal at Cambrai; he caused a permanent guillotine to be established there, and proceeded himself through the country in the neighbourhood of Bapaume, at the head of a detachment

* A fact respecting Joseph Lebon is recorded, which perhaps surpasses in barbarity anything found in either ancient or modern history. He caused a condemned culprit to be held more than ten minutes under the knife of the guillotine, till the details of a victory gained by our armies had been read to the unhappy victim.—*Note of the Author.*

of hussars, for the purpose of having arrested, under his own eyes, all the farmers indiscriminately who had not formerly been at mass, or against whom he had any enmity from motives less serious. They were immediately brought before the tribunal of blood which he had just created, and which was entirely composed, both as regarded the judges and the jurors, of men devoted to his vengeful purposes. In the night he had carried off from the prisons of Arras those who he knew were defended by public opinion, which he could no longer hope to flatter or delude with his idle pretexts. He, in fact, only engaged in these schemes of murder, to give activity to his new and sanguinary tribunal.

We will proceed to afford a proof of what we have just alleged, by relating the following fact, which actually took place:—

Jean François Payen, aged 36, farmer at Neuville-la-Liberté,* where Lebon had been curê, one of our companions in misfortune, whose patriotism was well known and still glowed in its full energy notwithstanding his detention, was an object of the ex-curé's enmity, in consequence of his refusal to become the associate of the wretch's plans. He was

* Formerly Neuville le Roi. In the same manner, Collot d'Herbois changed the name of Lyon to Commune-Affranchie, and another demagogue wished to alter that of Marseille to Commune sans Nom.—*Note of the Author.*

borne away from us about half-past eleven, p. m. on the 6th Messidor, and, in the most cruel manner, was bound, handcuffed, and loaded with irons, in order to be immediately conducted to Cambrai. The order for the execution of this outrage directed that the prisoner should be at his destination at eight o'clock the following morning. No bill of accusation had been delivered to him, with a view doubtlessly of depriving him of all means of defence. Upon his arrival, he was led directly to the Revolutionary Tribunal, where he had scarcely appeared before he heard his fatal sentence, and was thence led to execution; at ten o'clock in the morning he was no more, and at noon the same day Lebon departed for Paris.

Thanks to the justice of the National Convention, this was the last victim whose fate we had to deplore.

Yet our alarms were not entirely calmed, for eleven other unfortunate prisoners were afterwards removed from the prisons of Arras, and conducted to Cambrai the evening of that happy day when the bloody tribunals, both of Arras and Cambrai, were suspended.

In the interval which I have just been glancing over, it must not be imagined that the tribunal of Arras had remained idle: a thirst for blood so continually possessed the soul of Lebon, that he daily selected some new victims for the guillotine; and, as to be brought up for trial was almost always equiva-

lent to inevitable death, however innocent the accused might be, a great number of assassinations took place until the moment of the suspension already alluded to; and it is estimated that, in the space of four months, four hundred condemnations to death were pronounced, and that too in a commune which was declared at three different periods to have merited well of the country, and which consequently had always faithfully served it.

I have, indeed, been credibly assured, that, in the course of about six weeks, the tribunal of Cambrai ordered the execution of upwards of one hundred and fifty citizens.

The profound stupor in which I was plunged during the occurrence of these events did not permit me at the time to take an account of each victim that suffered, or of the order in which they had suffered; indeed, our situation was so critical, that not one amongst us dared to take the least note; for our actions and words were not only rigidly watched, with the design of injuring us, but they even wished and strove to divine our most secret thoughts, and to make them a pretext for denunciation against us: I have therefore been unable to follow any other guide than my recollection, enfeebled no little by the wretched scenes that each day offered to it.

If I have indulged myself by speaking of any particular sufferings, it is less with a view of exciting sympathy for our situation, than with the intention

of exciting a just horror at the abuses which our tyrants permitted themselves to exercise.

The most important communications, whether they related to the necessities of our situation or to the deep interest which we had in what concerned those who were most dear to us, had been for a long time prohibited, in contempt of the law of the 17th September, 1793, O. S., and with more rigour than had been exercised at the Bastile, in the most tyrannical periods; indeed, it will hardly be credited, that the severity of our superintendents in all respects increased, in proportion as the dispositions of the National Convention were pronounced more favourable towards us, or as events became more important for the happiness of France.

The following fact may serve to prove that such was really the case.

*It* was a fortnight after the suspension of the tribunals, that the mystery connected with that event was unravelled to us, by the severe search which was made through the prison.

I must mention what occurred to us on the day upon which the conspiracy and punishment of Robespierre, Couthon, St. Just, and Lebas was communicated to us.

Gille and Lemaire, commissaries to the prisons, repaired to the Hotel Dieu, at about ten o'clock in the morning, and there held a conference with the directory, under-directory, and other persons attached

to the establishment, after which they proceeded through the entire house, and ordered all the windows looking out on the neighbouring houses to be stopped up in their presence, though they were absolutely necessary for the health of the prisoners.

This precaution did not appear to them sufficient: they came again in the course of the day, and examined all our baskets and their contents, fearing to trust the inspection to the persons whose duty it was to perform it, however devoted these latter were to their inhuman orders.

I may here be allowed to ask, what interest could they have had in concealing from our knowledge the triumph of the National Convention over the traitors, whose infamy had at length met its due punishment? . . . Were they accomplices of their's, that they could thus envy us the satisfaction of partaking of the delight of all good Frenchmen upon this occasion? . . . . They must have considered us as true patriots, since they foresaw the joy we should feel on hearing of the downfall of these wretches, the joy which animated us all the moment we were informed of it.

The conduct of our gaolers was equally odious in this respect.*

During the hottest weather, they forbade us to

* The sanguinary monster, Lebon, always ingênious in his selection, had appointed, as our chief superintendent, a sexton, a

draw water from the only well which furnished what was fresh and good; but obliged us to go every morning between eight and nine o'clock, to fill our jugs, and did not again permit us to go to it during the day.

We were informed that the well at La Providence remained three days without a rope, and that, during that time, it was necessary to send for water to the outside of the prison; and further, that when it was asked for in the neighbouring houses, it was refused, for the simple reason that it was for the prisoners, and that it was feared Lebon might become acquainted with it.

When we were supplied, at the periods of the greatest scarcity, with our portions of food, which barely sufficed for our wants, as we shared our provision with the indigent prisoners, and with those

ci-devant beadle, and a cobbler AFTER HIS OWN HEART! (a noble expression of that period).

We should be unjust, did we not make known the virtuous, humane, and generous conduct of Mary Joseph Chevalier, the wife of Duquesne, our sub-superintendent: without deviating for a single moment from the painful duties imposed upon her husband, without infringing them, or mingling with them any interest but that of obliging the unfortunate, there was not a single prisoner who was not indebted to her for some service; indeed, many of them, to her care, attention, economy, and disinterestedness, owed their very existence.—*Note of the Author.*

citizens who were unable to procure anything from their own homes, owing to their confidential friends and domestics being molested and refused admittance, our porters even deprived us of a part of them.*

At La Providence, the furies, who aped our infernal keepers, surpassed them so completely, that, at the latter period of our detention, an order was given to the guard to keep a watchful eye over the female superintendents and the porters.

At last we were named by turns to fulfil the task of cleaning the house, the courts, the *lieux d'aisance*, and other disagreeable places; and the superintendents who directed it came purposely to enjoy, with the sneer of insult, or by disgusting observations, the state of abjection to which they reduced us.

I have already stated, that we were surrounded by spies in our sad retreat; but this was not all. Our keepers had also the same part to play. It was sufficient for them to see us in the company of this or that individual, in order to induce them to place us upon lists of proscription, which were regularly drawn up conjointly between them and the commissaries, who, as an addition to our misfortunes, had infested our prisons.

* In order to effect this, they had established a double door; under pain of being placed in solitary confinement, we were rigidly forbidden to receive our baskets from these people, except at the distance of ten or twelve feet from this double door.—*Note of the Author.*

We cannot absolutely advance the last mentioned fact as a certainty, for it is possible, that these lists may only have been prepared from the information which the commissaries collected against us from the most impure sources, and that they were given by the said keepers in obedience to superior commands; indeed, I think this more probable, from an anecdote which I shall hereafter mention.

Many of these lists had already served to hurry to the scaffold a number of innocent victims; but there was one which comprised eighty-seven citizens from the Hotel Dieu, who were sent thither at the period of the suspension of the tribunals of Arras and Cambrai.

I feel fully persuaded the hardships and sufferings which I have related had for their foundation the horrible scheme of renewing in our prisons the dreadful scenes of the 2d and 3d September, 1792.

The tyrants flattered themselves, by means of severe treatment, they should irritate our minds, and excite some disturbance; but there were none but peaceable citizens amongst us, who, strong in their innocence, constantly indulged the hope, that the day of justice would dawn upon them.

Our patience completely deranged the calculations of our persecutors, who, from time to time, had circulated the false report that we were in a state of insurrection. It was in consequence of this calumny that they appeared one night at the Hotel

Dieu, at the head of a numerous detachment, and announced to the superintendent, that they had come to his assistance. The latter replied, that he had never had the least occasion to be uneasy, that all the prisoners were in bed and asleep, and that he would sleep alone amongst us, without the least apprehension.

On their expressing some doubts to him upon the subject, he requested them to enter with as little noise as possible.

The leaders of the troop, in the hope of hearing some movement or noise to warrant their conduct, acceded to the proposition, and entered with the detachment on tip-toe; they listened attentively for some time, but heard not the slightest noise; upon which the citizens unanimously exclaimed, that they had been shamefully misled and most grossly deceived.

We were not acquainted with this event till some time after it occurred: and we have to thank the goodness of Providence that we escaped the snare; for, if, by accident, any of us had been alarmed, and induced to make any noise, by calling for the assistance of our companions, it would have been a sufficient signal for the leaders to turn the arms of our fellow-citizens against us. But, thank God, the tyrants were baffled in their concerted villany; and we were acquitted by the unanimous voice of our fellow-citizens.

# *JOURNEY*

OF

# THE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO NANTAIS

## *Sent forward to Paris by the Revolutionary Committee.*

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BY M. . . . . ONE OF THE PRISONERS.

# JOURNEY,

*&c. &c.*

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On the 7th Frimaire, the second year of the French republic (the 27th of November, 1793, O. S.), we departed from the prison de l'Eperonnière, situated at the extremity of the city of Nantes, on the road to Paris. We were a hundred and thirty-two in number, and were escorted by a detachment of the eleventh battalion of Paris, under the command of Citizen Boussart.

We were called up at five o'clock in the morning, and at seven were drawn out in the court-yard, where we were ordered to deliver up our knives, scissors, razors, &c. which were never afterwards restored to us. The Citizen Bornier, who died at Paris, and the same whose wife threw herself out of a window in the Rue du Temple, in a fit of despair, protested against his being sent to Paris, and insisted that his name was not on the list, and that the person meant was a man named Borgnis, for whom he was mistaken. We had so little idea that we were going to be removed, that the greater

part of us came down into the court in sabots. Each of us was allowed to take one pair of shoes, but strict orders had been given not to allow us to return to our apartments; those who remained behind threw us our clothes out of the windows, as very few had taken the precaution of bringing down their parcels. All communication with our friends before our departure was strictly interdicted; our wives and parents were refused admittance. Our tyrants were for once, though without intending it, humane, through the very excess of their barbarity; they spared us the pain of bidding farewell. A woman, not being able to see her husband, wrote him a few lines on the back of a washerwoman's bill; the officer commanding the guard refused to deliver this note, through fear lest the ciphers should be secret characters. We departed at noon, and received positive notice, that whoever should stray from the order of march should be instantly shot. Eleven carriages were appointed to carry the old men, the sick and, infirm, and, when we were at the distance of three quarters of a league from Nantes, those who had bundles were allowed to deposit them in a cart. We closely examined each other's features; our minds were worked up to the highest pitch of astonishment and surprise: we had no acquaintance with one another, no sort of relation having ever existed between us. We arrived at Oudon about nine o'clock in the evening, in the

midst of the most profound darkness, covered with mud, and without having taken any rest or food since the morning. Upon approaching the village, one of our body disappeared, and it would have been equally easy for all the rest to have escaped; the road was so bad, and the night so dark, that both soldiers and citizens fell together into the ditches, and were obliged to lend each other mutual assistance. Tigor, one of our number, having lost his way, an old woman offered him a secure asylum; but he refused the offer, and had himself conducted to Oudon. We were lodged in the church, where they gave us some straw, some wine, some coarse black bread, and some rancid bacon, of so bad a quality, that the volunteers made use of it to grease their shoes. Several of us were obliged to remain seated or standing during the entire night, and we had already a good many sick. The Citizen Fleuriot, a native of Oudon, passed the night stretched upon the tomb of his father.

The drum beat at five o'clock next morning, and at seven we left Oudon; at Ancenis, which we only passed through, some volunteers, who had been deceived by false reports respecting us, loaded us with the most violent abuse. At half a league from that town, we succeeded in obtaining a halt of a few minutes, to devour the remains of our repast of the evening before. Some were so fatigued, that they were not able to keep up with us, notwithstanding

that we marched very slowly ; and, for want of carriages, they were obliged to be mounted on the horses of the officers. Our entry into Varados was very disagreeable to us. We were treated there even worse than at Ancenis; as we were lodged in the church upon some moist hay, and our provisions were, as at Oudon, of the very worst description. The cruelty of our situation was aggravated by an order which prevented more than one of us going out of the church at a time, even to satisfy the most pressing necessities.

We again resumed our journey, on the 9th Frimair, at eight o'clock in the morning.* It was intended that we should sleep at St. George's, but our conductors having been informed that the brigands of La Vendée were preparing to attack Angers, the fear of being intercepted on their road made them determine to push for that town. After a halt of half an hour, at two hundred paces from the

* One of the prisoners was sleeping in the confessional at the moment when we left the church to set out on our journey. He was awakened by the loud threatening voice of Bologniet, a member of the Revolutionary Committee of Nantes, and one of our escort. "The d—d beggarly fellows!" said he, as he was searching in the church with four of the National Guards, "if I could find one of them remaining behind here, I would cut his head off with my sabre." Our companion in misfortune did not dare to stir out of the confessional until Bologniet had left the church; he then set out alone, and rejoined us shortly afterwards.

other side of St. George's, they distributed among us the remainder of the provisions of Varades, together with some white wine, which bore a strong resemblance to the lee used in washing. The cold was most severe, and we were obliged to light a fire of dry sticks on the road-side. A great number of us were placed in carts, and were transported in this manner to Angers, where we were deposited in the seminary, about ten o'clock at night.

They stopped us on their way through the town, and made several of the prisoners descend from the carts in front of the old cathedral, which was already full of prisoners, where an immense crowd had assembled to see and to insult us. An inhabitant of Angers rushed upon one of my companions, and, calling him a brigand, endeavoured to strike him; but four of the volunteers strongly opposed this violence: and, indeed, I owe it to the Parisians to declare, that they conducted themselves towards us with all the regard prescribed by humanity and justice; for, considering that until a citizen was found guilty by the law he was under its safeguard, they loudly declared that they would perish to a man sooner than allow any violence to be committed on those entrusted to their care. Boussard, their commanding officer, openly proclaimed, in his own name and that of his battalion, that such was their determined resolution. When he had called over the list of our names at the seminary, and

ascertained that there was not a single person wanting, with the exception of him whose flight he had learned at Oudon, he was so well satisfied, that he candidly allowed that we appeared worthy of the entire confidence of the republicans, seeing that we had not betrayed his, though a thousand inevitable circumstances had afforded us the opportunity of doing so.

The little remaining provisions which had been distributed among us at St. George's, were now entirely consumed. We reckoned upon a fresh distribution, which our fatigue rendered indispensable to us. Our hopes were, however, disappointed. The keeper of the prison was merely permitted to sell us whatever he might have; which consisted only of some bad soup, worse wine, and a few pieces of bacon, the whole in so small a quantity, that the greater part of us could get no part of them. They allowed us the use of the entire house; some of us slept on straw, others on palliasses and mattresses, which had belonged to the prisoners to whom we had succeeded.

A report was at that time in circulation respecting exchanges of prisoners between the departments. We thought that our removal was the result of that measure, and that we were to take up our residence at Angers.* The house was very commodious;

* Some expressions made use of by the Citizen Boussard, upon calling over the list at Angers, left us in considerable doubt re-

and we were allowed to speak through the outside door to the citizens who came to see us. Our dinners being served, we sat down to table with a feeling of self-satisfaction and joy, founded upon our comfortable situation, considered in a relative sense, and still more upon the sentiment of our perfect innocence; but, upon a sudden, a guard of about two hundred men entered the court; our instant departure was announced, and a thousand alarming reports were propagated amongst us.* We hastily finished our repast, prepared our bundles, and descended into the court. A number of gendarmes presented themselves to us with rolls of ropes under their arms, and informed us that they were destined for us. At these words, tears burst from the eyes of some who had before seen murderers and robbers tied in this manner, and it drove them to despair to think that they themselves, though innocent, were to be subjected to the same disgraceful treatment. Our questions were answered with an alarming mysteriousness; doubtlessly some expressions of too warm a nature must

specting the reality of our journey to Paris; and these doubts were increased by a violent scene which took place at the seminary, in our presence, between Boussard and a member of the Revolutionary Committee of Angers.

* A report had been spread that the prisoners whom we had replaced at the seminary had been shot and drowned at the *Ponts de Cé*, on the same day.

have escaped some of our unhappy companions; for one of the gendarmes drew his sword, and the rest immediately followed his example. Several of the volunteers rushed from their ranks, with their arms loaded, and something unfortunate would probably have happened, had not some of us appeased the gendarmes by declaring that they would find the greatest submission in the conduct of the prisoners. They were the first to offer themselves to be tied, and the chain was formed in a moment. One of the gendarmes was so moved at the sight, that he could not refrain from weeping.

We at length set out. The gendarmes marched in front of us, forbade the people to insult us, and kept the most violent at a distance. We passed through several streets, and among the rest through the Square of the Revolution. The manner in which we were conducted, and the horrors committed by the brigands whose accomplices they considered us, can scarcely excuse the menaces and imprecations with which we were overwhelmed in this latter place. We were conducted to the ci-devant royal prison of Angers.

We there ceased to be under the guard of four citizens, one of whom was a member, and the rest commissaries of the Revolutionary Committee of Nantes.* They were charged with preparing room

* Naud, Bologniet, Joly, and Dardar.

for us, and with providing for our subsistence. They were privately acquainted with several of us, and it may be imagined how extreme was their astonishment at seeing us in such a situation. One of them, Naud, was in the court-yard of the seminary, when we were tied together with ropes. He accompanied us to the prison, and his colleagues had stationed themselves in the street to see us pass. We met Naud again in the ward-room, where we were counted and inspected in his presence.

We were in the court-yard; it was five o'clock, the moment of twilight. We observed the most profound silence, and our alarm and stupefaction cannot be described. We observed hanging on the wall opposite the spot in which we were drawn up in form of a square battalion, shirts, hats, coats, &c. which a vague report, spread among us with the rapidity of lightning, made us consider as the spoils of men who had just ceased to live.

They at length opened the doors of a chapel which was opposite us, into which they drove us until it was too full to admit any more, and we were pressed into it in such numbers that they were obliged to remove several before they could shut the door. This chapel was twelve feet and a half in breadth, by twenty-four in length: we were eighty-one in number; consequently, each of us had at his disposal a space of three feet six inches; we were obliged to keep ourselves in the

most painful and fatiguing positions They threw us a few bundles of straw, but shut us up without either light or food; we fortunately had a steel, some tinder, and a few parcels of wax tapers. Notwithstanding the severity of the season, and the windows being opened, we were stifled with heat. The only convenience left in the chapel for our natural calls was a bucket of an immense size; but it was almost useless to us, in consequence of the confined situation in which we were placed: some of us were, however, forced to make use of it; and, as the necessity was not confined to those near the bucket, we were obliged to pass it over our heads from one end of the chapel to another, and, none of us having the free command of our limbs, the bucket was overturned on the heads of five or six persons, and filled the entire chapel with an infectious smell. We could not bring ourselves to think that they could possibly intend to leave us to pass the night in so painful a situation. We expected every moment to be transferred to a less confined and less unwholesome place. We were, however, deceived: the reader may imagine what we suffered during that night. The door was not opened until half-past eight in the morning, and was immediately closed again.

We then learned that the Citizen Boussard had been arrested by the Revolutionary Committee of Angers, for having, as it was said, expressed himself too warmly on the occasion of a debate concerning

us. It was added, that he had spoken in the most favourable terms of us ; that he had declared that we were not the sort of people that we were said to be, and concluded by saying, that, having been himself a witness of the manner in which the drawing of the prisoners had taken place at Nantes, that having observed that it was principally directed by caprice, by vengeance, by personal enmity, by passion, and by the most arbitrary tyranny, he could not help declaring it as his positive opinion that men who had behaved as we had done upon the road could never have been guilty of anything to merit the vengeance of the law.

Upon leaving the chapel, the first objects which struck our view were an infectious sink which spread entirely across the court, and an enormous dunghill composed of human excrements and rotten straw: and in one corner, a well, which was exhausted every evening, and the water of which, although of the worst quality, was the only drink allowed to the prisoners, several of whom had drowned themselves in it, through despair at their situation.

Our fellow-prisoners were composed of men condemned to imprisonment in irons, of robbers, and of abandoned characters. At the moment when all the prisoners left their cells, constrained, through want of any conveniences, to descend into the court-yard for the purpose of satisfying the calls of nature, forced to empty their buckets on the before-men-

tioned dunghill, which already exhaled the most pestilential vapours, obliged to burn moist straw in order to boil the water which the unhappy creatures called their soup, there arose such an infectious smell that the health of the most robust was affected by it. A few days before our departure, two municipal officers, who were charged with ascertaining whether our situation was as bad as we had represented, stuffed their noses the moment they entered the court, and, even though thus prepared, would have been unable to proceed any farther on their visit, had we not provided them with some aromatic vinegar. They could not refrain from tears.

In the afternoon, they gave us some bread, which, however, was too bad to eat. By means of our communication with the public gaol, we learned the arrival of five fresh prisoners from Nantes,* and the removal of the remainder of our body to two prisons in the interior. We were greatly affected at a trait of fraternal affection. The younger Devay, a single man, and of infirm health, had offered himself upon the calling over the list previous to our departure, and had thus devoted himself for his eldest brother, a

* It would appear that the number 132 must have had a singular charm in the eyes of the Revolutionary Committee of Nantes. Having received orders to release five out of our number, they hastened to send forward five more in their place, who, as may be supposed, were not a little astonished at this unexpected substitution.

father of seven young children, and the only support of his family. The latter died afterwards in Paris, after an illness of seven days, and the other remained for a long time among us. Such generous and noble conduct merited a better fate.

When it was known that there was room in the public gaol for some more prisoners, twelve of our companions requested to be admitted there, and seven more entreated to be removed out of the chapel. A dungeon near the chapel was opened for them, in which the air was so thick, that one of the prisoners, who wore spectacles, saw them on their entrance entirely enveloped in a fetid vapour: such, however, was the horrible situation of those who occupied the chapel, that sixteen of them preferred to be buried in this dungeon; it was so unwholesome, that half of the unfortunate creatures who took up their dwelling in it died in a short time, and the other half were reduced to the most dangerous state of sickness. The situation of those confined in the body of the prison was scarcely less deplorable; we were locked into our cells at four o'clock in the evening, and they were not opened until between eight and ten in the morning. Such were the regulations we were subjected to during the nineteen days of our residence at Angers; the only change being in the number confined in the chapel, which was ultimately reduced to forty-three. Until the third day we had been condemned to the insupport-

able misery of taking up our abode in the court-yard. We had at that time no other place of shelter than a small room on the first floor, which was scarcely large enough to contain twenty-five persons, and a small porch on a level with the yard, of about six feet in breadth, in the corner of which was the wicket, and which was also used as the receptacle for the dead bodies; the number of these corpses was always four or five, and sometimes six. This cruel spectacle was every morning exposed before our eyes, and those who occupied the inside of the prison could not pass out without trampling upon them. I even saw them, one day, deposit upon three of these dead bodies one of my unhappy companions, who had not yet exhaled his last sigh. It frequently happened that men who endeavoured to drag themselves towards the dunghill, to satisfy the calls of nature, fell dead upon it. One of our body, who was sitting by his father's side, on the altar in the chapel, fell down in the agonies of death upon the table of his neighbours, who were at dinner at the time, and died in a few minutes, before their eyes. A benevolent action deserves reward, let it occur where it may, and we exerted ourselves to collect a recompense for a prisoner, who had leaped into the well for the purpose of saving an unhappy creature who had just thrown himself into it in the delirium of fever: I may indeed be excused for observing, that so great was the cruelty of our destiny,

that we had nothing before our eyes but objects of disgust and horror.

We were already beginning to be devoured by vermin. If we dared to delay for a moment, after having received orders from the gaoler to return to our cell, we were threatened with being chained down in a still more horrible dungeon, which was secured by a triple grating.

On a rainy day, the dunghill was so washed that several streams were formed, which flowed down from that mass to the common channel; these streams were thick with all manner of filth, which was thus spread about the court; the air became charged with pestilential vapours, and, on the following day, our lips became cracked, our gums bled, our faces wore a pale and cadaverous hue, and were swelled and covered with pustules. All variations in the weather were equally prejudicial to us: heat or rain rendered the air infectious; severe cold, which was the least injurious to us, was attended with this disadvantage, that, being obliged to keep our windows open during the night, we were driven to the cruel alternative of either being suffocated with heat, or being exposed to the severity of the cold, and in moist weather, the walls of our cells and of the chapel were dropping water. We were all attacked with violent colds and rheumatic pains. Thirty-five of our companions in misery died, in all probability, in consequence of their sufferings in

this frightful place, and several of them contracted infirmities, during their residence there, which they have never since ceased to be tormented with.

The only circumstance which at all alleviated the horror of our situation was the liberty allowed us of having provisions introduced into the prison.

On the morning of the 13th Frimaire, the drums beat to arms, and the sound of cannons was shortly after heard. The Vendeans were attacking Angers.* On the very evening before, we had drawn up a petition, praying, for the sake of humanity and justice, to be removed to another habitation; but, now our country was threatened by rebels, we could no longer think of anything but flying to its defence. We drew up, in haste, a new petition, requesting to have arms given us; and engaged ourselves, on the word of republicans, to return into prison the moment the contest should have ceased. This petition, being presented to the municipal authorities, was read by them with much interest, but our request was not agreed to: the young men, in particular, were in despair at this decision; all of them had borne arms against the rebels, and several of them had been engaged in nineteen or twenty ac-

* One of the principal attacks was made on that part of the town lying near the prison. The balls fell in the court-yard where we were all assembled; and the bullets constantly passed above our heads.

ions. This petition, which was presented at the very moment when they were speaking of surrounding the town, and when the fire of the enemy was hottest, would have been our death-warrant, had the brigands succeeded in their attempt. The attack was renewed on the following day, and we again repeated our offer. Some brigands, who were confined in the prison, flattered themselves with the idea of the speedy surrender of the town, blasphemed the republic, and threatened to denounce the republicans. We devoted to infamy whoever should have the baseness to abjure that republic, our fidelity to which was not for a moment shaken, and whoever had not the courage to offer himself to oppose the Vendean brigands. On the 18th Frimaire we made a collection, and, though almost all ruined by the brigands, we made a sacrifice of two thousand four hundred livres, which we sent to the Revolutionary Committee for the relief of the wounded.

No change was made in our situation, and, as a necessary consequence of the sufferings which it caused us, several of our companions were laid up, in a dangerons state, in the infirmary,—if that name may be given to a dungeon, a smoky den, containing six miserable pallets, in each of which three sick persons were heaped together, without any distinction of disorders, in want of every proper assistance, unable to procure what was necessary, and unat-

tended by any physician. One old man was attacked with the gout, and it became necessary for him to apply blisters to his feet: on his asking for some, they replied, "If you want them, go and get them yourself." During the nineteen days that we were stationed at Angers, four of the prisoners from Nantes died: among the rest, Charette Boisfoucauld, aged seventy-three years, whose name they purposely placed at the head of our list, doubtlessly in the hope that its conformity with that of the infamous Charette would make us be considered as brigands of La Vendée, and would draw on us the indignation of the republicans. Such, at least, was the report spread among us; and, as we had the greater motives for fear, so we the more easily believed everything calculated to inspire us with alarm.

On the 21st Frimaire, four of our companions were recalled to Nantes; he who had disappeared at Oudon was also to have been recalled, but, in order to punish him for his attempt, he was ordered to make the journey with us, and was sent forward to the Revolutionary Tribunal. This circumstance was near costing us all our lives; for we have since been assured, that orders had been given to shoot us all, if a single one was missing.

On the 26th Frimaire we saw a young man issue from a subterraneous dungeon: he was contending against death; he staggered, he fell . . . The turn-

keys laid hold of him, dragged him along by the legs, and threw him upon a heap of dead bodies, which had just been thrown out of the dungeons, and heaped together at the bottom of the staircase. In vain did we endeavour to excite the humanity of the servants belonging to the gaol: they refused to transport the dying man to the infirmary. An hour passed away, and he finished his agony on a bed of corpses!

It was at length announced to us, that we were to depart the following day, the 29th Frimaire, at five o'clock in the morning, and we were directed to be in readiness.

Two days previous to this notice, a physician came to inform himself respecting the situation of each of us, probably in order to ascertain how many of us could proceed on our journey on foot. More than sixty were found to be in a serious state of infirmity; nevertheless, at the moment of our departure, there was but one cabriolet, and a small cart destined to receive our bundles, which almost filled it, and on which they then placed those who were the least capable of travelling. It was an affecting sight to see the old men, worn down with infirmity and disease, lean on the gendarmes for support. The old Pilorgerie, who had been dangerously wounded by a fall on a broken bottle, at the bottom of a dark staircase, which was the more painful as the slightest motion, by opening the

wound, put his life constantly in danger, was torn from his bed, and brought out almost naked, with his arm in a scarf, and his breeches hanging about his heels. The pity manifested towards him by some good-natured persons, who had been attracted to the spot by curiosity, prevailed upon our conductors to allow him to remain, together with eleven more, who were dangerously ill. These latter rejoined us in three days afterwards, at Saumur. We departed, tied together six by six. All the gates of Angers, but one, were shut. We were forced to pass through almost the entire town; I know not whether this was necessary, but it would have been fatal to us but for the firmness of the soldiers who accompanied us. We arrived, in the midst of hootings and threats, at the extremity of the suburb, which had almost entirely been burned down upon the approach of the brigands. Upon our arrival there, the commanding officer permitted us to be untied, and put in requisition two cars, which he accidentally met upon the road, and on which he allowed us to mount. We had heard, in prison, that the prisoners whom we had replaced at the seminary at Angers, had been removed to Ponts-de-Cé, and that a sudden attack, on the part of the Vendeans, had caused them to be shot. Scarcely had we set out on our journey, than the greatest uneasiness was spread among us; we dreaded a similar accident. The manner in which

we had been treated, and the circumstance of our having been designated as brigands of La Vendée, on the list given by the Revolutionary Committee of Nantes to Boussart, was strongly calculated to increase our terror on this head. It was not until after we had turned off the road leading to the Ponts-de-Cé, and that the kind attentions of the republicans who escorted us had inspired us with confidence, that we delivered ourselves up to the inexpressible delight of breathing the pure air, of which we had been so long deprived.

We arrived at half-past four at St. Mathurin, where we were to pass the night. We were led into the church, and were there served with some provisions. While we were making our repast, the governor of the village came to visit us: he recognised in one of us a person who had rendered him several services, and whom he knew to be a sincere republican. He declared that we could not remain in this place, as there were fifteen hundred men expected to enter the village in less than a quarter of an hour, and that we must depart. A report was suddenly spread, that, in the very same place, some prisoners who were escorted by the same officer who now commanded our detachment had been shot, and that precautions were taking to save us from the same fate; that they were going to draw up the troop in order of battle, at the extremity of the village, in order that we might be able to make our

departure without being seen by them. We enjoined each other to observe the strictest silence; the closest darkness reigned in the church; some went in search of an asylum, others sought some means of flight, and the remainder tranquilly awaited the decision of their fate. In the meantime the drum beat to arms, the troop drew up in line: our departure was immediately ordered, and we were forced to pay three hundred and sixty-six livres for our accommodation and provisions.

We entered Les Rosiers at nine o'clock in the evening, completely exhausted with fatigue. Several dispersed themselves about the village, and took up their lodgings with the citizens, without its being known by our guard where they resided. The mass of prisoners was placed in an inn, in which there were only three apartments vacant, and the remainder slept in the stable; except the night we passed at the seminary of Angers, this was the best night's rest we enjoyed since our departure from Nantes. A circumstance occurred here which clearly showed us the danger we had escaped: the municipal officer who had provided for our accommodation expressed his astonishment at seeing us still alive, and assured us that we were to have been shot at Ponts-de-Cé. Notwithstanding these reports, our conductors placed such confidence in us, that they allowed us to enjoy the fullest liberty; we could every one of us have escaped: but not one appeared even

to think of doing so, and all made their appearance at the appointed place of meeting, on the following morning, at the first sound of the drum.

It is certainly a remarkable circumstance, that we should have been allowed to depart from Angers without being counted, or without any list being called over, and with an escort of only forty men; that we should have been suddenly informed of our departure at ten o'clock in the evening; and that they should have chosen a day on which they must have known that our road would be intercepted by an army of fifteen hundred men, marching against the wretches with whom they had endeavoured to associate us. I do not wish to dwell upon these united circumstances, nor to form any conjectures upon them; but we had sufficient reason to fear everything, and to believe everything, and I cannot help thinking, that the danger which we ran at St. Mathurin was not quite unintentional.

On the following day we set out for Saumur.* We met, at the entrance of the suburbs, a detachment of the second battalion of the 109th regiment, which distinguished itself so eminently in the war of La Vendée, and whose glorious labours were so often partaken of by the Nantais. They at first

* It seems we were not expected at Saumur, as the commander of our detachment went forward to announce our arrival, and to demand a reinforcement of our escort.

thought we were brigands, but were soon undeceived. On entering the suburb, the first words we heard were: "They must be marched under the windows of the general, as he wishes to see everything himself, and from thence we will take them to the Place de la Guillotine." Such was the language of the commanding officer. He protected us, however, with that determined vigour which characterized a true republican. It is impossible to give an idea of the imprecations, the threats, the furious menaces, which were showered on us at every step; soldiers and citizens seemed to dispute with each other who should spread among us the greatest horror and alarm. At the first barrier, we were joined by a second detachment of a hundred men: the farther we advanced, the more dreadful became the cries and tumult: swords were drawn; and only the energy of the officers and soldiers succeeded in repressing violence. We at length arrived under the windows of the general, and there received a most gratifying consolation, and which our wounded hearts stood strongly in need of. The commanding officer of the battalion, being curious to see us, stood on the side of the street. We defiled before him, he recognised men of courage and honour, who had formerly been his companions in arms, ardent revolutionists since the very commencement of the revolution, implacable enemies of the brigands since the very first movements in La Vendée; he was asto-

nished, and exclaimed: "Where can we henceforth look for patriots?"

The curiosity of the general being satisfied, we returned as we came, and were conducted towards the prison. We had scarcely passed through one or two streets, when we met five men who had been condemned to death, and two of whom were now being led to the guillotine. We were forced to follow them at a slow pace, like rebels who were in our turn to meet the same fate. It is impossible to express our sensations upon this occasion.*

On our entering the prison, the gaoler asked the officer who commanded our escort for the list of our names. The officer replied that he had none; that no list had been given him, and that he now delivered us at Saumur as he had received us at Angers. One of our companions drew up a list of our names himself, and the sort of quarrel which had arisen between the gaoler and the officer was thus terminated.

After waiting several hours in the court-yard of the prison, we were led into the interior; some of us were placed in the lofts, others in the infirmary; and the greater number in two small rooms, which were entirely filled by them. A few days before, these

* An old man, who has since died at Paris, was so affected by the cries and menaces which resounded in our ears, that he fell from the top of the cart to the pavement, and was raised up almost deprived of sense.

very rooms had been filled with brigands, several of whom had died there. We were told that they had left after them such an infectious smell, that it was dangerous to enter the rooms: it was indeed so dreadful, that, three days after, when the necessity of purifying the air forced us to light some fire, the person who made it was forced to retire three times from the horrid smell with which the sweepings of the room alone had infected the chimney.

The most forcible language would not be sufficient to describe the horrors of our situation. A prisoner having occasion to satisfy the calls of nature, went in search of a proper place. The night was very dark; he searched in the court-yard: while groping with his hand along the wall, he met a vacant space, a nook, and entered . . . . he found himself in a coach-house—he breathed a pestilential air—he stumbled —he fell . . . . upon a heap of dead bodies, some naked, others covered with rags still defiled with putrid remains! . . . . Overcome with horror, he retired, and came and announced to us the frightful spectacle that would be offered to our view on the following day. The court which separated this coach-house from our apartments was only eighteen feet in breadth.

There were three wells belonging to the house: we were cautioned not to drink the water of one of them, as it was absolutely infected from the numerous dead bodies that had been thrown into it.

Several officers of the staff came to visit us, and were shocked at the sight of the coach-house; they had the corpses, which were already dissolving to decay, removed from our neighbourhood, and another place was appointed to receive them for the future. The language of these brave republicans was not less consoling to us than their arrangements were salutary.

On the second day before our departure from Saumur, we had before our eyes the melancholy spectacle of thirty-six poor creatures who were chained and manacled, who remained in the court-yard from the break of day till ten o'clock in the morning, and were to be shot that very day, at half a league from the town.

The public executioner, being one day at the gaol in company with several of my companions, informed himself of our number, and, looking upon us as his certain prey: "Do you know now," said he, "that I would think nothing of despatching every single one of you in less than an hour?" All we saw, all we heard, filled our hearts with horror and alarm.

After five days' residence in the horrible prison of Saumur, the Citizen Follio, the adjutant of the town, who came to give us notice of our departure, made use of these remarkable words: "*Rejoice, my friends; to-morrow you set out for Paris.*" A vast field for conjecture here unfolds itself: I have frequently endeavoured to discover the motives of our

delay at Saumur. It was not, assuredly, in order to allow us to repose ourselves after our fatigue, since we came directly from Angers, where we had been detained during nineteen days; as, upon our arrival at Saumur, they confined us in a place in which we inhaled contagion, and in which several of our number contracted disorders which hurried them to the grave; and as, without having any regard for our fatigues, our weakness, and our deplorable state, they hurried us along without making a single stop till we arrived at Paris, where nineteen of our companions in misfortune died in consequence of this inhuman treatment .... If the order for our removal to Paris had existed at the time of our arrival at Saumur, why were we delayed there until the return of the courier who had been despatched to Nantes? I shall not trouble myself any further with endeavouring to discover the meaning of the different extraordinary circumstances which took place during our journey, nor what was the true original motive of it.

The temporary governor of Saumur also came to give us notice that we were to depart the following day for Paris, and assured us that we need not be under any uneasiness; that it was true that an unfortunate circumstance had happened with regard to a former convoy of prisoners, several of whom had been victims of it; but that we need not be under any apprehensions of a similar event: that we should

be escorted by a strong detachment, and that he himself would march at our head, until we should have got clear of the town.

The officer of gendarmes who was appointed to conduct us began by swearing that he would shoot the first man who should deviate a single inch from the line of march. Such a number of carts and cars were put in requisition, that none of us were obliged to proceed on foot. The municipal authorities issued orders, forbidding us to be insulted on our passage, and one of their principal officers accompanied us as far as the barrier, in order to protect us. We met with no disturbance on our road, and arrived at La Chapelle Blanche, where we slept on some straw, in a corn-loft. A sick old man gave eighteen francs for the use of a mattress. The commanding officer having called on the inhabitants to provide us with straw, they protested that they had not any; and we could procure none until each of us consented to pay for it.

At Langeais, the municipal authorities gave us a very favourable reception. They lodged us in a private house, and provided us with mattresses; the mayor gave all those he had in his house, and brought soup to the sick with his own hands. We wrote over one of the chimneys of our apartment—*The grateful Nantais to the inhabitants of Langeais.*

Near the bridge of Tours we were received with clamours and imprecations no less violent than at

Saumur, but fortunately we were not forced to enter the town. We were penned up in an inn, the proprietor of which had died only three days before. The apartments not being sufficiently large to hold half of us, though we were crowded into them as close as they would admit, the remainder were obliged to lie in the stable. A large fire was lighted in the court-yard. We had several invalids; our health began to be considerably altered; we therefore calculated upon being allowed to make some stop in this place, but were disappointed; as we were forced to set out again the very next morning.

We slept at Amboise, in the chapel at the end of the bridge, that night. It was without any pavement, and the air had a putrid smell. We supposed we were put there merely while they should seek for other accommodation for us. There were several inns in the town in which they might have lodged us; but they left us where we were, and merely brought us some straw to lie on; the ruins of the altar and the images of the saints served us as pillows. Some of our number thought fit to light a fire, in hopes of purifying the air; but the remedy was worse than the evil, and during more than three hours we were stifled by a thick smoke, which we had no means of getting rid of.

Our escort had been changed at Tours. It cannot be conceived to what a degree our new guides, the veterans of Mayence, were prejudiced against us. They testified this feeling at our very first interview,

and seemed fully convinced that the three packets of cartridges which were given to each of them were not given without an object. They, however, soon acknowledged the injustice of their prejudice. Several of them assured us of their regret for the sentiments they had manifested towards us, and declared that they considered themselves as destined to shoot us. They told us to be under no apprehensions whatsoever, and promised us their support against whoever should be so cruelly unjust as to insult us.

Two municipal officers of Blois came to meet us upon our entrance into that town. Their presence put an end to the threats and abuse with which we were constantly assailed: we were lodged in the house which had formerly belonged to the Carmelites. We met with very humane treatment at Blois, and our ears were gratified with the consoling language of some republicans who felt for our misfortunes. We were fortunate enough to be allowed to leave our sick at Blois: they were four in number, two of whom have since died.*

We were very well received at Baugency. They divided us in two inns, and gave a bed or a mattress

* We have since learned, with a feeling of sincere gratitude, that the commissaries of the municipal body paid every possible attention to these unfortunate victims, and that they constantly treated them with all the regards due to misfortune, and to men whom the law had not declared guilty.

to every two. We here, for the first time, made our repast at a regular table, and passed the night in sheets. Not a single one of us had been able to undress himself for the last thirty-four days. We had been dragged about from dungeon to dungeon, from church to church, from stable to stable, with no other beds than straw, which was frequently rotten.

Upon our arrival at Orleans, we were worn out with fatigue, as, since our departure from Saumur, we had travelled each day, without intermission, six, seven, eight, and even nine leagues. Those who were mounted on carts did not suffer less than those on foot. We again had several sick; we prayed to be allowed some rest; humanity and justice loudly called upon them to grant it. The three national agents, after having informed themselves of the particulars of our situation, were of opinion that our request should be granted, but the commanding officer of our escort obstinately refused to delay.

One of our sick men, whom we left behind us at Orleans, died there shortly after. We cannot but feel grateful for the treatment we experienced in that city.

This was not, however, the case at Arthenay. We were lodged in some dirty stables, upon litter which was no better than a dunghill. The strictest orders were issued not to allow us to enter the house, or to keep up any exterior communication. The weather was excessively cold, and we were forbidden to light

a fire in the court; but, what was still more strange, they brought us some raw meat to satisfy our hunger, though they would not allow us to make any fire. They scarcely gave us half the quantity of straw that had been ordered. We complained of this treatment; but the innkeeper, who was one of the notables of the village, threatened to confine us in a dungeon, and it was not without much difficulty that we could prevail on him even to sell us some more straw. Towards evening, however, some of the sick and infirm were admitted into the house, and were provided with beds upon paying ten francs each: the greater part of us remained in the stables.

We were, in like manner, to have been lodged in the stables at Angerville; those of the inn belonging to the attorney of the village were destined to receive us, but they were still more unwholesome than those at Arthenay, and besides, being open on all sides, it would have been necessary to triple our guards. This made them change their first intentions; but, though they put us in two different inns, five or six were obliged to remain in the stables, notwithstanding their exclamations against the injustice of such treatment. The cold being very severe, we lighted a small faggot in the fireplace of one of the apartments; upon which the innkeeper entered, and exclaimed, that we wanted to set fire to his house, extinguished the fire, carried away the wood, and even threatened to knock us down with his stick. It seemed as if we

were destined to undergo some new suffering at every place we should stop at on our passage.*

Our reception at Etampes consoled us for that of

* There is nothing so cutting to persons in such a situation as our's as the disappointment of their hopes. In an account of a journey made by thirty-one citizens of the department of the Var, who were removed to Paris, we read the following circumstance: "We arrived at Brutus-le-Magnanime, formerly called Pierre-le-Moutier. On one of the gates of the town, we read these words: —*Here misfortune is respected, old age is honoured, and indigence is treated with hospitality.*

"'Behold, at length,' said we to one another, 'a place where we shall find refreshment and repose.' We had some old men among us, several in the most indigent state, and we were all in the most pitiable situation. It seemed to us as if Providence had purposely placed this hospitable town upon our road. We forgot for the moment the fatigues of thirty days' travelling and imprisonment, in the hope that we were about to meet a people the friends of humanity;—too sweet illusion, which was but of short duration.

"In fact, while we were giving ourselves up to these consoling ideas, we found ourselves in front of the town prison. An old Janissary made his appearance; he passed us, one by one, into a narrow court, surrounded with cells still more confined, filthy with all sorts of dirt, and infested with vermin. It was by dint of entreaties and prayers that we obtained permission to remain in the court, stretched on the pavement, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and under the guard of two gendarmes. 'Heavens!' we exclaimed, 'is this, then, the promised land of hospitality? Is it thus, citizens of Brutus-le-Magnanime, that you respect misfortune? To what purpose do you engrave such glorious maxims on your walls, if they are not deeply graven in your hearts?'"

Angerville: we were there treated with the same kindness as at Beaugency. The mayor and commanding officer of the National Guard visited us, and were kind enough to express an interest in our situation.

It was impossible to be worse lodged and more audaciously pillaged than we were at Arpajon. I have before judged it unnecessary to say that the innkeepers always taxed us, but the host at Arpajon went beyond all bounds. In place of straw, he gave us some detestable palliasses, for each of which he exacted ten francs; and made us pay in the same proportion for supper, which was no less detestable than his palliasses. The reason of this was that the constituted authorities, not having received sufficient notice of our passage through their territory, threw us into the hands of the first comer. We complained; the commanding officer threatened to manacle whoever should refuse to pay.

At length, on the 16th Nivose, about four o'clock in the evening, we arrived at Paris. We had been preceded there by the same error which accompanied us on our road: we were announced as rebels of La Vendée, and were said to form part of the staff of the Catholic army.

On the day following our arrival, all Paris resounded with the news that a hundred and ten brigands, who had just been sent up from Nantes, were going to be shot in the Plain des Sablons. It was publicly announced in the newspapers; our names were cried

about the streets, and the people went in crowds to the Champs Elysées to see us defile before them.

Being charged with such an accusation, it was not wonderful that we should have been placed, at the prison *De la Mairie*, in a loft which had formerly served as a granary. The floor was covered with two inches of lime-dust, the inhaling of which did not a little contribute to cause the disorders which so cruelly tortured us. The gaoler made us pay fifty francs for the necessaries, which he never furnished us with.

On the 18th Nivôse, we were removed to the Conciergerie, where the greater part of us were confined in the dungeons of the tower of Montgomery. The infirmary was filled with the sick.

From the 26th Nivôse we were constantly changed about from prison to prison, and from hospital to hospital.

In the meantime, the opinion of the public became enlightened with regard to us, and recovered from the false impressions which were endeavoured to be given to their minds. It was then that, while we thought upon the dangers which we had run upon our journey, we recalled to our minds, with a sentiment of confidence and joy, those words of Citizen Follio, the adjutant of the town of Saumur: "Rejoice, my friends, to-morrow you set out for Paris." We had frequently met with benevolence on our journey; but it was only at Paris that we met with humanity.

We had left Nantes to the number of a hundred and thirty-two individuals; but upon our arrival at Paris we were only ninety-seven. We looked forward with confidence to receiving from the justice of the representatives of the nation that liberty of which we had never for a moment ceased to be worthy, and of which we had been so long deprived by the strange and arbitrary decrees of the Revolutionary Committee of Nantes: nor were we deceived in our expectations.

*Postscript.*—The Nantais remained prisoners at *Petit-Bercy*, in the Rue Charonne, Faubourg St. Antoine, at *Folie-Renaud*, and in several other houses which had been erected into bastiles, until the 6th Thermidor, at which remarkable epoch they were united in the Prison de l'Egalité, the ci-devant College of Plessis.

During six months, we in vain demanded to be brought to trial; in vain did several of us publish memoirs vindicating our character; in vain was the opinion of the public pronounced in our favour. . . . . The Revolutionary Committee of Nantes found it necessary to prevent the discovery of their inroads on the dignity and justice of the republic.

It was well known that this committee had committed crimes of every description, had practised the vilest and most outrageous extortions, had taxed both the lives and the liberty of the citizens,*

* A few days before the departure of the Nantais for Paris,

and had committed acts characterized by the most frightful tyranny; it was therefore natural to suppose, that, as we were the first victims of the counter-revolutionary fury of the committee, they would not reserve for us a better fate than that of so many individuals of all sexes and of all ages, whom they had drowned without trial, and whose corpses were then floating down the Loire.*

Naud, who was at first a merchant, then a bankrupt, and afterwards a commissary of the committee, came to the prison De l'Eperonnière, had seven or eight of us called out in the garden, and there, in the presence of the officer on guard, and a captain of grenadiers of the Nantes legion, addressed us in these terms:—"It is now a contest between the beggars and those who have got something. I recommend you to strain yourself to your utmost. Make sacrifices; time passes quickly on. . . . . They speak of a journey to Paris, and, besides, the adventure of the ninety priests who have just been drowned ought to be a sufficient motive to determine you to act promptly."

Our companions knew how to brave death, rather than purchase their liberty or their lives by a dishonourable action; and, even in their very irons, showed the pride of republicans.

* "At Nantes, ninety priests were waiting for the execution of their sentence of transportation: they were led into a covered boat, with a falling trap in the bottom. They departed and arrived opposite Paimbauf, where they were stripped; their hands were tied behind their backs;—the trap was opened, and they were swallowed up in the waves.

See in note (F.) some affecting details respecting these barbarous executions.

A firm and courageous man was found, who, devoting himself for his country, did not fear to attack the Revolutionary Committee, and to call it to a public account in the discharge of his functions as public accuser. Too many dreadful truths were about to be revealed. . . . . He himself was soon denounced by the wretches whom he accused, and, being brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal, was tied and manacled as a conspirator, and bound hand to hand with one of them.

In the meantime, the day arrived when the funereal veil which enveloped the town of Nantes was at length rent asunder. The blood shed to glut the sanguinary thirst of tyranny cried out for vengeance; the mourning of a thousand desolate families served as an eloquent monument of the crimes of the Revolutionary Committee. It stood accused by the public voice. The Citizens Bourbotte and Bô, representatives of the nation, gave orders for the arrest of the members who composed it, and of some of their agents, the execrable accomplices of all their crimes; they published a strong proclamation, in which they invited the citizens of Nantes to lay before the municipal authorities their complaints, and their declarations against the committee. The Citizen Bô restored to liberty the innocent victims who were still in existence. The partisans and agents of Robespierre dared to calumniate this representative of the people. All true republicans blessed his name,

and his memory will never cease to exist in the hearts of the inhabitants of Nantes.

Under his humane and benevolent rule, the imprisoned Nantais seemed to revive once more to happiness and to liberty. Declarations were heaped upon declarations; they contained important and terrible disclosures, and were received with attention; and the committee was at length ordered to make its appearance before the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris. . . .

*Paris: Maison d'Egalité, formerly the College of Plessis, the 30th Thermidor, the year* ii. *of the French Republic.**

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## INTERESTING DETAILS.

### *A Supplement to the Relation of the Journey of the Hundred and Thirty-two Nantais.*

THE trial of the ninety-four inhabitants of Nantes, the deplorable remains of the hundred and thirty-two victims of the cruelty of the Revolutionary Committee of that city, and their acquittal by the Revo-

* This narrative bears the signature of numerous citizens, fellow sufferers of the author, who were of the highest order of respectability, and who subscribed their testimony of the truth of the details.

lutionary Tribunal of Paris, attracted the attention of all France. Those feeling hearts which have just been moved at the recital of their journey and their sufferings will not read without interest the detail of the cruel anguish and misfortunes which one of them in particular (the Citizen Desbouchauds) was destined to undergo.

This young man was one of the first who enrolled himself, in the month of July, 1789, in the volunteer corps, and afterwards served in the National Guard. The zeal and exactness which he displayed in the performance of his duty constantly secured him the esteem of his commanding officers. The approach of the brigands called Vendeans, upon the town of Nantes, furnished him with a signal opportunity of displaying his courage, and of hatred towards the enemies of liberty. He was engaged in nineteen actions against them. The desire of contributing as much as was in his power to their destruction made him neglect the care of his private interests, and the love of country prevailed over every other consideration.

Four months previous to his arrest, he was on the eve of embarking on board the sloop of war *La Didon*, in the rank of captain-lieutenant; he had received his advance-pay; but, the wind not allowing the vessel to put to sea, he profited by that circumstance to join himself to the republicans, who departed with the intention of forcing the brigands

from the little town of Machecoul, of which they had made themselves masters. He was present at seven engagements in the course of that expedition alone, and shared the glory acquired by his brothers in arms. He returned in a bad state of health to Nantes, where he continued to grow worse every day.

The vessel in which he was to have sailed departed while he was in this situation, and he was forced to refund the money he had received.

Who would not have supposed that, after giving so many proofs of patriotism, after so many fatigues, he would have been allowed to take some repose, and enjoy the general esteem of his fellow-citizens? But, on the contrary, at this very period, so glorious to him, he was subjected to a series of misfortunes, the more cruel as they were by no means merited, and he became the object of the blackest ingratitude.

On the 5th Frimaire, the year two of the republic, at half-past nine in the evening, Desbouchauds came out of a coffee-house, in company with a man named Lucas, his hair-dresser, to whom he had been giving a glass of liquor; as they lived near each other, they directed their way homewards.

When within a few steps of the guard-house, called Mirabeau, Lucas proposed to his companion to enter it, in order to pay their respects to the com-

manding officer on guard. Desbouchauds made no objection, and scarcely was he inside the guard-room than Lucas, who before had always testified the greatest friendship for him, suddenly changed his tone, and, declaring himself to be a commissary of the Revolutionary Committee, ordered the officer on duty to arrest him. A female, who was interested in his fate, hearing of his imprisonment, came to the guard-house in the hope of effecting his release, but in vain. Lucas forbade them to allow her to speak to the prisoner, and exclaimed: "The rascal shall live no longer with her." Two hours after, he had him conducted to the guard-house D'Aigvillon, where he remained until two o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, when Lucas again made his appearance, accompanied by two soldiers, in order to remove him to the prison De l'Eperonnière; he made him get into a carriage, and never ceased loading him with abuse on his way to the prison. On the following day, without having undergone any examination, and without the smallest idea of the motives for his arrest, he made one of the hundred and thirty-two victims sent forward to Paris by the Revolutionary Committee.

The health of Desbouchauds, which was even much altered before he left Nantes, declined so rapidly, that on his arrival at Angers he was put in the infirmary; he at length became so ill, that they were obliged to leave him behind at Blois, to-

gether with three others, who were unable to proceed on the journey.

He was reduced to such a state of weakness and insensibility, that two of his companions died by his side, without his having any knowledge of it.

After twenty-four days of the most acute sufferings, he arrived at Paris, and was lodged in the Conciergerie, where he remained nine days in the most pitiable state. He was very nearly past recovery, his sojourn in an hospital having been the cause of his contracting a new disorder, which required considerable care. He requested to be removed to some place where he might receive the attentions necessary in his situation. The answer he received gave him reason to hope that his request would be granted, till he found himself lodged in the prison of Bicêtre. He was there placed in a hall called Belle-vue, in company with a number of murderers, robbers, and the most abandoned wretches.

He passed six weeks in this frightful den: when he entered the prison, he had a hundred francs; this sum, which, though moderate, would have been of great use to him, was stolen from him, and, when he complained upon the subject, he was abused and beaten.

After some time, he was transferred to another part of the same house. Indeed, such was the misfortune which constantly attended him, that, through

a mere mistake in name, he was put in the *galbanons*, a subterraneous dungeon, where he lay forgotten by all the world. He in vain endeavoured to write, to solicit for better treatment; his letters either did not reach their destiny, or were passed by unheeded. He would have died through despair in this horrible dungeon, had not the determined confidence in his innocence supported him through his sufferings. He remained there for six months, until the 13th Fructidor, when he was drawn from out his dungeon to be examined at the Conciergerie: they did not know what had become of him, and had been two entire days seeking him in the different prisons. It was not until then that he heard that he was accused of favouring the principles of aristocracy, without any proof whatever being brought forward in support of the allegation. He was afterwards removed to the prison D'Egalité, formerly the College of Plessis; and, though still a prisoner, his fate appeared to him so different from that which he had just escaped, that he was so affected with joy, that, for two entire days, he could neither eat, drink, nor sleep.

Being at length acquitted, together with his companions, by the Revolutionary Tribunal, Desbouchauds revived to existence only feel to the ossl of all that was dear to him. He had three brothers: one of them, who had left Nantes in 1791, as sergeant-major in the Nantes battalion, was killed at

Cap-Français; the two others fought in La Vendée, and were murdered by the villain Charette, after he had in vain made every exertion to induce them to enter his party. His brother-in-law, Guilbaud, a major in the National Guard of Machecoul, also lost his life in fighting against the rebels, and six more of his relations had suffered the same fate.

These circumstances fully prove how unfounded the reproach of aristocratic principles, which caused the imprisonment and sufferings of Desbouchauds, had been; and they also served to show, that the pretended revolutionary agents, who affected such exaggerated patriotism, were in reality the enemies of the revolution, since they did everything in their power to strip the town of Nantes of its most zealous defenders, and of those whose courage and valour had more than once proved fatal to the brigands.

As a concluding sketch of the manner in which the unfortunate prisoners from Nantes were treated, we shall relate a fact which has been omitted in the foregoing relation.

At Baugency, the situation of two of the prisoners moved the compassion of the gendarmes who guarded them: these latter had a bed in their apartment, which they allowed the two unhappy men to take advantage of. This act of humanity was displeasing to the officer who commanded the escort, and he forced

them to rise from this hospitable bed in the middle of the night, and ordered one of them to be bound hand and foot like a criminal, and then commanded one of his soldiers to load his piece and shoot him. The soldier, being more humane than his officer, did not hasten to discharge this melancholy duty: the brave Nantais, unmoved at the sight of death, preserved his firmness, and addressed the soldier in a fearless tone, "Fire, I am ready." Whether this courageous conduct inspired the monster with esteem for his intended victim, or that the voice of remorse found its way to his heart, he retracted his orders; but, still proving himself incapable of feeling the effects of a virtuous conscience, he said to the prisoner,—"If you were not guilty, you would not wish for death."

# NARRATION

OF THE

# SUFFERINGS OF THE FRENCH PRIESTS

***Who refused to take the Oaths prescribed by the Revolutionary Laws, and who were consequently banished, in 1794, into the Roads of the Isle of Aix, near Rochefort.***

# NARRRATION,

*&c. &c.*

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In the month of February, 1794, we set out from our department, to the number of forty, in covered waggons, escorted by the National Guards and the gendarmes, and arrived, at the end of eight days, at Rochefort, after having been well and ill received at the different towns on our journey. At some places we were hooted at and threatened, and at others merely received with indifference. We occasionally slept in public-houses, under the eye of our guard, and occasionally in prisons or lock-up houses. At the former place we generally managed to obtain mattresses, hastily stretched out upon the floor, but at the latter nothing but the most filthy straw, filled with vermin.

Two days after Quinquagesima Sunday we alighted about nightfall, at Rochefort, and were immediately shut up in the monastery of the Capuchins, in the former refectory of the monks of that order, with fifteen convicts or galley-slaves, who evinced the utmost desire to form a friendly acquaintance with us; and in this they appeared to think that they

were exercising a great degree of generosity, for there was not one among them who did not consider himself far superior to and more worthy than any of us.

But the place being too confined to contain so many prisoners, with all their luggage and the beds of the galley-slaves, ten of us were removed and sent to St. Maurice, another house of confinement at a considerable distance. From that period we held no further communication with them, till we once again met each other going together, as we were, on board the vessels. It may easily be conceived how afflicting to our hearts, which were already cast down by what we had beheld and suffered, was this painful separation from our dear and respected brethren, with whom hitherto all had been in common, and how gladly we would have exchanged our fifteen galley-slaves for ten confessors of the faith! We did not dare, however, to make the least representation, and, in fact, the sequel showed us how vain, perhaps even dangerous, it would have been.

The first evening, we heard nothing definitive with respect to our fate; we were neither informed how we should pass the night, how long it was intended that we should remain there, nor in what manner we were to subsist in our prison. We weree entirely left to ourselves and to our reflectionss, without straw, without fire, without light; nor am I sure whether we were even furnished

with bread and water. All I perfectly recollect is, that such was the only food which the nation furnished us until our departure for the vessels, which was deferred for about five weeks. It is true, that we were allowed, during that time, to procure food at our own expense; but it was not very easy to do this, as the only messengers who were allowed to approach us were three poor women, wives of artisans, with whom we communicated through a very narrow wicket; and it was no slight task for them to furnish suitable provisions for forty prisoners, the greater part of whom, the banished priests, strictly observed the law of abstinence; for, in addition to the extreme dearness of the meagre articles of food proper for our days of fasting, and of wood for firing, they were also become, owing to a requisition in favour of the troops, dreadfully scarce, so that our purveyors, who purchased from day to day, not having the means of laying in more ample provision, could with difficulty procure a few horse-beans and potatoes for a small portion of our number, and were sometimes unable to cook them for want of wood, whence it often happened, that we were uncertain at mid-day, the hour when we usually broke our fast, whether we should have anything else for dinner than our coarse and ill-baked bread, and our well-water.

We were, however, better fed than lodged. We slept for several nights as well as we could, some

upon the dining-table, or upon the benches which were around the place so improperly called *refectory;* others on the bare floor, with their cloaks only covering them. At length, however, we were furnished with a few mattresses and blankets, without any sheets; but the supply was very scanty for our number, and the articles were disgustingly filthy.* Thus we lay, two and two, or three and three, at the foot of the beds of the galley-slaves; for these worthy people had each a bed, while we were forced to stretch ourselves on the floor!

But this was the least of our troubles. What caused us much more mortification was the vermin which swarmed around us; and still more were we annoyed by listening to the oaths of our abandoned companions, by witnessing their irreligion, their rage for gaming, and their dreadful quarrels; by feeling a constant mistrust of them when we wished to pray or speak openly to each other; by scarcely daring to open our portmanteaus before them, for

* I was one of three who slept on one of these national mattresses, the sight of which alone excited a rising at the stomach. It will perhaps be asked how three individuals, two of whom were of a tolerable bulk, could find room upon the same mattress? Would to Heaven that in the end we had had one for four of us! We had placed this crosswise, and lay from side to side, by the advice of a galley-slave, who very judiciously remarked to us, that it signified little if our legs rested on the ground, provided our back was supported by something less hard.—*Note of the Author.*

fear of exciting their cupidity, which was visibly depicted in their longing eyes, whenever we inspected our baggage; and, indeed, by being constrained to live habitually and familiarly with men who were all, according to their own account, *actual saints*, while, by the report of their comrades, they were no less than robbers and assassins.* In fact, the new laws, favourable as they were to all the criminals of the *ancien regime*, could not absolve these individuals; for, though freed from chains, they were condemned to transportation.

We were further greatly distressed by the wretched uncertainty in which they left us of our future fate; by seeing the number of our companions in misfortune daily increase in such a limited spot, without our being able to form any conjecture as to the result of this alarming augmentation of prisoners;†

* It cannot be doubted that some of our worthy messmates at least merited the former of these titles, for they committed many robberies in this prison during our stay; one, amongst others, of considerable magnitude. The truth of the affair was, that they did us the favour to place it to our account, and that we were more severely punished for it, as will be seen further on.

† It had been deemed, at first, that more than forty-five could not live in this confined space; but in the end there were upwards of sixty prisoners, as far as I can recollect, shut up in it; and observe that, amongst these, there were, besides the above-mentioned convicts, several well-known patriots, accused, doubtlessly most wrongfully, of hatred to the country, priests who had taken the oath to the nation, and Jews.—*Note of the Author.*

and by the dreadful want of pure air, and the not less dreadful want of exercise, which necessarily followed this constant increase in numbers.* We were likewise tormented not a little by seeing ourselves the perpetual sport of the grave commissaries of the constituted authorities, who regularly came two or three times a week, aping humanity, and apparently compassionating our fate, and who always found some dupe amongst us, or some indiscreet individuals, although they treated all our requests as nothing, and never replied to a single one of the petitions, which they had themselves suggested to us.

Another vexation, not less cutting, was, to see ourselves, contrary to all law, shamefully searched, stripped, and pilfered, as if we were upon the highway, by a band of municipal mandarins and bedizened scaramouches. The circumstance occurred a few days before we departed for the vessels, in the following manner. The robbery had no doubt been

* How was it possible to walk in a small hall, incumbered by fifteen beds and all our baggage? Whenever we wished to do it, along the only narrow passage which the room afforded, besides the inconvenience of elbowing each other every moment, we were immediately almost choked with dust. We had, it is true, a look out into a tolerably fine garden of the monastery, but we were not allowed to enter it; and how painful did we feel this privation, particularly when we saw the other prisoners, who were confined under the same roof, promenade freely in it, although, in the estimation of the patriots, they were so guilty, that, from time to time, some of them were taken away to be led to the scaffold. —*Note of the Author.*

in contemplation for some time; but the perpetrators wished, I know not exactly for what reason, some pretext for executing it. One of the laity, who was imprisoned with us, furnished this pretext without being aware of it himself. Some one had stolen from beneath his pillow, during the night, a considerable sum, as I have already intimated in a preceding note. He had the imprudence to solicit the constituted authorities to make a search, which could produce no good effect to himself, and would be replete with unpleasant consequences to all the other prisoners. The municipality, delighted with the idea of having found the pretext for which they had long been seeking, immediately hastened to the Capuchins. They intimated that the most severe and scrupulous examination would take place; and God knows how rigidly they kept their word to us! They began with us, for suspicion, in their judgment, much more naturally fell upon us than upon the galley-slaves: for which purpose they made us pass, one after another, each loaded with all his baggage, into an adjoining hall, where were gravely seated several *soi-disant* magistrates, much more skilful at a *coup-de-main* than at an address, and more dexterous in unlocking a portmanteau than in composing an harangue. The extent of their knowledge may be judged of by the following fact: I had placed in a safe spot, in quitting our hall to go and be searched, all my religious books, and in particular a small *Imitation of Jesus*, well concealed in

a bunch of radishes; for such were the apparently ridiculous, but indispensable expedients, to which it was necessary to have recourse, in order to prevent the most horrible profanations. I had not, however, thought it worth while to take the same precaution for books which were purely profane. Amongst others, I had in my valise the *Colloquies of Erasmus*, the elegant, although modern, Latin of which I greatly admire. They appeared to wish to seize this book, when I represented that it was the *Colloquies of Erasmus;* yet, fearing that the learned and devout magistrates might take it for the *Colloquies of Calvary*, or for some other monastic book, I opened it (for I charitably imagined there were some present who knew how to read it), and I showed them the title in large characters, *Colloquia Erasmi*. I made a mistake—it was Latin, and more was not necessary to render the work suspicious; for, as may well be supposed, Latin for these people was Arabic, Syro-Chaldaic. A Latin book could be nothing else than a book of devotion. Had it been the *Praise of Madness* of the same Erasmus, or the *Art of Love* of Ovid, they would equally have considered it a book of devotion. "But, gentlemen, I entreat you as a favour! . . . . These are the Colloquies of Erasmus, I tell you."—"And what know we about thy Erasmus? Was he a good patriot?"—"Alas! I do not know. All I can inform you about him is, that he was a Dutchman, and that he has been dead more than two centuries. All I know

is, that his book is very well written, and that it has become a classical book."—"A classical book! We have never had anything to do with classics." There was no occasion for them to tell me this. "But," I pursued, "I assure you, gentlemen, this is a book completely foreign to religion, a book purely profane." . . . . All was in vain: it was neither the *Hymn of the Marseillese* nor *Father Duchêne*: I was obliged to submit to the sacrifice of my poor Erasmus, and, what was worse still, of a small *portable atlas*, which I regretted yet more, and which they did not at all comprehend; but they doubtlessly took the geographical maps for counter-revolutionary signs, or else it entered into their plan to deprive us of all which could in the slightest degree alleviate our anxieties, and make us forget for a moment our sufferings.

I succeeded, however, in saving from these sacrilegious wretches a religious object, to which I attached a much higher importance than to books of mere amusement. It was a box of holy oils, which proved a valuable resource to us on board the vessels, and procured to a number of my brethren the sweet consolation of receiving the unction of the dying. This box was of pewter, made in the shape of a perfuming-pot. I thought it desirable, in order to deceive our impious examiners, to make them believe, without violating the truth, that in reality it was one. After having covered the holy oil in the inside with a small plate, which fitted in exactly, I

concealed this plate, which left a hollow space, with a light coating of white soap, on which I poured a few drops of scented water. "What hast thou there?" said the first into whose hands this precious box fell, after it was taken out of my pocket; for they made us exhibit strictly all that we had on our persons. "Smell," I answered him; whereupon he opened it, carried it up to his nose, and placed it upon the bureau, thinking, in fact, that it was a box of perfumery. I considered it safe, and was already congratulating myself upon the occasion. Such, however, was not the case. A second took it up, and likewise smelled at it, inquiring, "What has he there?" Most luckily, he was also deceived, and, deposited the box in the same manner; but this time I seized upon it, and did not wait till a third should judge it by his olfactory nerves. Had I used further delay, probably I might never more have been able to lay my hands upon it.

Happy were those who could save from their patriotic cupidity and their sacrilegious rapacity, either objects of religion, valuable effects, or a few assignats or pieces of money! They robbed us, in the name of the nation, of all of this description which they could lay their hands upon, and did not even leave us our cloaks. I do not expatiate on their deceitful promises to restore us our effects, or their alarming menaces to extort from us those which they could not discover, or of their sacrilegious rail-

leries and their horrible blasphemies, which were infinitely more shocking to us than all their threats. . . . . This diverting operation (diverting to them, but most galling to us) lasted from eleven o'clock in the morning till eight or nine in the evening. Our swindling examiners then went, merely for form's sake, for a few moments into the hall that we had quitted, feigning only to question the galley-slaves and other prisoners, but abstaining from touching anything that belonged to them. They employed less time in this pretended visit than they had occupied in plundering a single one of us, so indifferent were they about the discovery of the true authors of the robbery, and the restoration of the stolen assignats! In fact, they had that object so little in view, that they did not even ask us, as we passed in review before them, whether we had taken the assignats: they knew full well that we had had no hand in the robbery; but they merely inquired whether we had any gold, silver, assignats, watches, &c. belonging to us. I mistake, however, for they took the true means of finding again the sum which had been stolen, supposing, for the sake of argument, that we were possessors of it, by taking from us everything that we had in our possession. It is clear that they would find more than an equivalent in the sum total which they got hold of. What worthy protectors of the fortunes of others are those who thus steal for their own advantage! and what admirable

agents for procuring the restitution of three or four hundred livres which had been secretly purloined, are those who publicly and openly swindle the unprotected out of twenty-five or thirty thousand!

But what pierced our hearts and afflicted our souls more deeply than any other evil treatment, was to behold ourselves stripped of our breviaries and our books of piety, the sole resource and consolation that had been left us in our sufferings. This robbery took place some time before the search of which I have just been speaking. One afternoon, we heard the heavy bolts of our prison creaking in their wards, and immediately we saw enter, escorted by a party of soldiers with the bayonets at the end of their muskets, a sort of lackey, who, in a despotic tone, and with threatening air and words, demanded all our books of devotion, without exception, and instantly seized the breviary of one of us, who, at the moment, was peaceably reciting the divine office in a retired corner.

Terrified and shuddering, each hastened, although with deep regret, to obey this arbitrary and tyrannical order. In a moment, then, were we deprived of that precious collection of ascetic productions, of books of devotion, and of elementary works of religion, which each had made with so much care, and on which were founded so many zealous projects for our own sanctification, and for the sanctification of the barbarians to whom we had hoped to bear the light

of faith on the coasts of Africa. The reader may readily judge how severely the blow was felt, and how deserted—I had almost said completely cast down—we found ourselves, when we saw ourselves deprived, without a hope of restitution, of the dearest of our possessions, for the preservation of which we would willingly have sacrificed a part of our blood! Happily I succeeded in saving, without its being perceived, all my books of piety, and in particular a complete breviary, which I concealed in a small room belonging to our prison, which was employed for far different purposes than as a receptacle for books. This precious breviary, the only one that we had among thirty priests, until the arrival of some colleagues from another department, was of singular utility to us. There was an emulation amongst us who should have it, and scarcely could I make use of it myself; and, even to succeed in using it at all, the utmost precautions were to be employed. It became necessary to recite it secretly, most generally behind the narrow curtains of a small canopy-bed belonging to a prisoner, M. de St. A . . . . of Saintes, one of the laity, it is true, but good, obliging, and, above all, full of piety, whose society we exceedingly regretted when we departed for the vessels. We feigned to go and repose under the curtains of his bed when we wished to read or pray, for fear of being perceived by the convicts, who would have infallibly provoked a fresh search by their denunciations.

It was not in Africa that Heaven demanded our services; the Almighty was pleased to disconcert projects, which, in appearance, were most laudable, and he insensibly disposed us, by the forced sacrifice of all that did not immediately relate to our own souls, to offer him voluntarily the sacrifice of our life. Each of us was already determined to it in his own mind. It is not the less certain, however, that our situation, viewed in a natural point, was most pitiable. We felt it more severely each day; each day we were more anxious for some change in our fate; and since it was decided that we were to go into Africa,—"Why," we daily exclaimed, "are we not quickly transported? Either we are ill acquainted with mankind, or the savages of Africa will be less barbarous and cruel than the pretended Frenchmen in the midst of whom we live." But, alas! we knew not what we asked. This was but the commencement of our evils, and a feeble sample of the various miseries that we were about to endure. We might have foreseen them, had we been less blinded by the desire of a change of whatever kind, considering the abrupt and inhuman manner in which we were obliged to remove to the vessel which was to serve as a grave to most of us.

About half-past eleven in the morning, or from that to twelve (this was during Lent, and we had not yet broken our fast), we were informed that it was necessary to set out immediately; and, giving

us but a moment to collect our little baggage, our tormentors made us set out, one after another, with our bundles and portmanteaus upon our backs. After having ranged us in two lines, the National Guard precipitately conducted us through a great part of the city, in the midst of the usual hootings,*

* The quotations which we shall make between commas will be extracted from a memoir on the sufferings of the transported priests. The following is a most dramatic piece, analogous to the above passage:—

"The ecclesiastics of the department of the Allier, to the number of eighty, at the head of whom was M. Imbert, ex-jesuit and apostolic vicar of the diocese of Moulins, arrived at Limoges. On reaching that place, they found at the gates of the city an immense multitude, whom curiosity had drawn together to witness a sight of a new description. This was a vast quantity of asses and goats clothed in sacerdotal habits; which advanced in a long line, and an enormous hog, clad in pontifical ornaments, closed the march. A mitre fixed on the head of the last-mentioned animal bore this inscription: '*The Pope.*' He who presided at, and had invented, this impious fête, made the carts which conveyed the ecclesiastics stop, ordered these venerable men to alight, and placed them two and two in the ranks with the animals. The sacrilegious procession in that manner entered the city. When it arrived at the principal square, it was ranged in a circle round the scaffold, on which was placed the instrument of death called the guillotine. The circle then opened to give way to the gendarmes, who led forward a priest who had refused to take the revolutionary oath, whom the Revolutionary Tribunal had just condemned to lose his head on the scaffold. The execution took place forthwith, and the executioner afterwards displayed to the people the head he had just severed, and said: '*The scoundrels*

to the extremity of the port. The passage was long and painful. We were fasting, and had not been accustomed to walk since our imprisonment commenced; and we had never been in the habit of bearing such a considerable weight as was imposed upon us. Most of us were quite out of breath, and ready to sink under our burdens; but how could we gain relief, but at the risk of sacrificing our little property?* For, though we all wished to get some

*whom you see here deserve to be treated like him whom I have just executed: with which do you wish me to commence?'* The people exclaimed in reply: *'With whichever thou wishest.'* However, after the multitude had tasted the pleasure of terrifying them by the fear of an approaching death, they were conducted to prison to pass the night there. Thus terminated the day which appeared to them likely to be the last of their journey and their life. The cruel sport which was exercised towards them was confined to derision and terror."—*Note of the Editors.*

* I was on the point of sacrificing mine, for I was almost dying from fatigue, Fortunately I met with a young man, either more humane or more greedy of gain than the rest. As I was running along, I suffered my portmanteau to fall upon his shoulders, and he instantly disappeared, although I earnestly entreated him not to remove from my side. Judge how uneasy I felt, not knowing who he was. I had no means of redress, even had he wished to take possession of my things, which were all I had to carry with me to the coasts of Africa, whither we imagined we were bound. He could easily, without any risk, play me this cruel trick; but he was faithful and honest, and I found him at the port, which he had reached before me. He restored to me all my luggage, and I endeavoured to show that I was grateful.—*Note of the Author.*

artisan or porter to take charge of them for a given price, yet we did not meet a sufficient number of them on our road who would do it, as most of them refused our proposals, and when they consented we were hardly allowed time to unload ourselves; and even if we felt inclined to relieve ourselves ever so little, by placing our bundles in a different position upon our backs, our conductors brutally called out to us *advance! advance!* as we deranged the ranks, and delayed the march. We were obliged, therefore, to hurry on, at the risk of falling under our loads like beasts of burden.

At length, however, we arrived, harassed and out of breadth, at the extremity of the port of Rochefort; and, after having made us wait there for some time in the open air, either for the sailors or for the National Guards who were to escort us, we were embarked on board a sloop, which took us, at some distance off, to the vessel called *Les Deux Associés*.

There it was that we had full leisure to regret our prison of Rochefort, and to awake from the flattering hopes in which we had till then indulged ourselves. From that moment we were, to use the energetic and pious expression of one amongst us, *the most unhappy of mankind, and the most happy of Christians*. Let the reader picture to himself every kind of physical and moral pains and sufferings which can assail rational and religious beings (excepting

only remorse of conscience), and he will form an idea of our miseries, as accurate as it is possible to conceive for one who has not experienced them.

I place in the first rank, among our moral sufferings, the impossibility of being able freely, I do not say to exercise our worship, but even to address our prayers openly to the author of our being; to prostrate ourselves in his presence, and to furnish ourselves with the consoling sign of the Christian; the dread of moving our lips for fear of drawing down upon us dreadful menaces, and of occasioning horrible blasphemies; or of having any book which might draw us closer to God, any pious image, any object or external sign of religion; and the necessity, moreover, of living amongst men the most impious, the most depraved, and the most hardened in every kind of vice that ever existed.* In that weakness of our reason caused by the want of all exercise and by the excess of our sufferings, we have been able to sustain our minds for more than a year, in the midst of the variety of miseries which weighed us down, only by remembering that *this is the patience and the faith of the saints* (Apoc. 13, 10); *by casting our eyes upon Jesus, the author and rewarder of our faith* (Heb. 12); by having recourse

* Vide Appendix (G), containing interesting details on the reception given to the emigrant priests at the moment of their embarkation.—*Note of the Editors.*

to his all-powerful grace; by recalling to our minds, from time to time, the great motives of religion which determined our first sacrifice, and by contemplating its future recompense.

But how easily might the precious remains of faith have been extinguished in our own hearts, surrounded as we were by people who had neither faith nor law, who appeared not even to know why they were in the world, and affected not to believe in anything, absolutely in anything, not even in the existence of a God; of people who had nothing but blasphemies and horrid imprecations continually in their mouths, and whose favourite oath, which the youngest cabin-boy, as well as the oldest sailor, thundered in our ears a thousand times in the day, was the *sacred name* of the thrice-holy God; of people, in a word, who were real idolaters, recognising in practice no other divinity than their country; having no vestige of worship, unless that may be called worship which consisted in assembling twice a day before their meals to sing in common (and with what sacrilegious enthusiasm) the patriotic hymn so well known under the name of *the Hymn of the Marseillese*, which they dared to entitle a *prayer*; for thus it was that they all called it, without appearing to suspect that it could be denominated anything else: and they had in fact, in order to efface the least traces of Christianity, substituted it for the ancient formula of Christian prayers which

were regularly performed in the navy before the revolution!

From the moment that I set my foot on board this unfortunate vessel, I knew, by the following fact, into what an impious Babylon Providence had permitted me to be thrown. As they made us go down one by one into the hold of the ship, searching us beforehand, in order to take away our canes, knives, scissors, and all similar articles, for fear, no doubt, that we might use them to assassinate the crew, as well as all instruments and objects relating to religion, lest we should convert the mariners, and spread fanaticism amongst them, they took from the valise of a Carthusian friar, who was a *little* too confiding, and who descended just before I went below, a magnificent ivory image of Christ. I leave the reader to fancy the atrocious joy which the discovery created. What sacrilegious railleries, and what abominable blasphemies, were indulged! . . . . Let him picture to himself a pack of furious dogs: it is the expression of the Holy Scripture when it prophetically portrays the impious wretches who put to death him of which this was the image. *Circumdederunt me canes multi, consilium malignantium obsedit me*,—Ps. 21, 17. Immediately, an officer, a worthy rival of the ancient deicides, taking his sabre with one hand, and with the other supporting the Christ upon a log of wood, with one stroke of his weapon he made the head fly off, doubtlessly believing

that he should get rid of the Divinity, because he destroyed the image of the incarnate God. The wretches around him instantly set up a loud shout, threw up their hats as if it was a bloody execution, and exclaimed, "*Long live the nation! long live the republic!*" Alas! of what is not the apostate Christian capable!

It was no light pain to us to have as companions and to live in every respect in common with persons of principles so diametrically opposite to our own as those numerous priests who had taken the revolutionary oath, or were illegally chosen, apostates from their religion, informers, or violators of the law of celibacy, who were amongst us, frequently without our knowing them, and who busily made their court to the officers at our expense; that is to say, by denouncing us, with the hope of either securing their liberty, or experiencing some alleviation to the hardships of their situation; not to speak of our own colleagues, who were either imprudent, or indiscreet, or too credulous, and who frequently compromised us most injudiciously, without actually having the intention of doing so.

It will, perhaps, be matter of wonder, that the faithless priests to whom I have alluded were transported, since they had the guilty weakness to lend themselves to all that was required of them. But they were accused of having committed, in their departments, some acts of disaffection to the country, and

were therefore banished, and that these self-deluded men did not change when they saw themselves thus treated; but it is the nature of the heart of man, that his pride induces him to persist in false conduct, and that one abyss conducts to another; and what I advance is not contrary to what occurred: namely, that these unfortunate beings, so obstinate in evil and so foolishly intrepid, while they preserved a ray of hope that they should escape from death, completely changed their language, and became quite supple and tractable, when they felt themselves attacked by sickness. It was not then necessary to exhort them to retract, for they sufficiently anticipated us. . . . . But what can be thought of these tardy conversions, which are almost always produced by a servile fear, not by a love and preference for God, and which are too often accompanied by a secret despair of pardon, God alone can pronounce. We know that the impious Antiochus acknowledged and confessed his crimes at the period of his death, yet what do the Holy Scriptures say of him? "*Orabat hic scelestus Dominum, à quo non esset misericordiam consecuturus:*" This wicked man implored pardon of the Lord, but mercy was not granted unto him. "*Qui habet aures audiendi, audiat.*" . . . . These recantations of our constitutional priests, which were, according to the expression of a father of the church (St. Basil), the fruit of an attack of fever, remind me of an excellent passage of Montaigne, which is, indeed,

aimed principally at the atheists, but which may apply to all those cameleons, so common in our days, who change their religious opinions as they change their clothes, and whose belief is always, as is reasonable enough, subordinate to their interest or to their other passions:—"If they are *sufficiently mad*, they are not *sufficiently courageous*, to plant and nourish it (atheism) in their conscience. They will not fail to raise their hands towards Heaven, if they feel the point of the sword at their bosom; and, when *fear* or sickness have lessened their licentious fervour of disposition, they will straightway recover from their apostacy, and suffer their opinions discreetly to give way to the public belief. . . . Miserable and irrational beings, *who endeavour to be worse than they can be!*" . . . . He had before observed, "Behold the horrible imprudence with which we bandy about divine reasons, and how irregularly we have rejected and resumed them, *according as fortune changed our place in these public storms!* . . . We are Christians by the same title as we are *Perigourdines or Germans*. . . . . *What faith must that be which cowardice and weakness of heart plant and establish in us?*—That is a wretched faith which is believed only because its professors have not the courage to disbelieve! . . . . . If we were attached to God by the intervention of a lively faith, if we had a divine footing and foundation, *human occasions would not have the power to*

*shake us.* Our fort would not then yield to so feeble a battery. The love of novelty, *constraint, the fortune of a party*, would not have influence enough to shake or change our belief. . . . . It is the system of mortal and human religions to be received by human conduct."

I have not been able to resist my inclination to quote these various passages, which may be found more at length, in the 2d Book of Essays, chap. 12. I wish the persons whom these words regard would profit by this short and unstudied admonition of a man of genius, who was anything but a devotee. It is indeed humiliating for all those, who, in these latter times, have had the baseness to betray their religion, to receive lessons of firmness and constancy in their faith from Montaigne.

To return from my digression, I do not make mention of the other spies of every kind, cabin-boys, soldiers, sailors, and officers, in the midst of whom we lived, and whom we found by our side at moments when we least expected it, without a possibility, unless we were continually on the watch, of perceiving them amongst an immense crowd of people closely squeezed and pressed together, most of whom did not know each other. Woe to him who was not upon his guard! The least word, the slightest gesture, was taken up; the most innocent conversation was perverted and poisoned. Many of us were put in irons for the most harmless observations,

uttered without any evil intention, and falsely exaggerated or malignantly misinterpreted!

It was to one of these false reports that one of my companions owed the violent death which was inflicted on him. The circumstance thus passed:—It was Sunday morning; the weather was gloomy and alarming, with rain and a high wind. The manner of our officers was threatening, and their looks savage, and all alike contributed to excite uneasy sensations, and to inspire our souls with the deepest melancholy. We knew that one of our brethren was in irons for some imprudent language, but were not uneasy about him, as the same thing frequently occurred! . . . . A little after dinner, we were ordered to go below, doubtlessly because we crowded the deck and encumbered the gangways. Scarcely had half of the transported priests descended into the hold, when those who were not yet gone down were ordered to remain, without any reason being given for these contradictory orders to those above or below. I was one of those who had first gone down, and I patiently waited in my place the result of the extraordinary bustle which there was in the vessel. I lodged just underneath the part of the ship which belonged to the crew.* In the midst

* To separate the transports from the crew, there had been a partition of planks constructed on the deck. At the two extremities of this partition, two low and narrow doors had been made:

of the murmurs made in our dungeon by about two hundred men, who spoke all at once, each uttering his own conjectures, I distinctly heard over my head an unusual noise of fire-arms, which were moving about, and appeared to be loading. An unaccountable presentiment of the fate which awaited our unfortunate colleague made my very soul shudder. I intimated my apprehensions to those who were nearest to me, but they laughed at my alarms. Their coolness restored me a little to myself, and I indulged the idea that they would not inflict the punishment of death upon R . . . ., but perhaps would consign him to something worse than chains. As I was reflecting upon it, endeavouring to fancy what the punishment might probably be, we all at once heard, from the deck of the other end of the vessel, a noise similar to that of a cannon-shot, or of several musket-shots fired at the same moment. Those of my colleagues who were the most confident then began to fear for the unfortunate R . . . ., and I had no doubt whatever but that he had perished. In fact, a moment after, my nearest lodging-companion, who

at each of these doors, within that part of the deck allotted for the priests, a soldier was always placed as a sentinel, armed with his musket and bayonet, with a sabre, and a double pair of pistols. Along the partition were six openings, through which were pointed six cannons, and these large guns were loaded with grape-shot, and directed towards the place destined for the accommodation of the ecclesiastics.—*Note of the Editors.*

had remained on deck, arrived, and exclaimed in accents of deep dejection, "*Pray to God for the unfortunate R . . . . ; he is no more : they have just shot him in my presence.*" At these words, I leave the reader to imagine the consternation and gloomy silence which in a moment spread amongst us. Never in my life did I pass a quarter of an hour so terribly. I shall bless divine Providence the rest of my days for not having permitted me to be a witness of this horrible execution, the principal circumstances of which I learnt from the report of those of my colleagues who had been present at it.

Some wretch amongst the crew had accused the unfortunate R . . . . of having said: "*This crew is not so formidable ; if there were only two hundred men like myself, we could easily subdue them.*" I am ignorant whether this language had really been held ; but, even admitting that it had, it is evident that it did not merit death. It was doubtlessly imprudent, supposing there had been no exaggeration ; but ought a man to perish for imprudent language? The laws which had been read to us, at the time of our arrival on board the vessel, did not decree the punishment of death, even for the crime of revolt itself, except in case of a second offence : yet the observation that had been denounced only expressed the possibility of success in a revolt, if there had been a design of attempting one, and by no means implied the existence of a design. And, indeed, our

ideas and our schemes, if we ever formed any at all, were far from tending to such a point, and R . . . , in particular was perhaps one of the least enterprising amongst us. However that may be, upon this real or fictitious discourse, he was immediately put in irons; a military jury was assembled; and, without confronting the accused with the denunciator, without giving him the liberty to defend himself, without even calling upon him to appear, he was condemned to death. His sentence was immediately announced to him, three quarters of an hour only being given to him to prepare, and to reveal the accomplices of this pretended revolt. Of course, it was impossible for him to reveal what did not exist, and he therefore declared at once, and persisted in the declaration at the end of the allotted three quarters of an hour, that he had no accomplices, and that he had never had the most remote idea of revolting: he acknowledged that he had used imprudent language, and entreated pardon for it; he implored a remission of his sentence, protesting that, if it were granted, he would be more circumspect in future; but all was in vain. He then limited his request to a permission that he might confess; but they had the barbarity to refuse him even that favour. He was dragged to punishment through the midst of his brethren, who were forbidden, under pain of death, to solicit his pardon. On his arrival on deck, at the place of execution, he was placed upon his knees, and tied to a post, with his face turned

towards his executioners, who aimed at him with their pieces almost touching him. The tormentors had not even adopted the precaution which humanity prescribes in similar cases, of bandaging his eyes; and, after the lapse of an interval sufficiently long to make him endure a horrid foretaste of such a death, his skull was shattered to atoms by twenty balls fired off at the same moment.

His death was most edifying, and such as we had reason to expect from a confessor of the faith. He displayed at that critical moment, and maintained to the last, a firm and courageous character, which few persons had till then given him credit for; and, above all, he manifested the most profound sentiments of religion. He entreated us to pardon him for the bad example of edification which he might have given us, and assured us, that he heartily forgave those who unjustly made him suffer. He received the fatal blow with protestations of innocence upon his lips.

This horrible assassination of one of our brethren, the fruit, as it has been seen, of a malignant denunciation, was in truth the most crying instance of injustice that we experienced; but it was by no means the only one. If we happened to have any discussion with the sailors, or other individuals of the crew, no matter how evident our right appeared, we were well assured that we should be pronounced to be in the wrong; and whenever we wished to

make a representation, just and reasonable though it might be, we knew beforehand, that not only it would not be favourably received, but that it would draw down upon our heads the degrading epithets of meddlers, seditious dogs, &c. and that, far from alleviating our sufferings, it would but aggravate them, and render our chains more heavy.

The following fact, amongst others, will prove it. Some of my brethren had an idea of presenting a certain petition to the district of Rochefort. They communicated their intention to the captain, who not only gave them his permission, but urged them to it, and suggested the main points of the petition. When it was drawn out, they got it signed by a priest of each department, authorised by his brethren to do it in their name; and they then immediately took it to the captain, in order that he might read and despatch it. But what was their astonishment at the reception they met with! The captain broke out into a furious passion, pretending that they endangered his safety by preparing petitions, and ordered that all those who had signed, to the number I believe of about fourteen, should be put in chains. This iniquitous order was instantly executed, and the fourteen petitioners were chained together in a line by the hand. This, as may readily be conceived, completely cooled the desire for petitioning, and deprived several of the use of one hand, who were no longer able to write their names.

Thus, become wise at our own expense, we at length formed the resolution of making no further demand or representation of any kind. This was, doubtlessly, the most prudent course; but how painful for upright and honest hearts is a perpetual denial of justice, an invincible obstinacy on the part of those on whom one depends, not to listen to any remonstrances, and to refuse attention to the most reasonable demands, suggested by the most pressing necessity! I confess that nothing ever disgusted me so completely, as that long tissue of oppression, or rather that continual and iniquitous injustice, which characterized the first five or six months of our captivity; and that nothing less was necessary than the great motives of Christianity, which inculcate pardon for injuries, in order to prevent us from invoking divine justice against our persecutors, and from entreating Heaven, in the language of David, but with sentiments less pure than his: "*Treat them according to their works, and according to the malice of their designs. Render them according to the works of their hands: render to them what they merit.*"—Ps. 27, 4.

And what greater injustice even, what more galling vexation, could there be than the frequent searches to which we were exposed! We were subjected, on the part of our gaolers, to at least six or seven, either partial or general, during the space of ten months; and some of them so severe, and

attended by circumstances so humiliating, and so shocking to every sentiment of modesty, that the very recollection of them excited our shame. The robbers of Rochefort were novices in the art of rifling, compared with these. Their brutal cupidity respected nothing; and the richest prizes,* far from gratifying it, served but to excite and inflame it more and more. They were never satisfied, as long as they suspected that any of us had the least article of value, or the smallest sum of money, in his possession. A search, however rigid it might be, was always the presage of another at no great distance of time; and, if we had the good fortune, by our dexterity, at the risk of very severe punishment, to conceal from the knowledge of our inquisitors, a book of piety, or some object of devotion, the least amount in assignats, or a small sum in coin, we were obliged to be upon our guard again a few weeks afterwards. Fresh uneasiness was to be endured, new expedients to be contrived, and new dangers to run, and most generally to no effect; so that most of us preferred yielding with a good grace, and sacrificing, at first, all which religion rendered most dear to them, to the alternative of being constantly in a state of apprehension, and of struggling perpe-

* Certain it is, that they did make such prizes; for, of nearly four hundred that we were, almost all had brought from home rich baggage and considerable sums of money. Yet very few escaped being pilfered, as at Rochefort.—*Note of the Author.*

tually against the obstinate avidity of the insatiable blood-suckers.*

I may add, that all means appeared good to them, so that they gained their ends. The facts I shall relate furnish abundant proof of the truth of this remark. A few days after our arrival (we were still full of confidence), hopes were held out to us, that we were going to weigh anchor forthwith, and set sail for our destination. In consequence, it was suggested to us only to take, in our night bags, what was absolutely necessary for our voyage, which it was supposed would last three weeks or a month; namely, two or three shirts, a single coat, and in the same proportion of other things; and to put our more valuable things in our portmanteaus, which, they told us, should be placed altogether in a store-

* M. Leclerc, curé of the diocese of St. Brieux, had saved from the pillage an Indian pocket-handkerchief, one corner of which was knotted, and contained twenty-five louis. When he was just about to dress himself again, a sailor perceived the handkerchief, and tore it from him, exclaiming: "*Ah, rascal, darest thou wrong the nation of this handkerchief?*" Having untied it, he found the gold concealed in the knot, and took all to the captain. The latter immediately ordered the worthy priest to be put into irons, as being guilty of having wished to rob the nation. M. Leclerc, still naked, passed twenty-four hours chained on the deck of the vessel.—*Extract from a Memoir on the Transported Priests.*

room, to be delivered to us whenever we should want them. No sooner said than done. Each of us hastened to dress himself for the voyage, to make a small packet for his indispensable wants, and to put his best effects in his portmanteau. But how were we annoyed and surprised, when, two or three days after, we saw all our portmanteaus sent on shore at one time to Rochefort, after which we never saw them!

However, our honest gaolers, not having found in these portmanteaus what they were most anxious about,—I mean our purses and our pocket-books, which most of us had had the precaution to keep upon our persons, soon thought of a new expedient for carrying off the rich prey, which, contrary to their expectations, had hitherto escaped them. They again spread the report among us, and induced the crew secretly to rumour through the vessel, that we were to depart in a few days for the coasts of Africa; for which purpose each of us would have to make purchases of the articles necessary for the voyage. But, as we were not allowed to go to Rochefort to execute our own commissions, they generously offered to make us all the purchases that we might require, on our advancing, as was perfectly just, the requisite funds; for, according to their own report, we might perfectly rely upon their probity. In consequence, they drew up a list of the things that

we wished bought, and took an account of the sums that we deposited for the purpose. How credulous are upright and honest hearts, particularly when they are occupied by ardent wishes! Most of us were a second time caught in the snare. We deposited considerable sums, and were requested to sign our various commissions quite in a formal style; but there the matter rested, for no purchases were made, and our money was kept by the dishonourable wretches. There was indeed no intention that we should depart for Africa, but for a much longer voyage; and these people, who knew it well, enjoyed our successors in anticipation, calculating that, in a little time, they should see them arrive.

We did not even escape this roguery; for, after, the wickedness and impudence of these individuals continually increased in proportion to their success. One act of rascality or tyranny successfully performed only emboldened them to attempt another still more daring the following day; and this is perfectly in accordance with the nature of the human heart. No one goes to extremes on a sudden, was observed, a long time since, by a father of the church, who knew it well: *Nemo fit de repente summas.*

A short time, therefore, after this shameful instance of dishonesty, our greedy officers, edged on by their former success, and suspecting that we still had money, authoritatively commanded a general

the public mind, which people had scarcely dared to hope for, and when our approaching liberty was announced on all sides, we underwent examinations and searches more rigorous than any we had before experienced. We had no reason to expect them, then, and consequently each had endeavoured to repair his losses in the best manner he could, and had made himself a little stock, from the things left by our deceased brethren, in order to defend himself against the rigours of the approaching winter. But the arrangement produced no benefit, at least to us. It turned out in the end, that we had only been working for the advantage of the sailors of the *Washington*, the vessel into which we were then transferred.* I say of the sailors; for, upon this

* I must render justice to the captain of the *Deux Associés* and to his lieutanant. They would not have treated us in such a manner; they had in some degree followed the general impulse, and were then beginning to show some humanity to those of our brethren who remained on board their vessel. It is gratifying to me, after having freely mentioned what I had to lay to their charge, to be able to render them less unfavourable testimony.

I owe, however, a much more honourable testimony to the captain of the *Indien*: we were on board the vessel of this worthy man for several months, and, during all that time, we had to congratulate ourselves on having been placed under his care. We could not have desired greater humanity or affability, united with more upright feeling. He went so far as to shed tears when we quitted him. An old seaman to shed tears! And that too over

occasion it was no longer merely for the officers, or *soi-disant* officers, who performed the noble functions of stripping the priests, but greedy and hard-hearted sailors, into the hands of whom the officers delivered us, and who might have fancied that they had pirates in their power, if we may judge by the shameful manner in which they stripped us, without the least regard for decency. They took, without any ceremony,* from amongst our luggage, what

priests! . . . *Oh, portentum!* The brave man possessed sentiments of religion, which is another prodigy not less surprising in a sailor.

But, as for the captain of the *Washington*, he was hardened to the last, and I believed that he would die impenitent. There was, however, a slight ray of hope of his conversion, just at the moment when we left him. It was the same captain who, a little while before, had carried off at one time, in the Isle *Citoyenne*, where the sick had been placed, as I shall presently state, a considerable quantity of clothing, which had belonged to the priests, who had many of them died there. The superintendents of the sick, who were of our fraternity, had exposed the clothes in the open air, and intended them for such of us as, on recovery from our sickness, found ourselves almost without clothing, at the commencement of the cold season; but the captain of the *Washington* had anticipated them. One fine morning he landed on the island, with some of his people, and had carried off, as if by the power of a conjuror's wand, all that belonged to us. By what right I know not, since most of us were not under his control; but who is not acquainted with the trite maxim of the good La Fontaine, *The reason of the strongest, &c.—Note of the Author.*

* It was on this occasion that, notwithstanding all the clear-

was to their own fancy,—linen, coats, stockings and shoes; while the officers, having more noble ideas, contented themselves with a hunt after the assignats.

sightedness of these Arguses, I succeeded in saving from their gripe a valuable copy of the *New Testament*, the only pious book which I had preserved through a thousand dangers. We had just got on board, and were upon the deck, in that part appropriated for the use of the crew. They searched some of my brethren, whom, as was my custom, I had let pass on first. One of the first sailors, to whom I addressed myself to know where I could satisfy one of the calls of nature, after having several times refused me, at length was subdued by my entreaties, and conducted me to the place destined for that purpose, in that part of the vessel where we were to be situated, and where there were already a number of my companions that had been searched. He was ordered to keep an eye upon me, but he did not guard me so carefully, but that at times he turned his eyes from me, and amused himself by conversing with some of his colleagues. I perceived it, and deemed it desirable not to suffer to escape me so favourable an opportunity for concealing my New Testament in a small crevice which was left on the outside of the vessel by a projecting beam. I then went to be searched, and, on my return, I found the precious deposit where I had left it.

I tried, however, another stratagem before I went to be examined, which did not succeed less happily; but the attempt was attended with great danger. Encouraged by my first success, I wished likewise to save a small silver cross, filled with relics, which I felt equal reluctance to throw into the sea, or to suffer to be profaned by the wretches who were appointed to search us. I had returned to the deck, to the side for the crew. I seized a moment when both cabin-boys, sailors, and even sentinels, were amusing themselves by gazing at a small skiff which was driven by a strong

It would have been comparatively well, if the few things of absolute necessity, which these periodical robberies left us, had been secure against the subal-

wind from our vessel every time the crew were on the point of getting on board of us. I looked around to see if any one beheld me, and, thinking that no individual perceived me, I slipped my cross through a sort of porthole, cut in the partition which separated the crew from the banished priests, hoping that it would fall into the hands of some of my colleagues, who would make no difficulty in restoring it to me. There was, in fact, a ship-boy who saw me, but did not know what the object was that I had endeavoured to conceal. He immediately tried to ascertain it, and went round and round the porthole, but perceived nothing. I then saw him speak to a sailor, to whom he then pointed out the place, doubtlessly asking his advice what to do. This was not all: he approached me, examined me very attentively at different times from head to foot, no doubt with a view of recollecting my features and my dress; and he then went straightways to the room where the search of our baggage was going on. I did not for a moment doubt that he was going to inform against me, and that I should, if not shot, at all events be put in irons for some days. The prospect of such a fate, as it may easily be imagined, did not greatly amuse me. However, I formed my resolution. After having made my mental sacrifice to God, I went and requested one of my brethren, who was waiting his turn to be searched, seated on a small bench near the convict's room, not to pass immediately in, but to suffer me to enter abruptly before him, and in his place, when it should be his turn to pass. I thereby wished to deceive the young informer, who had no doubt observed that I was not yet in the rank. I did more: when the moment was arrived, I suddenly changed my costume in a corner, and hastily glided into the place where they were busily making invento-

tern robbers. But the crews imitated their commanders admirably, and in this respect they had all admirable dispositions for becoming leaders of bands in their turn. It may be said, that robbery was continually the order of the day in our vessel; and I question whether St. Paul could, with more foundation than us, place this kind of trial in the rank of the sufferings of which he makes such a long enumeration in the second epistle to the Corinthians: *Periculis latronum.* It was not only the storekeepers or caterers who existed on our substance, by arbitrarily reducing our paltry rations, as I shall state by and by: it was not only those that, at a later period, sold us some provisions, who imposed shamefully upon us; those to whom, in moments of anxiety and alarm, we had confided some precious deposit, who denied it impudently afterwards, or only restored a small portion of it: it was likewise every individual of the crew, great and little, who were perpetually on the watch to increase their own stocks at the expense of our's. If we chanced, by mistake, to leave an ar-

ries of our property. I knew not whether it was this scheme that served me, or whether I had falsely suspected the boy. However that may be, I was not accused of having concealed anything. But God knows I was searched, questioned, and examined in every possible way. But at length, for that, and a few alarming fits of terror, my cross, with the relics in it, made me soon forget this moment of dread.—*Note of the Author.*

ticle of clothing on one side, or to lose sight for a moment of the linen that we had hung up in the rigging, it disappeared in a trice, and it was always the wind that was accused by the thieves; the wind had loosened it, the wind had carried it away, the wind had done all; it was always the wind that was to blame, even when it did not blow. It was wise enough, in truth, to accuse the wind, for it could not answer. I know not whether it was also the wind which dexterously carried off the cod-fish from the vessels in which we were wont to leave it to steep for the night. Certain it is, that we often found none in them, or at least found the quantity considerably diminished, when, in the morning, we went to draw it out of the water to cook it. The affair reached such a point, that the captain himself could think of no other remedy but to cover up and lock these cod-tubs. In a word, our vessel was a wonderful school for slight of hand. We were necessitated, like the apostle St. Paul, to inure ourselves to all; we were not only there taught to endure the deprivation of a multitude of things that appeared necessary to our existence, but not to count even upon those which we thought we possessed. Can there, I would ask, be anything in nature more painful than the habitual state of well-founded mistrust of those in the midst of whom one is forced to live, and that necessity of being always upon one's guard, like a sentinel, to see that one is not deprived of

one's last coat, or of the feeble support of a languishing life?

To so many moral sufferings, we may add one of a most sensible kind for souls possessing the laudable pride of man, and which the most profound religion alone could have rendered supportable: we mean personal humiliation. I do not merely speak of that which is endured by men who had once enjoyed a certain degree of independence, when they see themselves deprived of almost everything, as I have already intimated,—clothed in rags, covered with filth, and more gnawed by vermin than the most wretched mendicant: but I speak principally of that which was experienced from the imperious orders of insolent subalterns, who could at once make four hundred priests move, like a single man, at the dictates of their caprice; from the insulting language of brutal sailors, which was to be borne without a word in reply; from the invectives of the lowest swabbers, whom we were obliged to appear not to hear; and more especially from the ill-humour, the caprices, the insolence of old boatmen transformed into officers, who often insulted our misfortunes by their bitter raillery, and who, after having obliged us to solicit the disgusting rags of a dead colleague, or a miserable wooden spoon, as frequently and with as much earnestness as would formerly have been employed to solicit for preferment or an abbey, disdainfully threw them to us

from the top of the partition which separated them from us, and treated with the most bitter taunts those who did not pay for such favours; for such was the extreme state of opprobrium and external abjection to which they had reduced us. Which of us could not, then, heartily call to mind these words of the royal prophet, who described so well our situation,—words which at the same time furnished us consolation, in reminding us of the infinitely greater humiliations which were endured by the incarnate God: "*And as for me, I am a worm of the earth, and not a man; I am the reproach of men, and the object of the contempt of my people,*" (Ps. 21, 7.); and these others also of St. Paul: "*We are become like the scum of the earth, like the refuse which all the world rejects,*" (1 Cor. 4, 13).

Add likewise to our other causes of misery, the habitual and forced state of idleness in which we lived; that painful inaction, and that kind of torpor of soul, which, having nothing that could nurse its activity and renew its ideas, was forced to fall sadly upon itself, and upon all which it suffered. Not the least book, of whatever nature, which might for a quarter of an hour make us forget our anxieties, and charm away our ennui;* there was not the

* I speak of almost all my brethren; for, although amongst us there might be found, perhaps, twenty volumes of every kind of

least possibility of collecting the mind for a moment to reflect in the midst of continual murmurs, not to say a constant noise and clamour; in the centre of a crowd in which one was elbowed, crushed, and trodden upon every moment. What a punishment was this for men who were most of them accustomed to meditate, and for whom the necessity of nourishing their minds by reflection and reading is little less imperious than that of eating and drinking!

From this want of exercise of all our intellectual faculties, followed a kind of involuntary brutality, which was, in my opinion, in every respect the most humiliating and deplorable circumstance in our situation. We were insensibly become *all body*. We lived from day to day, almost solely occupied, like the wandering savages of the forests, in providing for our physical wants, and in defending ourselves, as well as we were able, against cold, hunger, sickness, and the gnawing insects that preyed upon us.*

works (I scarcely think there were so many), what were twenty volumes to occupy nearly four hundred priests during such a long captivity? My observation, then, is not the less true as regards the greater number, although it may be said that there was always some one amongst us who had the talent to preserve or procure some books. For example, I must confess that, for my own part, I was never in want of them so long as sickness did not deprive me of the power of reading.—*Note of the Author.*

* It is impossible for those who have not experienced it to form an idea of such a situation. So true is this, that, on our

Yet there would still have been some comforts, if we could have seen a certain period, however distant, to our sufferings; but death was the only ter-

return into the bosom of our families, our relations, our friends, and all the persons of our acquaintance, although most sensible of the evils that we had just experienced, and well convinced that they had been extreme, appeared, however, to have no idea of that total annihilation of idea from which we were only just beginning to recover. They spoke to us in the same manner and of the same objects as before our transportation, as if our ideas had been the same, or rather as if we had not been totally deprived of ideas. I did not show what I thought; but I could not comprehend how they could address themselves to me as formerly, to ask my opinion on perfection, as if I had been capable of giving it; to receive the sacrament of penitence, as if it had not been possible that I should have forgotten the formula of absolution. Nothing assuredly would have been less surprising, since some of my colleagues had even forgotten the Lord's Prayer. I confess that those, of which the number is small, who were exempt from the sicknesses which carried off most of us, did not, perhaps, experience in so great a degree the total blight of their understandings. With respect to myself, I may affirm that, up to the moment in which I write this, although I have enjoyed my liberty nearly a year, I have only had the full use of my reason, and recovered the free use of my faculties, for three or four months at the most. And yet, at times, I appear to myself like a man half awake, who is rising up from a long and painful dream. I am tempted to rub my eyes, and ask myself whether all I see is not a fresh dream, in the same manner as I doubted, during my captivity, whether all which happened to me was real; whether, for instance, it was really true that I was on board a vessel surrounded by the dead and the dying, and seriously occupied in destroying the vermin that

mination to them which we could discover in the prospect. Having no relations with the rest of mankind, and being absolutely ignorant of what was

day after day multiplied in my clothes, in washing my linen, or in crushing my beans ?

May I be permitted on this occasion to make a reflection which will, perhaps, be pleasing to a certain class of readers? There is something singularly interesting to an observer, possessed of philosophical ideas, in this kind of moral resurrection of a man long deprived of the use of all his physical and intellectual faculties, and who at last recovers them, as it were, all on a sudden. He seems to be born again. It is a sort of metamorphosis which savours of a prodigy, or, if I may so express it, of a new creation —I had almost said of apotheosis. How much more clear and distinct are all his ideas, more lively and agreeable his sensations, and more profound his sentiments, and how much more deeply felt and perfect are all the operations of the soul! With what delight did I meditate on my wretched couch upon some of the sublime Psalms of David, when, having been able again to taste the sweets of sleep, after an absolute state of wakefulness of nearly a month, I awoke in the night from a repose of some hours, and remembered these touching words, which the great king addressed to God :—"*I remember thee upon my bed, and I pass the vigils of the night in thinking of thee, because thou hast been my protector.*" —(Ps. 62, 7.) "*I raised myself in the middle of the night to render thee glory on the judgments, regarding the justice of which thou art the author.*"—(Ps. 118, 62.) "*During the night, raise thy hands towards the sanctuary, and bless the Lord.*"—(Ps. 133, 2.) The reason is, that in this happy state all is new for you, all is enjoyment. So feels a young man whose faculties suddenly develop themselves, or an old man who has long been infirm and helpless, and who all at once recovers the use of his limbs and the vigour of his earlier years. Oh! then what must the soul experience at

passing in Europe, we neither knew whether our relations and friends were still living,* nor whether one half of France might not be buried in the ruins of the other half,† nor even in what month or in

the moment when it shall shake off this gross clay which weighs it down, and shall pass, without any intermediate existence, to a better life!—What will it not especially experience when it shall once again be united to this body, renewed like that of the eagle: *Ut aquilæ.*—(Ps. 102, 5.) In the vigour of youth, and in a state of spirituality! Oh, God! how noble and powerful are the motives which our religion offers to animate us to virtue: how sweet and consolatory are her doctrines! How happy, blessed religion, is the mortal who believes thee with a firm and unshaken faith! Happier still he who practises thy precepts with constant and inviolable fidelity! "*Beati qui audiunt et custodiunt!*"—(Luc. 11, 28.)—*Note of the Author.*

* I say *still*; for, although no great length of time had elapsed since we had quitted them, it seemed to us an age. And it must be considered, that, having seen so many die by the side of us, we could not but conceive that the same had everywhere occurred. I could not recover from my astonishment, on my return from the vessels, when I saw in health and vigour old men whom I believed long ago mingled with the dust; when I found everything nearly in the same state in which I had left it on setting out, while around me so many changes had taken place, and the scene had so often been renewed before my eyes.—*Note of the Author.*

† Let us, however, adhere to the truth. They did not fail to inform us of the advantages which the republic gained over her enemies; and, when the patriots had obtained any success, they had great care to read aloud to us, in an emphatic tone, the bulletin of the Convention. For instance, they did not forget to communicate to us the news of the taking of Fontarabia, but such in-

what year we were. We were literally, according to the expression of the psalmist, "*like those who sleep in the tombs*,"—(Ps. 87, 6,) without any hope of ever recovering our liberty, except by the agency of that liberator which for ever snatches the unfortunate from the chains of tyranny. We were the dupes, indeed, for the first two months, of the delusive hopes which were given us, that we were going to set out for Africa; but at length experience undeceived us. We clearly saw that they were sporting with us, and that a resolution had been taken to allow us to consume by slow degrees in this unfortunate spot. In fact, we were every day perishing in great numbers, like the winged insects which we see, at the approach of winter, fall reckless in our apartments, without heat and without life. Who would have dared, in such a state of things, to flatter himself that he should ever again see his home? Is it possible to fancy a more wretched existence than our's? It was a hundred times worse than death, which I have seen many of my brethren earnestly desire, with impatient longing, and who often openly declared that, if they had not been restrained by the salutary curb of religion, they would have thrown themselves into the sea, in which they would have terminated at once their sufferings and their lives.

telligence gave us little reason to hope for our liberty, and it may easily be imagined that we listened to it with indifference.—*Note of the Author.*

The reader will not be surprised to find, even in the confessors of the faith, a sentiment so natural to the heart of man in a state of deep misfortune, and certainly very excusable when it is subordinate to the divine will,* when he shall learn the physical sufferings of every kind which at last put the finishing stroke to the moral evils of which I have just given an imperfect sketch.

St. Paul said to the first Christians, to teach them to chase from their minds all imaginary wants,—"Having food and raiment, let us desire nothing more."—(1 Tim. 6, 8.) Indeed, for the rapid passage, or rather for the brief appearance, that we make in this world, what more is necessary to the man who is truly rational, and especially to the man who is really a Christian? And what could we have desired beyond that? Alas! in consenting to suffer ourselves to be exported into a savage and distant country, rather than be unfaithful to our religion, had we not renounced all the pleasures, and even the least of the sweets, of life? But who would have believed that, our first destination having been changed, we should, even in the bosom of our own

* Witness that holy man, Job (chap. 7, v. 1, 5.) Witness the prophet Elias (3 Kings, 19, 4). Witness the great apostle himself, who tells us that his sufferings were so great as to render life a burden to him.—(2 Corinthians, chap. 1. v. 8.)—*Note of the Author.*

country, stand in need not only of common comforts and conveniences, but even of all the objects of the first and strictest necessity?

I have already stated that, a few days after our arrival, we had been deprived, at one time, of almost all our linen and our clothing, and that, notwithstanding, the sailors, going even further than the officers, had likewise themselves taken the liberty to examine at times our night-bags, and to glean after their masters. The few things which escaped their despoiling hands were sufficient, during some months, for men who had no longer any hopes. But, at length, after a certain time, these clothes and this linen, which we changed neither night nor day, were worn away; for the Lord did not, in our behalf, renew the miracle which he had formerly wrought for the sake of his people in the desert. At the end of some months, we found ourselves only clothed with linen and with garments so sadly worn, so excessively dirty, so infected with vermin, so impregnated with fetid miasma, and most of them so completely in tatters, that the poorest amongst the poor who go begging from door to door would have disdained to pick them up. In vain did we wash them, in vain did we sew them, piece and patch them, as long as there remained the least rag of old stuff, or an inch of thread, of whatever colour it might be: the time at length arrived when they

could no longer protect us sufficiently from the injuries of the air.* And yet it was with such cloth-

* (I charitably forewarn fastidious readers, as well as delicate females, whom the sight of a spider will sometimes turn sick, not to read the following note, if the revolution has not corrected them of their ridiculous affectation.) It is impossible to form an idea of the inconceivable quantity of lice which devoured us day and night. Many expired without being able to assign any other cause of their death than this; whether it was that these creatures, which they could not succeed in extirpating, sucked the purest part of their blood (and in fact they did appear pale and attenuated, like men who had repeatedly undergone copious bloodings), or that, to ease the intolerable itching which was occasioned by their bites, the sufferers tore the skin so deeply as to produce wounds which, in the end, became mortal.

Our chief occupation, when we were at liberty to go upon deck, and the intervals between the meals, was to hunt these disgusting enemies of the human body, a task which involves no little difficulty. In stripping ourselves, we were obliged to expose our frames to a bitter winter cold, sufficient in itself to produce death; we were never permitted sufficient time to completely rid ourselves of these disgusting vermin, which were of an extraordinary size, and were not vanquished if they were not actually dead, but had the courage to rise again after their fall, and again instantly scale the legs, and assume their former position upon the bodies of those who thought that the little reptiles had given up the ghost.

One of my great causes of chagrin was the robbery, by our gaolers, of an old copper watch, which was as eagerly confiscated as if it had been of fine gold, as I then could not ascertain how much time I devoted per day to this noble exercise of killing lice, particularly during the stay I made in the marine hospital during

ing, that we were obliged, on our recovery from long fits of sickness, which had worn us down to skeletons, to support the rigours of one of the se-

my convalescence. I remained upon deck as long as it was possible to do so, solely occupied in ridding my clothes of this odious vermin; but, if it occasionally happened that I had to descend amongst the expiring wretches who were in the hold of the sloop, to confess one, to cheer another, to urge this one to think seriously of his soul's welfare, or to close the eyes of that poor sufferer, I ascended again, swarming with lice still more than before, and I was obliged to strip to my shirt jacket, however unbeseeming the costume, in order to render these duties of charity to my brethren.

In fine, what shall I say further to give an accurate idea of our condition? Some charitable and holy women, who, at the time of our arrival in this beneficent city, had the courage to wash our linen gratuitously, compared the vermin, which remained at the bottom of the tub after the first part of the cleansing operation was done, to the rice which is heaped up at the bottom of the dish in which it is washed, before the process of bursting.

These details, I must confess, are disgusting in the highest degree; but the reader must be content to hear what the confessors of the faith had the fortitude to support. How much more painful is it to endure such sufferings than to read the recital of them! . . . I may with great propriety ask whether the holy man, Job, could say with more reason than we might to the worms and to corruption: "Ye are my father, and my mother, and my sister."

We were completely without soap for washing our linen, and had to use cold sea-water, which, besides occasioning itchings in the skin, never perfectly dries, and does not possess a cleansing property.—*Note of the Author.*

verest winters that had been experienced in the memory of man, and that without ever seeing either fire or light;* that we were forced to take our meals upon deck, exposed to the open air, and to the hoar-frosts; to pass the nights in the inside of the ship, it is true, but yet in a situation open to every wind, without mattress, without even straw to serve as a bed; and most of us without any other covering than a sail of the vessel, which the captain of the *Associés* made them give us through pure charity. Let the reader imagine what we must have suffered, if it be possible to form an idea of it, when he recollects that, in the rest of France, with the resource of the best clothing and the

* This is literally true of those of our brethren who remained on board the *Washington*, after our removal to that vessel, and even of the most of those who staid or returned to the *Associés*. With respect to me, I was taken on board the latter vessel at the beginning of the winter, on account of sickness. There was, in fact, in the part where we were, two sorts of chimneys, one for cooking the captain's provisions, and the other for the cooking of the crew: but we were obliged to be very active and dexterous to approach them, and particularly to be very humble and submissive to the abuse of the sailors, if we would warm ourselves; without speaking of the numerous accidents to which we exposed ourselves, when we desired only to remain there a few minutes, and of the intolerable smoke which we were forced to inhale, at the risk of suffocation. True it is, that we were exposed to the latter inconvenience, whether we wished to warm ourselves or not.—*Note of the Author.*

warmest apartments, with all the assistance of art and nature, the utmost difficulty was experienced in guarding against the excessive severity of the cold.

A great many of those amongst us who had escaped the pestilential heats of the summer, the want of pure air, and all the diseases which had made such cruel ravages in our number, could not resist the last trial. All those who were aged, or who were afflicted with rheumatism or bad humours in the blood, were swept off by the winter of 1795. Others contracted diseases of which they will probably feel the effects to the end of their days.

It must, however, be confessed, that this new mortality was in part the effect of the small quantity, and especially of the bad quality, of the food which was provided for us. Every one knows that biscuit and salt meat are extremely heating, and that they produce scurvy; to which must be added, that we were often in want of sweet water to quench the thirst that preyed upon our frames, and that we usually had, for this purpose, merely a little Saintonge wine, which was very thick and very heady, and afforded very little relief to us. Our companions in the *Washington* were at least three weeks without being able to procure a single drop of fresh water, even for washing their salt pork and cod-fish, so that they were reduced to the melancholy alternative, either of perishing from hunger,

or of supporting their wretched lives with food which, while it appeared to nourish them for the moment, was gradually undermining their health, and preparing for them a speedy death.

But, if these inconveniences were the inevitable effect of the immense masses of ice in the midst of which our vessels were blocked up, in such a manner that it was impossible to make use of the boats for the purpose of fetching supplies of fresh water, we cannot attribute to the same reason the insufficient quantity of food which was distributed to us during our imprisonment.

It will be a matter of surprise without doubt, that we should complain of the insufficiency of our provisions, when we state that we had, during more than six months, a reasonable quantity of wine and a pound and a half of bread each day, without reckoning the other articles of food which we had in addition. We were ourselves a long time unable to solve the problem, and could not conceive whence could proceed the habitual murmuring of our stomachs; but experience, more powerful than any reasoning, and more decisive than all the hollow speculations of economists, convinced us, to our cost, of the insufficiency of our sustenance. We were raving with hunger, and were gradually growing thinner, and visibly shrinking away; and how could we therefore doubt, but that our food was too little for our wants? The language I employ is not

too strong for the occasion. How often, in the earlier periods of our detention, when the hearts of our gaolers were not yet quite petrified, have we gone in a crowd to the storeroom after dinner, to demand a piece of bread as an especial favour! The steward was sometimes touched with compassion, and suffered himself to be prevailed upon; but, as all could not have a share in the moderate distributions which he made, each strove to stretch out his arm the farthest to snatch the sad morsel that all eyes were eagerly devouring. When men who mutually respected and esteemed each other, priests and brethren, endeavoured to catch the bread from each other's hands, how great must have been the want that goaded them on! I can, however, relate something still worse. I have seen, with my own eyes, one of my colleagues earnestly implore a few scraps of bread, the neglected remains of the captain's table, which they were preparing to give to the pigs. On the refusal of the cabin-boy who was carrying them, I have seen him, immediately on the lad's retiring, draw the pieces from the tub of the animals, although already soaked in the water in which the dirty plates had been washed, and of this wretched food greedily make a meal. Indignant at the conduct of the ship-boy, I took upon me (this was long after the death of Robespierre, when we were beginning to take heart a little), I took upon me to represent to the captain that it was revolting

to every feeling of humanity, that bread should be given to the animals that were in the ship, while men were so much in want of it. This truth was striking; it made a strong impression upon the officer, and in some confusion he said to me—"*Thy observation appears just enough,*" and he made me repeat my relation of the circumstance; but, recollecting himself immediately afterwards, he thought differently of it, and thought he should get himself out of difficulty by replying to me that the bread unquestionably belonged to those who had given it to the pigs, and that it was therefore themselves who were considered to make use of it, as they were one day to eat the flesh of these animals. This was the only answer I could procure from him. I had no rejoinder to make to it, and therefore did not insist any further on my point. The crew continued to give bread to the swine, and the banished priests were reduced, as before, to the melancholy degradation of envying them their food.

We read in the gospel that Lazarus desired to satisfy himself with the crumbs that fell from the table of the rich man, and that no one evinced readiness to give them to him. But it is no where, I believe, written, that they were pitilessly refused, in order to be given, in preference, to the swine. This piece of cruelty was reserved for the regenerated France of the eighteenth century.

If we reflect for a moment on the quantity of

food which the prisoners received, we shall be convinced, that, for men who daily breathe the air of the sea, which is singularly calculated to create appetite—for men whose blood is full of heat, and who are just recovering from long sickness—who are covered with gnawing insects which exhaust their strength—and who cannot procure any other food at any price, a pound and a half of coarse heavy bread, full of husks, and with little nourishment in it, is but a small matter.* Do not men usually take much more than a pound and a half, or even two pounds, of sustenance per day? Let the experiment be tried, and I do not fear to assert, that they do not consume less daily than three or four pounds' weight of solid food each, without speaking of li-

* Frequently we were furnished with biscuit instead of bread. Our ration was at most six ounces each meal, and that was sometimes mouldy or wormeaten. But, independently of this inconvenience, what miserable bread is biscuit, when one is obliged to eat it many days in succession, at every meal, and to unite it with other kinds of food! Imagine to yourselves the crust of the hardest-baked bread, which has been dried anew in the oven, so that it becomes necessary to hammer and break it. It was pitiable to see our poor old men, without any strong teeth, and famishing with hunger, gnawing, as well as they could, with gums softened by scurvy and bleeding from the cruel exertion, this unwholesome and painful kind of food; for we had amongst us, contrary to the spirit and even letter of the law, old men in the full force of the term, old men of seventy, seventy-five, and even eighty years of age.—*Note of the Author.*

quids. When we had put aside what was necessary of our bread for the soup (which we had twice a day on board the *Associés*, and only once on board the *Washington*), scarcely any remained to eat with the other things which were furnished us, and which were a very poor supplement. These were in general a few mazagan beans, or Windsor beans of a small kind, simply boiled in the water intended for our soup; and which, besides that they each contained a whole family of weevils, were never sufficiently cooked, on account of their age, which defied the hottest fire. They might, by their appearance, be at least fifteen or twenty years old, if indeed they could not number as many years as some of those of whom they constituted the sustenance.

We cannot say of the insects which abounded in the beans, what Virgil said of the Trojans after they had suffered shipwreck—*apparent rari nantes:* on the contrary, the broth was black with them. It was actually weevil soup.

We were regularly supplied with beans every evening: they always formed our supper, with the broth in which they swam; and frequently also they constituted our dinner.* I know not where

* At first we could not support the taste of this rude and insipid food, and most of us threw it into the sea. But what meats are not seasoned by hunger? After a few months we devoured

they could have procured such a prodigious quantity of them. Whenever our caterers condescended to exempt us from eating them at the morning meal, they gave us cod-fish and meat; but the fish was almost always bad, and the meat half cooked, in small quantities, and of such miserable quality, that it required appetites as keenly pressed by hunger as our's were to stimulate us to attack it.* The cod-fish was seldom steeped, was generally taken out of the boiler long before the meal, and was consequently cold and hard; the vinegar in which it was bathed made it still more tough, by contracting its stringy nature; and the small quantity of oil, which was spread upon it merely for form, was not capable of softening it.

the beans as if they had been an exquisite treat. We only complained of the smallness of the quantity.—*Note of the Author.*

* The quantity appointed for each was half a pound of meat, and accordingly we did, for the most part, get this weight; for the stewards speculated less in meat than in wine. But, in reality, we had not half a quarter of a pound of meat to eat out of this ration; for they contrived to form the portions of the prisoners out of the offal bones, and the parts of the animal the least palatable, such as the spleen, the jaw, &c. This was what they called giving us rigidly our rations, while, under our very eyes, the people of the ship carried off all the best pieces. In general, they were infinitely better treated than we were, upon all occasions; but particularly in the distribution of eatables.—*Note of the Author.*

To the misery of being forced to eat such meats must be added the inconvenience with which we were constrained to take our meals. We usually eat ten at a time, always standing, and in the open air, whatever kind of weather it happened to be, with our feet constantly in water, snow, or mud, as was the case all the rest of the day; and we were so pressed together, squeezed, and elbowed, by our neighbours, that we had infinite trouble in approaching the mess-dish; and, when we did manage to seize upon a spoonful of soup, at a flying venture, it was ten to one that the better part of it did not get spilled upon our clothes. And, besides, we knew not where to place our food, for it must not be supposed that they even gave us anything like a table or a bench for the purpose of establishing our mess-dish upon it. No: it was always a scramble who should first take possession of some sailor's old box or of some coiled cable to serve as his dining-table. Those who fared best were such as succeeded in procuring the accommodation of a hogshead or a barrel, however small it was, around which each ranged himself as he could, being obliged, however, to get his small morsel of bread, or his paltry ration of tough beef, handed to him from one to another, that he might not lose his post.

To have our feet constantly wet, particularly in winter, was one of our greatest torments, and yet one of those which we had the least means of avoid-

ing. The reason is not only that it rained and snowed on the deck of the vessel, where we were almost continually, as much as in an open country; but the deck was regularly washed every morning, as people wash their pavements. Salt water serves instead of wax to these kinds of floors.

But the difficulty with us in our meals was to cut our bread and tough meat. There was no other means left but to pull them to pieces with our teeth; for we had only one small sorry knife with a wooden handle amongst ten of us, and it was not possible that all could make use of it at the same time. Those who would have got hold of it last would have had time to digest four times their meagre portion, before they could have had the precious instrument at their command. With respect to cups and plates, we had not such things allowed us; but some amongst us had preserved, as it were by miracle, a soap-box or a tin shaving-dish, which, independently of their natural use, likewise served as soup-plates, in case we wished to take our soup separately; as dishes for the reception of our miserable pittance; as ewers to contain a little fresh water; or, as a basin to wash small articles of linen.

These inconveniences, however great they were, were nothing compared with the dirt in which we were necessitated to eat. This it is of which it is so extremely difficult to give an idea. Our pretended cook was incontestibly the most filthy and disgust-

ing blackguard that ever prepared food; and, besides, we were obliged to touch our provisions with hands necessarily dirty: we placed them in situations, without any cloth, which were full of filth, and frequently eat them in the same place where we had been picking the vermin from our clothes or been dressing our wounds; and this we were constrained to do, as there was no other spot for the purpose. We all ate (I mean all those of one table) out of the same plate or wooden dish, always washed with cold water, and often not washed at all, for want of water. The young men likewise ate with the old men who were the least scrupulous on the score of cleanliness, the healthy with the sick, the scorbutic with those who were not yet afflicted with that disease, which, it is well known, shows itself frequently first in the gums, which it renders pale and livid. In a word, it was enough to turn the stomach, and, until one had become almost insensible to everything, one could not resolve, notwithstanding the torment of hunger, to eat anything but bread. But at last we ate, or rather devoured (for what will not hunger do?) everything that was served to us, however disgusting and ill-prepared it was; and yet we complained bitterly of the smallness of the quantity. In fact, it was little in itself; it was little especially, considering the labours that we had to support, for it must not be supposed, that we always remained idle, with our arms crossed. No: our mind alone was in

perpetual inaction. As to our bodily labours, taken in themselves indeed, they were not always very toilsome. They would even have been light for healthy men, sufficiently provided with the necessaries of life; they would even have caused a happy diversion from our sufferings, and have promoted our health, had they been free and of a less disagreeable nature. But, for weak languishing men, who could scarcely breathe, what could be more fatiguing, without speaking of the care of patching our clothes and of washing our linen with water drawn up, by the mere strength of the arm, more than thirty feet; without making mention of those frequent *branlebas* or clearances which completely exhausted us,* and of

* They call *branle bas*, in sea language, a clearing out, or general removal of clothing, hammocks, &c. which consists in suddenly displacing and transferring to an appointed place all the things belonging to the passengers, to air them. They frequently obliged us to do this, under pretext of benefitting our health, particularly in the winter, when it was much more toilsome, and was no longer necessary, the air being of itself sufficiently keen and sufficiently pure, and our dungeon having become almost a desert. When the whim seized the officers, we were obliged, on a given signal, to collect on a sudden, by groping about in our dark prison, all our things, which were often confounded with those of our neighbours, and to place them in a confused heap upon the deck, already full of lumber, where we could scarcely find room for them, and where they ran a risk of being lost, trodden under foot, and covered with mud. Nothing could be more laborious and fatiguing than this exercise, and no one was exempt from it,

the services which we rendered, half willingly and half by constraint, to the seamen:* what more melancholy, I say, and more fatiguing, than to be compelled to go, in bands, to our marine hospitals, to breathe an impure and pestilential air, to handle, wash, and transport from one place to another men who were already half dead, to wash their infected linen impregnated by the smell of death, and to shake off the myriads of insects which usurped the legacy for which the worms were waiting;† or to go more

neither the infirm nor the convalescent. It was therefore called the *branle-bas général*, and was always proclaimed in a voice of thunder by some of the Stentors amongst the crew.

* They consisted in washing the deck, in pulling at the capstan, in storing provisions, and particularly in hoisting hogsheads of fresh water. At first, when all decency had not been given up in the treatment towards us, the captain had positively declared to us that we were not forced to do any of these labours. Shortly afterwards, they engaged us, by way of invitation, to take a share in them, and very soon the invitations became severe orders, if we may judge by the reproaches, and even threats, with which we were assailed when we refused to comply. They were *voluntary labours*, something like the service of many soldiers of the country, or, I may perhaps say, like the last loan which the government required.—*Note of the Author.*

† There were amongst us regular attendants of the sick, who were named *ad hoc* by the officers of the vessel, or who had the generosity to submit of their own free will to a certain death, in order to comfort their dying brethren. It was unquestionably the most hard, fatiguing, and disagreeable task, in every respect, which it is possible to imagine. The attendants were overloaded with toil,

frequently still to convey nearly half a league, and bury at a depth of six feet, the corpses of our numerous brethren, anticipating, at the same time, that in a few days a similar office of charity would be rendered to themselves; or to clean once or twice every morning, and that in the most painful attitude and with forced labour,* our dark and stinking dungeon; or to carry away from it, by main strength of body, heavy tubs, which contained all the filth that had collected during the night; and, after having, at the risk of their lives, scaled the slippery ladders, to go, tottering, from a thousand false steps, over a heap of cables and masts, often covered with glazed frost, to

absolutely worn down by fatigue; and, as the reward of so many toils, they had nothing to expect but death. Almost all of them perished, victims and martyrs of their holy charity; but, besides these regular attendants, there were often ten or twelve priests sent to the hospitals as auxiliaries, to relieve the others, and to perform, conjointly with them, the painful and disgusting functions of which I have just spoken.—*Note of the Author.*

* In fact, it was not sufficient that we had to sweep the floor of this horrible abode, but it was likewise necessary, with iron instruments made on purpose, to scratch, scrape, and rescrape the planks, till they were almost as smooth as when they had just escaped from the planes of the builders, and till one could perceive clearly the natural colour of the wood; and often, when we thought the laborious task finished, we were obliged to begin with fresh activity, and scrape and scrape again more earnestly than before. This depended on the caprice of the seaman who presided over the work.—*Note of the Author.*

empty, with our own hands, at the head of the vessel, these disgusting burdens into the sea?

Worn down by toil, dying of hunger, half naked, overwhelmed by evil treatment, exposed to a thousand dangers, with death continually before our eyes, and, as I may say, at our side, under a thousand dreadful forms: such was our condition during the day. And yet these evils were nothing, compared with those of the night.* Yes: our days might have been regarded as merely deprived of comforts

* We were in danger of being informed against and punished without cause at the very moment when we were least expecting it; in danger of contracting diseases from which the sufferer scarcely ever escaped; in danger of perishing in the various voyages that we made along the coasts of La Charente (once we were on the point of being sunk by a vessel at anchor, which we ran foul of, and our crew turned as pale upon the occasion as criminals who have just heard their sentence pronounced); in danger of laming ourselves with the rigging of every sort which lumbered the deck, and greatly impeded the gangways; in danger of being drowned in the sea, into which I saw two of my colleagues accidentally fall; and, finally, in danger of killing ourselves by falling into the hold, which was often open under the ladders along which we were obliged to mount and descend, crossing and hitting against each other twenty times a day. I know not how many of my brethren I have seen fall in this manner on hogsheads or heaps of wood collected together in the hold. They were generally drawn up crushed, insensible, and expiring; and, shortly afterwards, were sent to fatten the barren shores of the Isle of Aix. —*Note of the Author.*

and of pleasures, compared with the anguished nights which we had to pass. My soul experiences an oppression of deep grief, at the mere recollection which I am obliged to call up, in order to describe these cruel nights.

Imagine to yourselves, in the first place, a gloomy and dark dungeon of five feet three or four inches in height at its greatest elevation, furnished in its full extent, nearly breast high, with stools about as broad as the length of a man of middle size; that is to say, five feet two or three inches. It was partly upon these stools, made of planks badly united together, and still worse planed, that the greater number of us slept without anything under us, but so squeezed and pressed together, that our arms of necessity extended over the bodies of our neighbours, and we resembled (the reader must pardon me such a common comparison, than which I know not one more exact) we perfectly resembled herrings pressed together in a cask. In addition to this, we had scarcely any air, as it was intercepted for those who lay on the floor by the stools or benches over their heads; and for those who, like so many Egyptian mummies, or like the dead in a vault, were crushed between the stools and the upper deck.* In fact, in the

* I do not know the exact dimensions of our dungeon; what I may aver is, that it occupied only half the length of a merchant vessel of moderate tonnage, and that only on one deck,

height of five feet, which our dungeon measured, take off the thickness of our night-bags, on which we reposed our heads, and what space will you find between their figure and the planks which overhung?—A foot at the very utmost.* Those of us

and that there were nearly four hundred at one time lodging in it. They may comprehend it who can, but it is most certain. Many of my colleagues had measured the narrow dimensions of this impure prison; but what signifies its dimensions, when it is known that there was not an inch, not a quarter of an inch, of space lost upon the deck, and that the space between the floor and the beams was but little less occupied. Good God! What an atrocious as well as skilful arrangement was it to make as great a number of men as possible enter, by placing them in every position, into a given space, without suffocating them at the very onset!—*Note of the Author.*

* I speak of the greater number; for there were some who had not more than five or six inches of breathing space. These were such as happened to be under a joist or beam, as there was no room lost, and these joists and beams were very numerous, and the latter extremely thick and broad. For a long time, during the most sultry weather, I slept under one of these beams. Besides the terrible punishment of feeling my breath checked by this insurmountable obstacle, which was so near to my mouth, I suffered the no less cruel inconvenience of being unable to move about at all, or to raise the head ever so little when I was once in my birth, however painful and oppressive my attitude, or whatever necessity I might feel for a change of posture: or, if I involuntarily moved during the few brief periods of sleep which nature stole in spite of grief, I ran a risk of breaking my head against the dangerous tester of my bed. In this situation I could only compare myself to the grapes under the press at the moment when it is

who were not thrust into these narrow niches were not on that account better accommodated, or rather we lay much more wretchedly; for we were extended in the middle of the dungeon in several lines, and left no open space, not even the smallest passage free, so that they were necessarily trampled upon by those who wished to reach the benches; in miserable addition to which, many had close to them, and even actually touched, the fetid tubs which served as closestools for nearly four hundred men during ten or eleven hours of the night. If they had not benches over their heads, they had, which was still worse, hammocks hung so near to each other, that those who occupied them mutually tormented each other in a very extraordinary manner; hammocks having two inmates each, which was before without example, and, in consequence, very heavy and excessively troublesome to those who were underneath them, who generally served the former as a step to assist them into their wretched couches.

It was into this frightful place, or rather into this horrible hell, that, at a certain given signal, we patiently went every evening, just before night-fall, to suffer ourselves to be shut up like a flock of sheep,*

about to descend. It may easily be imagined that the end of this was, that I left this situation to go to the hospital, and that I was not one of the last.—*Note of the Author,*

* This comparison, strong as it may appear, is, however, not

or, in other words, to bury ourselves in a confused crowd, and get a foretaste of that grave which an abode in this execrable spot predicted to us could not be far distant. Once inclosed under the security of lock and key, there we remained until the same hour next morning, even in the longest days. Had the thunder roared, we should not have heard it, so loud and deafening was the uproar necessarily produced by four hundred men seeking their places, in groping about, stumbling against one another, and crowding together in confused masses. Had the lightning flashed a thousand times, we should not have perceived it, so thick was the darkness, in the midst of which we wandered like the blind without guides. We might have been ill to insensibility; we might have cried aloud for aid and assistance; we might have breathed our last sigh (and that did sometimes happen†), before we should have re-

the less correct; for, in fact, sheep, however closely pressed together, do not occupy all the space which there is between the ground and the roof of their pen. They see the light, at least when it is day; whereas, at midday, we could scarcely perceive it in our dungeon, and had no vacant space left between the upper and the lower deck.—*Note of the Author.*

* Upon one occasion, amongst others, just at the moment of opening our dungeon, we perceived one of our brethren, who was kneeling against a mast, in the attitude of a man in earnest prayer. We touched him, and found him a lifeless corpse.—*Note of the Author.*

ceived the least succour, before even it had been known that we needed it, so perfectly indifferent were our gaolers on our account, from the moment that our complete seclusion satisfied them on their own; for these brave champions, armed at all points, and accustomed or thought to be inured to war, seriously dreaded a set of peaceable and unarmed priests, who had no idea or intention of anything but to suffer without repining; and they were perpetually suspecting them of intending to revolt, or of a desire to force their tormentors to drink copious draughts of salt water, and to inflict some punishment which the barbarians knew they richly merited. Such is the infallible effect of a bad conscience and, above all, of irreligion. It makes the wicked man every instant tremble, even when there is no subject for fear.

The reader, then, may judge whether the perspective of these horrible nights did not terrify us. Their approach alone filled us with dread. We were like the sick man, consumed by a burning fever, who sees the hour of a new access arrive, or rather like so many unfortunate criminals who are just about to be taken out to the scaffold. But, great God! what a misery it was, when, at length, the sad moment for nocturnal seclusion came, merely to breathe the fetid and corrupted air, and the poisoned and infected exhalations which issued from the dreadful spot, and which, at the very entrance, assailed the olfactory

nerves with an overpowering stench, and turned the heart sick,

It was difficult to arrive at our dungeon through the midst of the men and luggage which obstructed our way to this place of horrors. On our passage to it we were continually falling in with night-bags, over which we stumbled; with masts or spars, against which we ran the risk of breaking our heads; with hammocks already occupied, under which it was necessary to pass by bending down to the very floor, and without being able to place the foot anywhere, unless one would tread upon the arms or legs of some of those who were already stretched out upon the floor, and who were often constrained to cry out from the pain occasioned by those who inadvertently stepped upon them. We were generally completely exhausted from our efforts before arriving at our birth; and on reaching it, by dint of time and exertion, the difficulty was to distinguish it from that of our companions, for there was no separation, no line of demarcation; and yet, if an individual deceived himself only a few inches in the distance, he deranged a whole line, and some one was inevitably left without a place. In a space so dreadfully limited, how was it possible to make the necessary motions, in order to undress; or how was it possible to avoid suffocation in a short time if one could not get rid of one's clothes? How were we to change our places

during the night, if nature demanded it? How certain that, in so long an interval, some indispensable calls would force us to remove! How was it possible to take any rest, having our bones (which in many were almost bare) broken or crushed by the boards, being besides inundated with perspiration*

* It can scarcely be conceived how excessive these perspirations were; and, indeed, how could it be otherwise, being jammed together as closely as we were? This excess of pressure was so great, and went so far, that, notwithstanding all the skilful and cruel contrivances of the officers, notwithstanding all the threats which they held out, with their naked swords in their hands, to oblige us to press still more closely together, *by laying upon our sides*, the time did arrive when, even by their own confession, it was no longer possible for any one else to find a place amongst us. What, then, reader, think you was the scheme which was upon this adopted by one of our officers? Addressing himself to a fresh prisoner, to whom he had assigned a place in the quarter where I was: "*Since they will not make room for thee,*" said the brute to him, "*throw thyself crosswise upon their legs;*" and thereupon he retired in a sulky mood, carrying away his lanthorn, and thus leaving us in darkness to our unfortunate fate.

It was still more alarming to think, that, how much soever we were cramped, we were never sure of not being more so in a few days. There arrived, at different times, recruits of thirty or forty banished priests, who threw us into a complete consternation, as it was impossible that we should fail to be stifled in a very short time if they were received. Our savage officers, when we suggested to them the impossibility of lodging these new comers amongst us, brutally replied, "*That those who should perish would make way for others!*" What a consolation was this!—*Note of the Author.*

and devoured by lice; having the blood perpetually in a state of fever, and experiencing itchings so intolerable, that we tore the flesh incessantly, without any regard for the consequences? How were we even to breathe, when almost all communication with the external air was intercepted,* and when, at the end of an hour or two, there only remained in our dungeon a thick and corrupted air, which had already been inhaled, and which had lost all its fluidity and elasticity?

In order to purify this air, we were regaled every morning, but only just when we were on the point of quitting the dungeon, with a fumigation of tar. What an agreeable breakfast was such a fumigation! In order to supply us with this delightful morning salute, they plunged into a small cask full of tar two or three red-hot balls, so hot that they sometimes produced, in the midst of the thick darkness with

* The air and the light penetrated into our dungeon merely by two scuttles, which were openings made in the deck, of about five feet square each; yet both were intercepted, in a great measure, by the wooden lattice-work which covered these openings, and by the closely-fixed joists, which formed underneath these openings the grating or formidable barrier of our prison. These scuttles were covered with a large tarpaulin when there was the least rain, for fear the provisions that were placed in the hold beneath should be injured. In this case, we had no means of renewing the air of our stove, for such it then felt. Let the prisoners perish, provided the biscuits be preserved! Such was the maxim of our gaolers.—*Note of the Author.*

which we were enveloped, and of the combustible matter that surrounded us, a sudden flame, as dangerous as it was terrifying. They hastened to extinguish it, it is true; but what they did not seek to prevent, or rather what it had been their object to produce, was a dense smoke, of a strong and bitter smell, which spread in thick volumes through our dungeon, and which, to prevent sickness, began by causing death. Every one was immediately obliged to cough, to blow his nose, and to spit till he was almost exhausted; and it was even a very rare favour to permit those to leave the place who suffered most from the smoke. No matter whether the prisoners had colds, were consumptive, or asthmatic: it was necessary, whatever their ailments, to inhale this oppressive vapour, even if it occasioned spitting of blood, or although the sufferers were ready to give up the ghost from the painful efforts and the kind of convulsions which it occasioned.

Such was the cruel indemnity which was regularly given us every morning for the cruel nights we were forced to pass. Such were the horrible nights that we suffered! Is it astonishing that they were so fatal, that some amongst us who had entered the dungeon in the evening without any symptom of approaching disease, should be found the next day faint and almost without life, and that the most terrible disorders made such rapid and frightful ravages amongst us? This is what I must now proceed to relate.

Till now we have been seen suffering, it is true, excessively; but yet enjoying health in some degree (if, indeed, one can give the name of health to that habitual state of langour and of emaciation to which had sunk the most vigorous and the stoutest-formed amongst us); in other words, the reader has only seen the bright side of the picture, and has regarded the confessors of the faith, whose sufferings I am detailing, merely under an aspect the least afflicting to humanity. How shall I describe the same men, in a deplorable state of sickness, when contagion began to spread amongst us? Ten, twelve, or even sometimes more, fell sick every night, and of maladies, just Heaven! of the most violent description, which were proclaimed by the most sinister and frightful symptoms. One amongst the rest was the scurvy: we were almost all attacked by it, and sometimes were actually eaten away by it. Some were afflicted by wounds dreadful to look upon, which, remaining most frequently without dressing, necessarily became mortal. Others were seized with malignant and inflammatory fevers, which immediately deprived them of the use of their reason, and which, at the very time that the patients had the most need of presence of mind, in order to give themselves the care and the assistance which no person had the thought or means of giving, threw them into the most melancholy and humiliating state of deafness, stupor, and insensibility. Many were

also attacked by burning fevers and fits of phrensy, which rendered them so furious that they attempted the lives of themselves and their companions, and were obliged to be chained, in order to prevent dreadful disorders in the dungeon; and these violent beings were sometimes men who just before were as mild as lambs and virtuous as angels.

The two sloops which were appointed to receive our sick, and which already contained a hundred between them, no longer being large enough to contain all those who were attacked by contagion, it became a matter of necessity that a great number should remain on board our vessel, which consequently rendered the disorder general. It was heart-rending to see them, in the midst of the crowd of which I have already spoken, extended flat, in the heat of the sun, on the deck, or between decks, rolling about without knowing either where they were, or what they were doing, at the feet of their unhappy brethren, who could not render them any service, or even make them hear the voices of their pitying companions, and taking absolutely no remedy which might arrest the progress of disease; for it was an invariable rule, which suffered no exception, that no remedy should be administered, however easy and simple it might be, and however urgent the necessity might appear, unless the patient went to the hospital, and sometimes his

most earnest exertions were ineffectual in obtaining a place there.

But there was little inducement for demanding admission to the hospitals, unless it was to find death more speedily and more infallibly. Numerous victims were there daily mowed down, and almost all died who placed their foot in that horrible sink of infection. The public has greatly declaimed, and certainly with great reason, against the hospitals of Paris, in particular against the Hotel Dieu. The Hotel Dieu, and the other hospitals of Paris, were places of delight, each a true paradise, compared with our two pretended hospitals. The latter deserved rather the name of slaughter-houses, or rather of cemeteries and real charnel-houses. No one can speak more correctly of them than myself, who lived awhile in both. I will confine my observations more particularly to the larger, in which I made the longest stay.

There sixty unfortunate priests, cast down and overwhelmed under the grievous weight of disease, extended half naked upon the bare planks, as much pressed together and squeezed as we were even on board the vessel, with half their bodies frequently in the water, which the sloop received on all sides, hearing, almost incessantly, the noise caused by cleaving wood over their heads at a distance of only four or five feet from them, without medicines, without doctor, and often without diet drink, in lieu

of fresh water, formed a spectacle the most afflicting, the most distressing, and the most heart-rending for feeling natures, which imagination can possibly represent.

We may say that we were without remedies, having scarcely anything but the commonest medicines, and these in such small quantities, that the patients were usually obliged to wait three or four days, to their great detriment, if any particular medicine was ordered, that which they had being of such bad quality, or so much evaporated, that it did not operate, if the usual quantity was taken as a dose; but if, on the contrary, the dose was exceeded, having no fixed mode of measuring the excess, owing to the degree of evaporation which the drugs had undergone, and which could not be ascertained, the patients ran the risk of making them operate too much. I saw several fatal instances of this.

We may indeed say that we were without doctors to attend us, in our serious and complicated sicknesses, as there were only young prigs, just escaped from the barbers' shops, who had, perhaps, never let blood in their lives, and who appeared either to be absolutely ignorant for what government gave them their appointments, or to be determined to rob it with impunity, since they never visited us more than once a day, however critical our situation! But they sometimes abstained several days in succession

from visiting us; they often sent as substitutes their colleagues of the adjoining vessels, who were not less ignorant than themselves, besides being unacquainted with the course of our disorders; and, when even they landed in our sloop, they dared not, for fear of contracting contagion, put their foot in the place which served as the theatre of our sufferings, but only made very short visits, to write in great haste insignificant prescriptions, or to utter, without understanding them, a few sententious aphorisms.

Our nights in this miserable hospital were worse than our days. We were absolutely delivered up to ourselves, and deprived of all aid. We had no attendants—they had gone to snatch a little repose; no drink—who was there that could have poured it out for us? Not even a light, as this was prohibited in the hospital, as well as in the prison-ship. What, then, was the consequence? Those who were suffering from burning fevers,* and all others

* These kinds of diseases, some of which always existed amongst us, gave us at times most dreadful agonies, which by no means contributed to hasten our convalescence.

One of my brethren, of an extremely robust constitution, made me suffer an alarm which I shall long remember. Having been suddenly attacked in the vessel with a burning fever of a very violent kind, he had caused a dreadful uproar in the dungeon. Notwithstanding his chains, he had cruelly bitten one of his companions, and had inflicted some dreadful bruises upon himself. They profited by a lucid interval to carry him to the hospital. I

who fancied they could yet crawl to the tubs which served as closestools, having more courage than

heard him at confession, and felt great consolation, that he was perfectly restored to himself, without any vestige of his former condition, except a little exaltation of mind, and a great fear of falling into a fit similar to the first. This fear was only too well founded. Some time afterwards he desired me to be called again; accordingly I dragged myself, as well as I could, to his place, and, kneeling by his side, I leaned towards him, to hear what he had to say to me; but, alas! he had lost his senses again, and I soon discovered, by the extreme disorder of his words, that I could be of no further service. Fortunately I had done all that was necessary. However, I listened for some time to his unintelligible nonsense, in order that I might not cross him; but at length I thought, after I had promised him that I would return another time, that I ought to take my leave. This, however, was not possible:—"*Oh my friend, you will not go,*" said he to me, and at the same time he seized my hand with the gripe of a Hercules, and I almost fancied it must be in a vice. I was merely skin and bone, and by nature weak, while, besides his natural strength, which he had not yet lost, my companion possessed all that which the ardent fever, that was burning within him, momentarily gave him. I made several efforts to disembarrass myself, but they were powerless, and served only to irritate him and drive him to fury. His eyes, which yet bore the marks of the blows that he had inflicted upon himself, flashed fire, and appeared to fill with blood. His whole face assumed a frightful character of ferocity, and he clearly manifested a desire to maltreat me. When he furiously exclaimed—"*Why can I not bite thee?*" I confess I shuddered; for nothing was easier for him than to gratify his desire, and I recollected the cruel bite he had already given one of our companions. I hastily called, without

strength of limbs or use of their reason, either fell upon their half-expiring neighbours, whose fate

however displaying too much earnestness, and yet with uneasiness and terror plainly visible in my countenance, some attendants, who, by good luck, had just come to where I was. They immediately ran towards me, and they and myself reasoned with, and flattered the patient so effectually, that at last I felt his nerves gradually relax, and his hand open. I leave the reader to imagine whether I did not seize a favourable moment to disengage my hand from his, and whether I did not manage to find my legs, weak and infirm as I was.

But, if the patients, in their delirium, or in their fits of fever, frequently presented us with tragical scenes, they likewise at times furnished us with some of a very amusing nature, and at the sight of which it would have been difficult to restrain a smile, although one had, as the proverb says, "*Death in the teeth.*"—I should be glad to recall some of the latter to mind; I would willingly relate them, to serve as a relief to so many gloomy recitals; for, alas! I have long been using no colours but the darkest: but my memory does not furnish me with any. I only recollect, that these transports marvellously untied the tongues of the sick, and that many then amply indemnified themselves (as did several lunatics which the tyrants had not felt ashamed to banish with us) for the forced silence which they had, till then, preserved on account of our tormentors. It was a real pleasure to hear them tell the officers, without any distinction of grade, some plain and forcible truths, keenly applied, without the latter daring to speak of punishment. By the energy of their expressions, it was evident that they spoke from the abundance of their hearts. They did it without bitterness, indeed, because they had felt none before they fell sick, but it was without any human respect or any ceremony. We could not have had more faithful

was hastened by the fall,* or wandered astray on their way, and, not knowing how to find their places

interpreters of our mode of thinking. It has been said: "*In vino veritas;*" one might have said, with equal reason, "*In æstu febris veritas.*"—*Note of the Author.*

* I will cite two examples of this, amongst others. One night, being scarcely convalescent, and yet without strength, I felt some one, who, after having long rambled about in the dark, suddenly fell upon my feet, not without occasioning me a little alarm, and even some pain. "*Who goes there?*" I immediately exclaimed, at several different times. No one answered. The individual merely moved upon my legs, endeavouring in vain to rise. At length, however, on my fourth or fifth challenge, a feeble voice replied—"*It is I.*" The answer was anything but precise; yet I recognised a voice which was dear to me. It was one of my friends, who was in one of his fits, and who was seeking at random for a comfort which he could nowhere find. He had dreadful fever, which was sufficiently indicated by his extremely rapid respiration alone. I exhorted him to rise, offering to conduct him to his place, which was only two paces distant; but, alas! when he heard me, he was no longer capable of exertion. I tried at first to raise him, for he greatly incommoded me; but I was almost as weak as he. It was necessary to come to some determination. I extended him as well as I could between my legs, his head leaning upon my chest, and in this cruel situation we passed the night.

The second fact is still better calculated to give an idea of our extreme state of abandonment and neglect during the nights. The attendants had removed another of my brethren, who had been attacked with a violent burning fever and who greatly inconvenienced his neighbours, in order to put him elsewhere. In the middle of the night he got up, and went, by some unaccountable in-

again, uttered, like blind men lost on their road, the most lamentable cries; and, after having long called, in a plaintive voice, for assistance which no one could give them, at last suffered themselves to fall at random in the place where they happened to be: that is to say, upon some of their brethren, from whom pain forced the most bitter lamentations, if they had strength enough left to make themselves heard.

Hence it was most frequently in the night, and consequently delivered up, without any human aid, to Divine Providence, that those died of our brethren who could not struggle against so many evils; that is to say, almost the whole of those who came to the hospital. It was by no means a rare thing to find, at daybreak, two or three who had thus breathed their last sigh, I do not say in the silence, but in the obscurity of the night, destitute of every kind of succour.* I have even seen four, without

stinct, to take his former place again; but this place was occupied, for there was never any vacant, and he who occupied it was in a dying state. Notwithstanding that, he stretched himself out upon the expiring patient, and the next morning, the fever having considerably abated, he was found profoundly sleeping on a corpse, and, moreover, with his face turned close to that of another colleague, who was in the last agonies of death.—*Note of the Author.*

* I mean spiritual as well as temporal; for who could have given it at such a moment, since even during the day they were

reckoning those who died in the morning; and once there perished as many as fourteen, belonging both to the *Washington* and to the *Associés*, in twenty-four hours.

often deprived of it. In fact, besides the necessity, when assistance of any kind was rendered to them, of neither being seen nor heard by the people of the sloop, and the circumstance of the first effect of our extraordinary disorders being almost always to render us extremely deaf, and, as it were, stupid, our attendants were very few in number, and the necessaries of the hospital were very scanty, which rendered the service infinitely more difficult; whence it resulted, that they were so occupied in burying the dead, in washing the linen of the sick, in changing, cleaning, and dressing the wounds of those who sometimes called them from five or six places at one time, and, finally, in preparing their own meals, that they could not suffice for everything, however active they might be. How could they occupy themselves with spiritual cares, which require leisure and calm reflection? The sick were, therefore, reduced to the necessity of hearing confession from each other, in administering to one another the sacrament and extreme unction, and in recommending each other's souls to Heaven, &c. He who to-day rendered these offices of charity to some of his brethren received them in a short time from some other. The individuals who officiated had not always much presence of mind, still less energy, to sustain, strengthen, and encourage the poor sufferer in his last decisive moments; but they managed so that nothing essential was wanted for the sacrament: in a few words, they reminded the dying man of the holiness of the cause for which he lost his life, and what just confidence he ought to have in Him to whom he had borne witness; they made him renew his sacrifice to the Redeemer, and he expired without regret, full of the hope and joy of the saints.—*Note of the Author.*

Scarcely had they yielded their last sigh before the commander of the sloop claimed the bag which contained their effects, and immediately he hoisted a certain pennant, at the sight of which they knew, on board our vessel, that a priest was dead at the hospital. Instantly all the crew, as if they had heard of the gaining of a great battle, or of the punishment of some great criminal, howled out, throwing up their hats at the same time, their favourite words,—"*Vive la Republique!*" And the officers deputed a certain number of our brethren, well escorted by the National Guard, to go and bury the body at the Isle of Aix.

But what could be more revolting than the manner in which the seamen threw this body, so venerable in the eyes of the faithful, into the boat that was to convey it to its last home! One might have said (pardon me such a revolting comparison)—one might have thought that it was a piece of putrid carrion, which they were eagerly endeavouring to remove from their loathing sight. In fact, they gave the corpse no other name, and told us, without evasion, when we greatly reproached them on the subject, that, when the body was dead, all was dead. Indeed these pretended Christians were not even equal to good heathens, as the heathens who had any education admitted the immortality of the soul.

On their arrival at the Isle of Aix, the deputed priests were obliged to walk through moving sands,

to the distance of more than a quarter of a league, carrying the body of their deceased brother upon a handbarrow, unless they happened to meet with some charitable peasant, who would lend them a wheelbarrow to convey it. They dug themselves a very deep grave,* in which they deposited, without any external sign of religion, these melancholy remains of the generous confessors of the faith. But what outraged both humanity and decency was, that it often happened, that the sordid avarice or the revolting wickedness of those who were witnesses of these hasty interments forbade us to leave these venerable bodies even the one last vestment which the poorest even take to the grave with them.

These painful tasks, although consolatory in one respect, became extremely frequent precisely at the period of the great heats, when they were infinitely more fatiguing.† It sometimes happened, that in

* It was required that the grave should be six feet in depth, as voracious animals had dug up some of these venerable bodies for their prey. We were not only required to inter our brethren, for it once happened that our tyrants forced those who had been deputed to render one of them this melancholy duty, to carry likewise the corpse of a national guard, which was falling into pieces, which the sea had thrown upon the coast, and the stench of which no one could support.—*Note of the Author.*

† "Some of the banished, who had just been burying some of their brethren, and who returned to the vessel drenched with rain or with salt water, in vain requested, in order that they might

this way we buried three or four priests at one time. At other times, we were scarcely returned, harassed, and half dead with hunger, from the island, when it was necessary to set out again, to render the same service to some other of our brethren, who in the interval had passed into a better life. It may readily be conceived whether such fatigues, added to so many other sufferings, did not dispose us to wish that we might soon join those whom we had just been consigning to the earth. Who can enumerate of how many generous confessors of the faith the Isle of Aix, so confined in its extent, contains the precious bones? Oh, too fortunate land, happy isle of saints! The honoured deposits which thou enclosest, in such numbers, in thy bosom, will for ever secure thee a celebrity which thou couldst

be able to dry their clothes, that they might, for a few hours, have the use of the things which had been taken from them; they could not obtain this just alleviation. One day, the captain of the *Washington* had a sergeant put in irons for having given refreshments to six ecclesiastics, who, during the same day, had successively interred eight of their brethren, and who were exposed to the rain during the whole of the painful operation. He would never consent to allow a second pocket-handkerchief and a second shirt to M. Cordier, an ex-jesuit, aged eighty-five years. He even took away the stick with which this old man was wont to support his decaying age, and, in depriving him of this support, he said to him, in a tone of raillery, "Old scoundrel, if I left thee this, thou wouldst be capable of effecting a counter-revolution in my ship."—(*Narrative of a Banished Priest.*)—*Note of the Editors.*

neither have expected from thy circumference nor from the fertility of thy soil. At the great day of the resurrection, *there shall rise*, from thee, *for eternal life*, a greater number of the dead than will issue from the bosom of much vaster regions. Ah! why were not my ashes mingled with the dust of so many holy priests, who repose peacefully in thy barren sands, *waiting for the blessed hope and the coming of the great God?* Ah! why, after having, like them, been at the gates of death, could I not, in the time most favourable for my salvation, pass beyond the last barrier? Was it necessary that, on reaching the port, I should again be thrown amongst rocks and quicksands, and forced to brave the dangers of a fresh navigation? Oh! since Heaven willed it thus, may I at least see the Lord restore to my dear country her ancient religion, accompanied by gentle peace, in order that the church may one day render to the remains of so many generous *athletæ* the legitimate honours which ought to be rendered to the mortal part of the saints; and may I be able, amongst the venerable ashes of so many worthy ministers of Jesus Christ, to discover the ashes, for ever dear to my heart, of my faithful friend, and the still dearer remains of the best and tenderest of brothers!

Contagion daily gaining ground, and the crew themselves beginning to be attacked by it, the wise resolution of landing us was adopted. Why had it

not been sooner executed? The church of France would not have to weep, like another Rachael, the death of six hundred of her dearest children and of her most faithful ministers. Those of us who were sick or convalescent were placed in the island *Citoyenne*, formerly called the island *Madame*,*

* I yet remember, with thrilling emotions, the delicious sensations which I experienced when, for the first time, I set my foot on this small island. I fancied I was entering into a terrestrial paradise, although assuredly this shore, which is nearly barren, and the air of which is not very salubrious, is far from being captivating. But I desired so ardently to see the land again! I had, it appeared to me, been so long, so very long, upon the sea! For suffering retards the march of time, as pleasure gives it wings.

I felt then as if I were entering into a new creation, when, upon approaching the coast, I perceived verdure, a hedge, and a few trees interspersed here and there. There only required the sight of a few living beings, which might give a degree of animation to the spot. I discovered a butterfly; that was much to my eye, and I felt a lively pleasure in beholding it; but I sought all around for birds;—I discovered several, water-wagtails, linnets, swallows, &c. and I was then at the height of joy. At the end of some few days, I got rid of the fever, which I had feared I should not have long enough to enable me to procure the privilege of landing, and I experienced a sensible improvement in my health:—not that convalescents were particularly well attended to, for we were in want of many things, and particularly suffered from hunger; but we guarded against it as well as we could, by devouring everything that came in our way: apples, half ripe, which were sold at a dear rate to those who had had the good luck to save a few assignats; blackberries, which we picked off

where we lodged under vast tents, with each a small bed. We were able to take the air and to procure a few remedies: but this assistance, in consequence of its having been so late administered to us, became almost useless. The germ of disease was in our blood, and it continued to display itself with incre-

the hedges; crabs and muscles, which we fished for ourselves when the sea had retired; land and sea snails; mushrooms, and even wild sorrel and bitter herbs, which we gathered in the fields. Notwithstanding this, what a difference between such a mode of life and that to which we had been accustomed! We were not closely watched: we could pray at our ease, and even assemble together for this pious exercise, to which everything powerfully invited us; we enjoyed at once a sight of the sea and of the land; we walked much; each day we gained some yards more land, and the pass-word became less severe with respect to us, thanks to the humanity of the commandant of the fort; we sometimes met with an honest volunteer or a worthy villager who manifested an interest for us; we went a fishing; we laid snares for the birds; we were delivered from the oppressive gaze of our blood-suckers, and, above all, we no longer heard their abuse, their menaces, and their terrible blasphemies ringing in our ears. In a word, our condition was become very supportable. Happy would it have been could we have prolonged it until we had obtained our full liberty! But the violent rains and winds of autumn came, the cold soon succeeded, and it was no longer possible to live under our tents. We were therefore again put on board our vessels, where we suffered a repetition of all that I have before described,—that is to say, an excessive cold, after having indured intolerable heat; so that, in regard to temperature, we experienced the two extremes without changing our situation.—*Note of the Author.*

dible rapidity and malignity. The sick continued to die, and those who were in health, and who had only changed vessels, to become ill in as great a proportion as before; so that it was necessary to wait until this terrible scourge should cease of itself, or rather till Providence, which wished to preserve a small number of us, might deign to put a stop to its course.

We were re-embarked towards the close of the autumn. It was about the same period that several vessels, containing a great number of transported priests, who had before been in prison at Bordeaux, Blaye, &c. came to anchor in the same roads where we were moored. We were permitted to see each other from time to time. But what was the astonishment of these venerable men, amongst whom many of us had relations or friends, when they saw us for the first time! They scarcely recognised us, so greatly had suffering emaciated, withered, and reduced us: our heads had become completely bald, our beards had not grown for want of the natural juices,* our complexions were strangely tanned, and all our features horribly changed! These individuals, who till then had deemed themselves

* This is a fact worthy of the observation of naturalists; our beards had scarcely grown at all, doubtlessly for the want of the necessary natural juices to feed them.—*Note of the Author.*

the most unfortunate of prisoners, and who had in reality been put to very severe trials, considered that they had suffered nothing in comparison with us, and could not, in beholding us, restrain their sobs and tears. They acted towards us with the greatest generosity, and, although they were beginning to feel distress, they parted, for our sakes, with a part of their clothes and of their scanty funds, in order to alleviate misery much greater than their own. We render them the same testimony which St. Paul rendered to the faithful of Macedonia,—"*That they were charitable according to their power, and even beyond their power.*"

However urgent the necessity was for our being put on shore, in order that we might not perish, *omnes usque ad unum*, from the effect of the excessive cold which we suffered after our return from Citoyenne island, they deferred yet two months longer the accomplishment of this scheme, which, day after day, they held out the idea would be soon put into execution. Heaven doubtlessly permitted, that, although always deceived, we should always be the dupes of the illusive promises that were made to us; for, certain it is that, had it not been for the precious resource of hope which supported us, although the delay made us bitterly suffer, we should never have had either strength or fortitude to support all that we had to endure during the cruel winter of 95, and we should infallibly have sunk

under this last trial, more terrible, if possible, than the preceding ones.

But at length the anxiously-desired moment of our landing arrived. This was at the beginning of February. They did not any longer announce to us, as they had till then satisfied themselves by doing, sometimes that we should be put on shore at Brouage,* sometimes that we should go to Saintes;

* Brouage is a very small town close to the sea, falling into ruins and almost deserted. It does not contain, at most, more than a hundred inhabitants. The air of the place is humid and unwholesome, owing to the salt marshes which surround it. We thought, for some time, that we should be sent into this wretched spot, where there had been as many as seven hundred prisoners, who had suffered considerably from its insalubrity. It was reported to be the intention of the administration to assign it to us for our prison. We should undoubtedly have preferred such an abode to a longer residence in the vessels; but we unquestionably gave the preference to Saintes, over both the others. Fortunately, the real or pretended scheme did not take effect; but what was not executed with regard to us was put in execution with regard to a great number of our brethren from Bordeaux, &c. of whom I have above spoken. They have never yet obtained their liberty, and even at the moment while I write they are yet detained at Brouage, where they suffer evils almost as great as our's have been; in a word, where they endure every misery that can be inflicted upon them in such a situation. The following is merely a part of what was attested, on the 12th Brumaire last, by the health-officer who attended to them: "I, the undersigned, &c. certify that *the greater number* (of the priests confined at Brouage) are attacked by fevers of a very tenacious and obstinate kind,

but they really set sail for the coast off Rochefort, whence we were transferred in sloops to Chariente, and thence, by land, to Saintes.

Here, at length, the scene begins to change. It

others by a violent dysentery, which has carried off several, namely, *eight within fifteen days;* and at this moment *the number of those who are tolerably well is scarcely sufficient for carrying the dead to the grave. Many are in want of clothing, and a part sleep upon the bare floor, having no straw to lie upon,* &c. Signed, *De la Grave,* health-officer; certified by the municipal officers of the parish of Brouage, Marennes, 14th Brumaire. Signed, Divrit, Tinbaud." Why, at the mere sight of such a certificate, was not the release of these unfortunate beings ordered? Robespierre cannot then be as dead as he is thought to be, or else his abominable system of cruelty survives him! What can be the meaning of that unpardonable inattention, or that barbarous neglect of the legislative body, respecting the fate of more than a hundred and thirty citizens, who continue to be cruelly punished for a fault which has long been declared imaginary? Has injustice become naturalized in France, and will the most monstrous inconsistencies continually be the order of the day!

I will dare to hope that the reading of this small work will at least inspire sufficient horror of tyranny, to determine those who have authority in hand, to extirpate that fatal remains of it which contrasts so strangely with the present spirit of the government, and violates so openly the constitution. If it is the destiny of all the French priests who have shown any character in the revolution, to be constantly deprived of their liberty, in the most formal contempt of the laws, why are not the prisoners in question sent into the places of confinement of their respective departments?—Some charitable souls would perchance there be found, who would give them a little straw to rest upon.—*Note of the Author.*

is time to breathe freely, and to oppose to this long and melancholy recital of so many horrors, the affecting picture of the humanity and generosity of the inhabitants of Saintes. This painting, of a colouring so widely different from that which we have just beheld, will be as cheering as the ray of light which delights the sad heart of the mariner after a violent storm, presaging the speedy return of calm and serenity.

We had already conceived a high opinion of the humanity of the city of Saintes, from the report we had heard made by our brethren of the department of Allier, of the numerous kindnesses which they had received from its inhabitants, during an imprisonment which they had suffered for some time in that town, previous to their joining us in the Roads. But we may affirm with great truth, that the reality was much above what fame had reported to us of the hospitality of that beneficent city, which must for ever merit the gratitude of all good and holy men.

We began to perceive the humane and feeling character of its inhabitants, from our very first entrance within its precincts, on seeing them stationed against the walls, along the streets through which we passed, although it rained tremendously, gazing upon us with eyes bathed in tears, and expressive, most unequivocally, of compassion, joy, and tender beneficence and good will. I then felt, for the first time during a space of six months, that I was

not so insensible as I thought I had become, and that I still had a heart. I shed tears, which all the unworthy and base treatment of our gaolers had not been able to draw from me, and which the death of a beloved brother had alone been capable of forcing from my eyes.

We were lodged in handsome apartments at Notre Dame; and immediately, by order of the municipality (for even the constituted authorities manifested an interest for us), the citizens were three several times invited in the name of humanity, and by the sound of the drums, to bear the most speedy assistance to the unfortunate priests who had just arrived. The precaution was unnecessary, for aid of every kind had anticipated this generous recommendation. Scarcely, in fact, had we set our foot in Notre Dame, before citizens of every condition, of every age, and of both sexes, hurried thither after us, bringing, in emulation of each other, all sorts of assistance in linen, in clothing, in furniture, in money, and in professions of every description. There was an emulous spirit of generosity and of charity evinced, which scarcely ever had an example.*

* "A labourer of the city came to our retreat, addressed himself to M. du Pavillon, vicar-general of the diocese, and said to him: '*My work, Sir, puts me in a condition to purchase two bottles of wine daily for the use of myself, my wife, and my children; allow*

I fancied myself again at the birth of Christianity; I thought I was passing from hell to heaven.—Our place of confinement was continually filled with visitors. The staircases, the corridors, were completely obstructed. Every one was eager to render us some service, either by supplying us food or furnishing our cells; every one was anxious to take some one to his house,* in order to dry him (for we were wet to the skin), to clean him, to dress him in better clothing, and to regale him with the best he had. Even the unfaithful priests of Saintes themselves, made a display of beneficence and of generosity, however keen the remorse might be which was awakened in them by the recital or view of the sufferings they were endeavouring to alleviate. Yes, I may affirm with sincerity, that had we suffered still more than we had done, the reception alone which we met with at Saintes would have indemnified us for all our troubles, had we not placed our hopes on a higher ground.

Let it not be imagined that these acts of charity were only the effect of a transient fit of sensibility. No: they were renewed to us as often as our neces-

*me to dispose of one in behalf of a prisoner.*' The offer of this excellent man was accepted, as it justly deserved to be."—*Note of the Editors.*

* It was at first permitted, in order to gratify the spirit of the public, yet under the responsibility of our hosts.—*Note of the Author.*

sities required and indeed continued unremitted until we received our full liberty. The inhabitants did not confine themselves merely to what was necessary; they even procured for us what was convenient and agreeable, without speaking of the visits of politeness which were paid us, and of the marks of esteem and consideration which were lavished upon us by every class of citizens.* Our

* Amongst all the visits that we received, none gave us as lively a pleasure as that of Madame de Metz. We had known this feeling and generous woman in our prison of Rochefort, where she rendered us every sort of service, when she came to see her brother, the same M. de St. A . . . . of whom I spoke in the early part of my narrative, who was in confinement with us. She inquired most particularly as to the time and place of our embarkation, and as to the personal character of the captain who was to have charge of us. She was good enough to enter into minute details of our little purchases, and to undertake to make them herself. In a word, she regretted neither her time nor her trouble, in order to oblige us, when we had recourse to her.

We were no sooner arrived at Saintes, after our debarkation, than this faithful friend (I do not fear to give her this name, which I am well assured she will not disdain to accept) hastened to come and see her old prisoners. But how shall I describe the various sentiments which by turns agitated her feeling and noble soul at the moment of our affecting meeting?—her joy to behold us again, as warmly expressed as it was felt; her profound grief to find us again in such small numbers, and so disfigured; her desire to be useful to us; her obliging offers of service, &c. Let it suffice to say, that the pleasure was equal on both sides, and that such scenes made us quite forget all that we had suffered.—*Note of the Author.*

sick were comfortably lodged, had good beds, and were well nursed. They had a surgeon, an apothecary, and, above all, a skilful physician, a man of ability, full of kindness and urbanity, to whom we must render this testimony, that he took as much interest in our fate as if we had been his neighbours or his particular friends. The nation gave us forty sous per day (twenty pence) for our subsistence and use. Our caterers were mild and obliging, and even our door-keeper was civil. In a word, instead of being, as before, ill-treated by all who surrounded us, we had here to complain of no one, or rather there was no person but conducted himself in a way to excite our self-congratulations.

When any of us obtained our liberty, the inhabitants were emulous to entertain us until we departed; each was anxious to procure us the means of celebrating the Lord's Supper; each was desirous of making a humble confession of his sins at our feet; and each eager to receive the holy bread from our hands. For I must openly declare, to the glory of the town of Saintes, that it is as religious as it is benevolent, and that its benevolence is but the fruits of its religion, or rather is religion itself, reduced to practice and in full exercise.* Enjoy the

* On the contrary, alas! in too many towns of France, and, in particular, in that where I drew my first breath, religion and piety, even before the revolution, seemed, by some unaccountable

reward of thy gifts, religious and beneficent city; enjoy the solid and durable glory which Christian sentiments procure! It will not be my fault if thy revered name does not become celebrated amongst the names of the most illustrious cities of my country.

. . . . . .

and unfortunate prejudice, to be practised only by a sex little calculated to shed a certain character of grandeur round them; at Saintes, these virtues, even during the times of bitter persecution, constituted the glory and the delight of the men who possessed the most talent and the most distinguished merit. It is by no means a rare thing to behold there people of distinction, old and respectable military men, who had merited well of their country, observe all the practices of religion, with as much nobleness and dignity as zeal and devotion; read the holy Scriptures, frequent prayers, approach the Lord's table, without restraint and without shame, and without fear or criminal deference to the prejudices of the unholy. Saintes is at present what my country, thirty years ago, was; (oh, why can I not say that it still is!) Oh, L....! city formerly so renowned for the piety of thy inhabitants, what malignant being, jealous of thy happiness and thy glory, has, in so short a time, so changed thee, that thou canst no longer be recognised: "*Quomodo obscuratum est aurum, mutatus est color optimus?*" It is not only since a disastrous revolution, subversive of all good, that thou hast lost thy morals and thy ancient sentiments of religion; thy defection commenced yet earlier. Ah! wilt thou not at least reflect in thy extreme misfortune; will the excess of thy sufferings never lead thee to virtue? "*Saltem amodo voca me, dixit Dominus.*" Who knows whether the Lord would not even yet suffer himself to be softened by thy tears, as he was formerly disarmed of his wrath by the repentance of the wicked Nineveh?—*Note of the Author.*

But what need have I to publish thy praises, when they are already in the mouth of all the true Catholics of France! Is there one amongst them who is not aware in what manner thy inhabitants received us, and to whom thy virtues do not serve at once as an example and as an encouragement! Receive, in particular, the public homage of my gratitude, virtuous and benevolent F . . . ., feeling and compassionate La Gar . . ., you who charmed me as much by the happy union of Christian and social virtues as comforted me by the gifts of your generosity. Thou likewise art present to my memory, virtuous and kind-hearted Fragn . . . . I shall ever remember, with deep gratitude, thy activity, thy intelligence, thy numerous gratuitous services, and especially the odour of piety which I breathed under thy humble roof.* And ye who had likewise the

* Having gone, on the evening of Good-Friday (the first decree concerning freedom of worship was but just published) to the house of this pious female, who lodged in the Faubourg St. Eutrope, in order to take leave of her and all her respectable family, I was most agreeably surprised to find there the most numerous assembly of the faithful which I had seen for nearly three years. It was composed of a great number of honest artisans of the faubourg, and of women, who had met together after their labour, to honour the memory of the dying Redeemer, and to assist at the service which was to be celebrated by one of my banished brethren, who, with myself, had just obtained his liberty. It was a very large lofty room, which served as an oratory. These good people, who could not be very rich, being only simple weavers, had spared nothing to decorate it. It was furnished with a large

happiness to suffer for the faith, holy wives of Jesus Christ, who give yourselves by a double title the tender name of sisters, and in whom three different hearts appear to form but one and the same soul,—can I ever forget the tender piety of which I was the witness, your numerous benefits, and the eager attentions which you lavished on me when, about to quit your country, I went for the last time to immolate the sacred victim in your modest asylum?

However happy the change which had been wrought in our condition, still there were some of our brethren who perished at Saintes, either of the diseases by which they were attacked *before* they quitted our vessels, or of those which they contracted in their journey from Charente to Saintes; for a great number had travelled on foot, exposed to the rain, and over their ankles in mud; and, I have no doubt, the sudden transition from a state of suffering and hunger, to comfort and abundance, was fatal to some.* Whatever was the cause, up to this

chandelier, or triangular candlestick, supplied with fifteen wax tapers, such as might have been expected in a church well provided with everything necessary for worship. The crowd was great, and yet there was profound attention. Never was I more edified!—*Note of the Author.*

* It was not so for me; I had foreseen the danger; but it produced upon me an effect which I had not anticipated, and which will doubtlessly appear as extraordinary to some persons, as it appeared to myself. In each of our cells fresh straw had been

period, there had died upwards of three-fourths of us, in the space of about eleven months. But, if such was the proportion of the dead, out of the whole of the priests transported from Rochefort, the proportion was much more dreadful in regard to those of certain departments. There were some of them which had furnished upwards of eighty priests, and which only saw seven or eight survivors return to their homes. It happened that those of the colder districts were the most severe sufferers by disease, having been accustomed to breathe a keener and purer air.

Such is the abridged and imperfect history of our

placed for two persons. The first night I had no other bed; but this I minded not, as I had not for a long time had so soft a couch to repose upon. I slept perfectly well. The following night I lay upon a mattress, and did not rest by far so comfortably. That night and the three or four following, I felt a violent pain in my loins, which made me debate in my mind whether I should not quit my mattress to take my straw again. Surprised by an effect so unusual, and in appearance so unnatural, I spoke of it, in the course of conversation, to the physician of the house. He only laughed at my surprise, and assured me that time would remedy all. I soon experienced the truth of his assurance. At the end of a week or two, it would have been as painful to me to sleep again upon the floor, as it then was to lie upon a mattress. I understood that the unexpected pain which I had experienced proceeded from the sinking of my new couch, which, by bending under me, necessarily bent my loins, before used to rest upon a more solid body.—*Note of the Author.*

sufferings. I abstain from all commentary. Every one, in reading this work, will make the reflections which will naturally suggest themselves to his mind; for reflections, and deep reflections, it is well calculated to excite. I will, however, permit myself one observation, which must, I conceive, strike all good men. It is that the extreme sufferings that we have endured, *most voluntarily*, since it depended only upon ourselves to avoid them, by yielding, as many others had done, to all that was required of us, are at least a strong evidence in favour of our religious opinions, as well as of the indispensable necessity of sacrificing our dearest worldly advantages, and even our life, for the support of our faith; for sacrifices so severe and bitter as our's are not made, except for truths sincerely believed.—How fully must we be persuaded of their truth! Four hundred individuals, suffering martyrdom for the same opinions, and they, generally speaking, of far superior minds to those around, is some evidence of truth,—at all events it ought to have received received respect, even though the opinions advocated were wrong;—but when, in addition to this, they were the servants of God, the ministers of his sacred word, I tremble when I think of the fate of our persecutors, and I daily implore a merciful Almighty to forgive their sacrilegious offences and abominable cruelties.

# RELATION

OF

## *THE EVENTS THAT TOOK PLACE*

AT

# THE TEMPLE;

*From the 13th of August, 1792, to the Death of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVII. Written in the Tower of the Temple,*

BY THE DUCHESS D'ANGOULEME.

# RELATION,

*&c. &c.*

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On the 13th of August, 1792, at seven o'clock in the evening, the King, my father, arrived at the Temple, accompanied by his family. The gunner wanted to conduct him to the tower alone, and to leave us at the castle; but Manuel had received an order, during our passage to the prison, to confine us all in the tower. Petion succeeded in appeasing the rage of the gunners, and we all entered the castle together, accompanied by the municipal officers, who kept my father constantly in sight. Manuel alone remained with us. My brother, being quite overcome from want of sleep, was conducted by Madame de Tourzel, at eleven o'clock, to the tower, which was now decidedly fixed upon as our destination. My father accompanied us there at one o'clock in the morning; but no preparation whatever had been made for our reception. My aunt was obliged to sleep in the kitchen, and it is said that Manuel himself appeared ashamed, on conducting her into it.

The following are the names of the persons who partook our sad confinement in this miserable place:—Madame the Princess Lamballe; Madame de Tourzel, and Pauline, her daughter; Messieurs Hue and Chamilly, who were attached to the personal service of my father,—the two latter slept in a chamber above stairs; Madame de Navarre, *femme-de-chambre* of my aunt, slept with her in the kitchen, as did also Pauline; Madame St. Brice, femme de chambre attached to the household of my brother,—this person lay in the billiard-room, with him and Madame de Tourzel; Madame Thibaut, in the service of my mother, and Madame Bazire in mine; both slept in a room below stairs. My father had three men with him, Turgy, Chretien, and Marchaut.

The next morning, the 14th, my brother breakfasted with my mother; we then went to look at the great halls of the tower, which, they told us, were to be fitted up for our reception, the tutret where we then were being too small to contain so many of us. Manuel and Santerre having come to the prison the following day, we were allowed to walk in the garden. Great objections were made to the females who composed our suite. On our arrival at the prison we found others, who had been appointed by Petion to wait upon us, but we refused to accept their services. On the second day following, a decree of the Commune was

brought to the prison, ordering the immediate removal of those who had come with us. My father and mother remonstrated against the execution of this decree, as did also the municipal officers who were on guard at the Temple; and, in consequence of their opposition, the order was revoked for the moment. We passed the entire day together. My father gave a lesson in geography to my brother; my mother made him read some pages of history and learn some verses; and my aunt gave him a lesson in arithmetic. My father was so fortunate as to find a library, which gave him occupation; my mother employed her time in working embroidery. The municipal officers conducted themselves with the greatest familiarity, and showed no respect whatever for the king. One of them always remained near him, and kept him constantly in sight. My father requested to be allowed a man and a woman, to do the coarse work of our *menage*.

On the night of the 19th of August, a second decree of the Commune was brought to the Temple, ordering the removal of every person who was not of the royal family. M. Hue and M. Chamilly were taken out of the apartment of my father, who was left alone with a municipal officer. They then proceeded to the room occupied by my mother, for the purpose of removing the Princess Lamballe. My mother strongly opposed the measure, saying, what was exactly true, that the princess belonged

to the royal family: the officers, however, refused to listen to her representations. My aunt came down with Madame de Navarre and Pauline de Tourzel. The municipal officers assured us that these ladies would be allowed to return, after having been interrogated at the Commune. My brother was taken into the apartment of my mother, in order to avoid leaving him alone. It was with difficulty my mother could tear herself from the arms of the Princess Lamballe. We embraced all these ladies, not however without the hope of seeing them again the next day. Neither of the four of us who remained behind closed our eyes during the entire night. My father, though unable to sleep, remained in his own room, where the municipal officers also passed the night. The next morning, at seven o'clock, we were told that the ladies who had been taken from us the preceding day were not to return to the Temple, and that they had been sent to the prison of La Force. We were not a little surprised, at nine o'clock, at seeing M. Hue enter room. He informed my father, that he had been examined before the Council-general of the Commune, who, having found him innocent, had given him leave to return to the Temple.

After dinner, Petion sent a man and a woman, named Tison, to do the coarse work. My mother took my brother into her room, and sent me into another room with my aunt. We were separated from my mother by

a small chamber, occupied by a municipal officer and a sentinel. My father was above stairs, and, on learning that an apartment was preparing for his reception, he was by no means pleased with the intended arrangement, as it would have the effect of removing him to a greater distance from us. He accordingly sent for Palloy, the inspector of the workmen, with the intention of having the preparations put a stop to; but Palloy, in the most insolent tone and manner, replied, that he received his orders only from the Commune. It was our custom to go up to my father's room every day to breakfast, and we then accompanied him down stairs to the apartment occupied by my mother, where he spent the entire day. We walked every day in the garden, on account of my brother's health, and, while taking the air, my father was always certain to be insulted by the guard. On the anniversary of St. Louis, so early as seven o'clock in the morning, the air of *Ca Ira* was sung in a loud voice, under the windows of the Temple.

We were informed next morning, by one of the municipal officers, that M. de La Fayette had left France; and Manuel, who came to the Temple in the evening, confirmed this intelligence to my father. He brought my aunt Elizabeth a letter from my aunts at Rome; this was the last letter any of us received from abroad. My father was now no longer addressed by the title of king; nor was the slightest de-

monstration of respect shown him; he was never addressed as *Sire* or *Your Majesty*, but simply *Monsieur* or *Louis*. The municipal officers remained constantly seated in his chamber, and never thought it necessary to take their hats off in his presence; they took his sword from him, and searched his pockets.* Petion sent Clery, who had been attached to the personal service of my father, to wait upon him, and also sent as turnkey the horrible man who forced in the door of my father's apartment, on the 20th June, 1792, and who was on the point of murdering him. This man never left the tower for a moment, and put every thing he possibly could invent into practice, for the purpose of tormenting my father. He sometimes amused himself with singing, in our presence, the song of *La Carmagnole*, and several other songs of the same description; and, at another time, knowing that my mother had a great objection to the smell of tobacco, he blew a puff of smoke into her's and my father's faces, as he passed near them. He was always sure to be in his bed at the hour we went to supper, because it was necessary for us to pass through his room, and he even frequently went to bed as we were going to our dinner. There was

* See Note (A), where M. Hue relates this circumstance, and describes the deep impression it produced upon the mind of the King.—*Note of the Editors.*

no sort of insult or disgusting treatment that he did not invent for our annoyance. My father endured it all with mildness, and pardoned the unworthy man from the bottom of his heart. As for my mother, she supported his repeated insults with a calm dignity which frequently awed him into respect.—The garden was full of labourers, who constantly insulted my father; and one of them went so far as to exclaim in his presence, that he wished he could have an opportunity of striking off the queen's head with the spade he held in his hand. These insults redoubled on the 2nd of September, which we were at a loss to account for. Stones were thrown from the neighbouring windows at my father, but they fortunately did not reach him. A woman, whose inclinations were apparently friendly, wrote on a large pasteboard the words, *Verdun is taken*, which she raised on a pole to the window of our apartment. My aunt had time to read it, and it escaped the notice of the municipal officers. We had scarcely heard this news when a new municipal officer, of the name of Mathieu, arrived at the Temple: his countenance was inflamed with rage, and he ordered my father, in a rough voice, to retire into his apartment. We followed him, being apprehensive that it was their intention to separate us. On our arrival up stairs, Mathieu met M. Hue, whom he seized by the collar, saying that he arrested him: M. Hue, with a view to gain time

to take the orders of my parents, asked leave to make a parcel of his things; Mathieu refused to allow him, but another municipal officer, who was more charitably inclined, permitted him to do so. Mathieu then turned towards my father, addressing him in the most insulting manner, and saying all that the meanest and most unworthy feelings could dictate; among others, '*The general has beaten—the tocsin has been rung—the alarm-guns have been fired—the emigrants are at Verdun: if they come, we shall all be lost; but you shall be the first to perish.*" My father listened to these insults, and a thousand others of the same nature, with the dignified calm inspired by hope. My brother burst into tears, and fled into an adjoining room, whither I hastened after him, and had the utmost difficulty to console him and to calm his fears respecting my father, whom he thought already on the brink of destruction. M. Hue had in the meantime returned, and, after Mathieu had once more repeated his insulting conduct to my father, they both left the Temple together. M. Hue was taken to La Mairie. The massacres had already commenced at the Abbaye. After remaining a month in prison, M. Hue was released, but returned no more to the Temple.

The municipal officers all joined in their condemnation of the violent conduct of Mathieu, at the same time that their own bearing towards my father

was scarcely any better. They told him that it was a certain fact that the King of Prussia was on his march through France, and that he was putting all the Frenchmen he could meet to death, by virtue of a warrant with the signature of Louis. There was no sort of calumny, however ridiculous or incredible, that they did not invent as an excuse for their insulting language. My mother, being unable to close her eyes, heard the general beat during the entire night, for what reason we could not imagine.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the 3d of September, Manuel came to see my father, and assured him that Madame de Lamballe, and all the other persons who had been taken from the Temple, were in good health, and that they were all confined together, under very easy and quiet circumstances, in the prison of La Force. At three o'clock we were suddenly alarmed by the most frightful cries: the king had only just risen from table, and was playing at trictrac with my mother, which gave them an opportunity of speaking to each other without being heard. The municipal officer who was on guard in the room behaved very well; he closed the door and the window, and drew the curtains, to prevent our seeing what was going on outside. The men who were at work in the Temple, and Rocher the turnkey, joined the mob, whose clamorous menaces were redoubled at this addition to their numbers. Several officers of the guard and muni-

cipal officers entered my father's apartment: the former wanted my father to show himself at the window. The municipal officers opposed this cruel violence, and, on my father's inquiring the cause of the cries and tumult, a young officer of the guard said to him: "Since you must know it, then, it is the head of Madame de Lamballe that they want to show you." At these words my mother was struck with horror; it was the only time I saw her firmness forsake her for a moment. The municipals remonstrated with the officer, but my father, with his usual benevolence of heart, endeavoured to excuse him, by saying that it was not the fault of the officer, but his only, for having asked him the question. The tumult lasted until five o'clock. We learned that the mob had wanted to force in the doors, and that the municipals had prevented them by placing a tri-coloured scarf across the entrance, but that they were at length prevailed upon to allow six of the murderers to make the round of our prison with the head of Madame de Lamballe paraded on a pike, but on condition that they should leave the remainder of their band without the gates. On this deputation entering the court, Rocher broke out into a vociferous shout of joy on seeing the head of Madame de Lamballe, and scolded a young man who was taken ill through horror at the sight of so dreadful a spectacle. The tumult was scarcely subsided, when Petion, instead of endeavouring to

stop the massacre, with perfect coolness, sent his secretary to my father, to settle some accounts of money. This secretary was a most ridiculous character, and said a thousand things which, at another moment, would have made us laugh: he imagined that my mother remained standing on account of his being present, because, since the frightful scene she had witnessed, she had remained standing in an immoveable posture, entirely unmindful of what was passing around her. The municipal officer who had sacrificed his scarf for our preservation made my father pay him the cost of it. My aunt and I heard the general beating the whole of the night; my unhappy mother did not even try to sleep: her sobs and sighs of grief reached the room where we lay. We supposed that the massacre had ceased, and it was not until some time after that we heard that it lasted for three days. It would be impossible to convey an idea of the scenes that constantly took place, both among the municipal officers and the troops on guard: the slightest thing alarmed them, so guilty were their own consciences. One day a man happened to fire off a gun, for the purpose of trying it, in the interior of the prison; he was immediately taken up and examined, and a regular *procés-verbal* was drawn up of the circumstances. On another occasion, in the middle of their supper, the guard were called to arms; it was said that the enemy had made their appearance: the dreadful

Rocher, on hearing this report, took up a large sabre, and cried out to my father, in a tone of insulting determination—"*If they come, I kill you.*" The whole affair, however, turned out to be a mere confusion among the patrols. Another time, a crowd of workmen, about a hundred in number, led probably by some of our friends, endeavoured to force the grating on the side of the round tower. The guard took the alarm, and hastened to the spot; the workmen were dispersed, and, painful certainty! many of them, no doubt, fell victims to their loyalty. The severity of our keepers daily increased. We were, however, fortunate in meeting with two municipal officers, who relieved the sufferings of my parents by the sensibility they testified towards them, and by inspiring them with a gleam of hope. I fear these two good men are no longer living. There was also a sentinel who had a long conversation with my aunt through the keyhole of her room. This soldier did nothing but weep during all the time he was on duty at the Temple. What has since become of him I know not, but I trust that Heaven has rewarded him for his attachment to his king!

Whenever I took lessons from my mother, and gave her my exercises for correction, a municipal officer always continued looking over my shoulder, lest what I was writing should be connected with some conspiracy. The newspapers were taken from

us, to prevent our knowing what was going on outside. One day they brought a paper to my father, saying that it contained some very interesting news. Horrid to relate, the passage they alluded to was one where it was said that they would make a cannon-ball of the head of Louis! The calm and contemptuous silence of my father completely defeated the cruel designs of those who showed him this diabolical paper. A few evenings after, a municipal officer, who was appointed to our guard, addressed us, on entering our apartment, in the most insulting and menacing language, and repeated what had been already frequently said to us, that we should every one of us be instantly put to death if the enemy approached the capital. He added that the fate of my brother alone excited his compassion, but that he was doomed to die, as he was the son of a tyrant. Such were the scenes to which my family was daily exposed.

The republic was established on the 22nd of September. The announcement of this event was made to us with all the demonstrations of joy, and we were at the same time informed of the departure of the foreign enemy: we were unwilling to believe the truth of this intelligence, but the fact was certain. At the beginning of October we were deprived of the use of pens, ink, paper, and pencils, which were searched for in every possible place, and even with unnecessary rigour. Notwithstanding

the closeness of their search, my mother and I succeeded in concealing our pencils, of which we kept possession; my father and my aunt gave up their's. On the evening of the same day, as my father had finished his supper, and was about to retire, he was told to wait,—that he was going to be placed in another apartment, and that he would be separated from us. The natural firmness and courage of my mother entirely forsook her on hearing this dreadful intelligence. We parted with my father drowned in tears, but not however without the hope of seeing him again. The next day our breakfast was laid for us in a separate room from his: my mother refused to take anything. The municipal officers, affected and alarmed at her utter desolation, granted us permission to see my father, but only at the hours of meals, and under the express conditions that we should not converse in a low voice or in a foreign language, but that we should speak so as to be heard, and *in good French*. We went down stairs to dine in my father's room, and with our hearts full of joy at the idea of seeing him. One of the municipal officers having observed my aunt whisper something to my father, called her to a severe account. In the evening, at supper-time, either my mother or my aunt went to put my brother to bed, and the other accompanied me to supper with my father. In the morning, after breakfast, we remained in his room a sufficient time to allow Clery to comb

our hair, as he was no longer permitted to enter my mother's apartment, and as it also gave us an excuse for remaining a few moments longer with my father. We all walked together in the garden at twelve.

Manuel came to see my father, and in the most disrespectful manner stripped him of the *cordon rouge* which he happened to wear that day. He assured my father that Madame de Lamballe alone had perished of all those who had been taken from the Temple. Clery, Tison, and his wife, were obliged to take an oath of fidelity to the nation. A municipal officer, on arriving one evening at the Temple, awoke my brother from his sleep in the roughest manner, under pretence of assuring himself of his identity; this was the only time I observed my mother lose her patience for a moment. Another of these officers told my mother that the project of Petion was not to have my father put to death, but to have him confined for life in the castle of Chambord, with my brother. I have no idea what this man's intention was in giving us this information: we have never seen him since. My father had been removed into an apartment under that of my mother, and my brother lay in his room; Clery slept in the same room with a municipal officer; all the windows were secured with iron-bars, and were constructed so as only to admit the light from above.

We usually spent our time in the following

manner:—My father always rose at seven o'clock, and prayed until eight; he then dressed himself and my brother, which occupied him until nine, when he came to breakfast in my mother's apartment. After breakfast, my father heard my brother his lessons, until eleven o'clock; my brother then played until twelve, at which hour we all went together to walk in the garden, no matter what the weather was, because it was necessary that the guard, which was relieved at that hour, should identify each of us, and be able to answer for our presence. We generally remained walking until two o'clock, when we went to dinner. After dinner my father and mother played at trictrac or at piquet; or rather they pretended to play, in order to have an opportunity of saying a few words to each other. At four o'clock my mother returned up stairs with us, and took my brother with her, my father being in the habit of sleeping at that hour. At six o'clock my brother returned to my father, who taught him his lessons, and allowed him to play until supper. At nine o'clock my mother undressed him and put him to bed, after which we all went up to my mother's apartment, where we remained together until eleven, at which hour my father retired to rest. My mother was constantly employed in working at embroidery; she also directed my studies, and frequently made me read to her aloud. My aunt spent the greater part of

her time in praying, and always read the prayers of the day: she read a great number of books of piety, which my mother frequently requested her to read aloud.

The newspapers were restored to us, in order that we might see the account of the foreign enemy's departure, and the horrid reports that were disseminated respecting the king. One day a municipal officer said to us,—"Ladies, I have some good news to tell you: a great number of emigrant traitors have been taken; if you are patriots, you must be glad to hear it." My mother, as was her custom on such occasions, did not say a single word, and even pretended not to hear what was said: it often happened that they felt overawed by her calm and dignified contempt: it was rarely to her that they chose to address themselves. The Convention came this day, for the first time, to see the king. The members composing the deputation asked him if he had any complaints to make; he replied that he had none, and that he was contented as long as he was with his family. Clery complained that the persons who furnished provisions at the Temple were not regularly paid. Chabot replied,—"Let them wait; the nation is security for the money." The deputies who visited the Temple upon this occasion were Chabot, Dupont, Drouet, and Lecointe Puyravaux. They returned after we had dined, and repeated the same questions. Ano-

ther day Drouet came alone, and asked the queen whether she had any complaint to make. My mother made no reply. Some time after, as we were at dinner, a number of gendarmes entered the room, laid violent hold on Clery, and ordered him to go with them to the tribunal. A few days before, as he was going down stairs in company with a municipal officer, Clery met a young man of his acquaintance, who formed one of the guard at the Temple: they had spoken to each other, and had shaken hands, which excited the suspicions of the municipal officer, who had the young man instantly arrested. It was to appear with him before the tribunal that Clery was now sent for. My father expressed a desire that he should be allowed to return; the municipal officers said he would not be permitted; however, he returned to the Temple at twelve o'clock at night. He asked pardon from the king for his past conduct, which had been completely changed by the benevolent manners of my father, the exhortations of my aunt, and the opportunity he had of witnessing the sufferings of my parents. He afterwards continued to act with the utmost fidelity.

One day we were alarmed by a great tumult in the street, arising from the mob, who crowded around the Temple, calling for the head of my father and of my mother, and came under our very windows, that we might hear these cruel expressions.

My father became so severely indisposed with cold, that the Commune became alarmed, and ordered his physician Lemonier, and Robert his apothecary, to issue a daily bulletin of his health, but he soon recovered from this attack. We were all indeed in some degree attacked with colds, but my father suffered more severely than any of us.

The Commune was changed on the 2nd of December; and the new municipal officers came to the Temple at ten o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of identifying my father and his family. A few days afterwards a decree was issued, ordering Tison and Clery to be removed from our apartments, and all knives, scissors, and sharp-edged instruments to be taken from us, and also directing that the dishes that were served to us should be all carefully tasted. In pursuance of the decree, a search was made throughout our apartments, and we were compelled to give up our scissors.

On the 11th of December we were thrown into great alarm by the beating of the drum and the arrival of a body of troops at the Temple. My father went down to his own apartment immediately after breakfast with my brother. At eleven o'clock he was visited by Chambon the mayor, Chaumette the procureur-general, and Colombeau the registrar of the Commune. They announced to him the decree of the Convention, ordering him to be brought

immediately to its bar, to undergo an examination: they prevailed upon him to send my brother to us; but, not having the decree of the Convention with them, they kept him waiting for it nearly two hours: he left the Temple about one o'clock, in the mayor's carriage, accompanied by Chaumette and Colombeau, and escorted by a body of municipal officers on foot. My father, observing that Colombeau saluted several persons on their passage, asked him if they were all friends of his; to which Colombeau replied: "They are all honest citizens of the 10th of August, whom I never see without a warm feeling of joy and friendship."

I shall say nothing of the manner in which my father conducted himself at the Convention: his behaviour on that day is known to every one; his firmness, his mildness, his benevolence, and his courage in the midst of the murderers who thirsted after his blood, are traits of character which will never be forgotten, and which will be held in admiration to the remotest posterity.

The king returned to the tower of the Temple at six o'clock, accompanied by the same escort. We were in a state of uneasiness during his absence that it would be impossible to describe. My mother tried every means in her power, with the municipal officers by whom she was guarded, to learn from them what was passing: it was the

first time she deigned to ask them a question. These men refused to give her any information, and we were kept in complete ignorance of what was going on until my father returned. Immediately on his arrival, my mother prayed to be allowed to see him, and even condescended to demand the permission of Chambon; but she received no answer to her message. My brother remained with her that night; as there was no bed for him, she gave him up her own, and remained sitting up the entire night, and appeared in such a state of mind, that my aunt at first refused to leave her; she forced us all to retire to rest. The next morning my mother again sent to demand leave to see my father, and to obtain the newspapers, in order to learn the particulars of his trial; she added, that if they would not grant her permission to see my father, they could not refuse it to his children. This demand was laid before the Council-general; the newspapers were refused: but permission was granted my brother and myself to see my father, on condition that we should thenceforth be separated from my mother. This determination being imparted to my father, his answer was, that however great the pleasure would be to see his children, the important affairs he had to occupy him would not allow time to attend to his son, and that his daughter could, on no account,

leave her mother: my brother's bed was accordingly removed into my mother's room.

The Convention sent a deputation to visit my father. He demanded the assistance of counsel, and to be provided with ink and paper, and with razors to shave himself; his demands were acceded to, and MM. Malesherbes, Trouchet, and Deseze, his three counsel, waited upon him; but he was always obliged to go with them into the adjoining turret, in order to be able to speak with them without being overheard. His walks in the garden were restrained, and our's also: thus we could neither see nor receive intelligence of each other, except through the medium of the municipal officers. My father, having learned that I was annoyed with a sore foot, was greatly distressed on my account, and, with his usual affectionate kindness, was most anxious in his inquiries after me.

Among the members of this Commune we met some kind-hearted and charitable men, whose sensibility towards us lightened our sufferings and softened the miseries of our situation; they assured my mother that my father was in no danger, and that his trial would be referred to the Primary Assemblies, where it was certain he would be saved. Alas! they either were themselves deceived, or their compassion for my mother made them desirous to blind her to the dreadful truth. On the 26th of Decem-

ber, St. Stephen's Day, my father made his will, being apprehensive that he would be assassinated that day on his way to the Convention. Notwithstanding this well-grounded fear, he went there with his usual unruffled calmness, and left the care of his defence to M. Deseze. He set out from the Temple at eleven, and returned at three. From that day he was waited upon daily by his counsel.

At length, on the 18th of January, the day on which the sentence was passed, the municipal authorities entered the king's apartment at eleven o'clock, and stated that they had received orders not to lose sight of him for a moment. He asked if his fate was decided: they replied that it was not. The following morning M. de Malesherbes announced to him that his sentence was pronounced;—"But, sire," added he, "the wretches who condemned you are not yet masters, and all the good men of the nation will crowd around your majesty to save you, or perish at your feet." "*M. de Malesherbes*," said my father, "*that would compromise the safety of many, and would be the means of introducing civil war into Paris; I prefer death to such an alternative. I pray you to order them, in my name, to make no attempt whatsoever to save me; the king of France never dies.*" After this last conference, he was not allowed to see his counsel: he gave the municipal officers a note, in which he demanded their attendance, and com-

plained of the constraint imposed upon him by the constant presence of his guards; but no attention whatever was paid to this representation.

On Sunday, the 20th of January, Garat, the minister of justice, and the other members of the executive power, came in a body to notify to my father his sentence of death for the following day: he listened to this fatal announcement with courage and religious resignation. He demanded a reprieve of three days, to allow him time to know what would become of his family, and to have the assistance of a Catholic confessor; the reprieve was refused. Garat assured my father that there was no charge whatever against his family, and that they would be sent out of France. He demanded permission to have the spiritual assistance of the Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont, whose address he gave; Garat brought M. Edgeworth to him. The king dined as usual, which surprised the municipal officers, as their idea was that he would attempt to put an end to his existence.

We received information of the sentence that had been passed on my father, on Sunday the 20th, by the hawkers, who cried the decree of the Convention immediately under our windows. At seven o'clock in the evening we were permitted to see him, by virtue of a decree of the Convention; we rushed down stairs to his apartment, and found

him greatly changed. He wept through grief on our account, and not through fear of his approaching end; he related the particulars of his trial to my mother, and made excuses for the wretches who sentenced him to death: he repeated to her that it had been proposed to have recourse to the primary assemblies, but that he had opposed the measure, through fear of throwing the state into disorder. He afterwards gave religious instructions to my brother, and exhorted him, above all things, to pardon those who caused his death, and then gave his blessing to him and to me. My mother was earnest in her entreaties to have us all allowed to pass the night with my father; but he opposed our doing so with gentle firmness, and represented to my mother the importance of his being left in tranquillity. She then asked his permission to come at least and see him the next morning; this he granted her, but, the moment we had left him, he told the guards not to allow us again down stairs, as our presence caused him too much pain and agitation. He then remained for some time with his confessor, retired to rest at midnight, and slept until five o'clock, when he was awoke by the beating of the drum. At six o'clock the Abbé Edgeworth said mass, at which my father received the holy sacrament. About nine o'clock, he set out from the Temple, and, on descending the staircase, he handed his will to one of the municipal officers, to

whom he also confided a sum of money that M. de Malesherbes had brought him, which he requested the officer to return to that gentleman; instead of which, the municipal officers divided it among them.—Meeting, on his passage through the tower, a turnkey whom he had reprimanded rather sharply the day before, he said to him, "*Mathieu, I am sorry for having offended you.*" He read the prayers of the dying on his way to the place of execution; and, on ascending the scaffold, he endeavoured to address the people, but Santerre prevented him, by ordering the drum to be beat: the few words he had time to say were heard only by a few persons. He then undressed himself without assistance, and his hands were tied with his own handkerchief. At the moment when his spirit left his body, the abbé exclaimed,—"*Son of St. Louis, ascend to Heaven!*"

He received his death-stroke on the 21st of January, 1793, at ten minutes after ten o'clock in the morning. Thus died Louis the Sixteenth, King of France, at the age of thirty-nine years, five months, and three days, after a reign of eighteen years, and imprisonment of five months and eight days.

Such was the life of the king, my father, during his severe captivity: his conduct during that period was characterized alone by the exercise of piety, greatness of mind, benevolence, mildness, courage,

and patience in supporting the most unworthy treatment and the most horrible calumnies; clemency and charity in pardoning his murderers from the bottom of his soul; and the love of God, of his family, and of his people,—a love which he gave proofs of to his last sigh, and of which he has gone to receive the reward in the bosom of the all-powerful and merciful God.

On the morning of this dreadful day, we rose at six o'clock. The evening before, my mother had scarcely sufficient strength to undress my brother and put him to bed: she threw herself on her bed without taking off her clothes, and we heard her, during the entire night, tremble with cold and agony. At a quarter after six, our door was opened, and we were asked for a prayer-book for my father to use at mass; we thought we were to go down to see my father, and continued to retain this hope until we learned but too plainly, by the cries of joy of an unbridled populace, that the crime was consummated. In the evening my mother asked to see Clery, who had remained near my father to his last moments, and who she thought it probable would have been charged by him with some message or commission for her. We were desirous for the shock this interview would give her, as we hoped it might cause her grief to overflow, and rescue her from that state of smothered agony in which we now beheld her. As we supposed, my father had ordered Clery to

return to my unhappy mother his wedding-ring, with the message from him, that he parted with it only with his life; he had also given him a packet containing some of my mother's hair and of our's, and told him that they were so dear to him, that he had kept them till that moment about his person. The municipal officers informed us that Clery was in a dreadful state, and was in despair at not being allowed to see us. My mother charged some of the municipal officers to present her demand to the Commune; she also asked for mourning for herself and us. Clery remained for one month more at the Temple, at the end of which time he was set at liberty.

We were now allowed a little more liberty; our guards were under the idea that we would be soon sent out of the country. But nothing could calm the anguish of my mother; not the slightest gleam of hope found its way to her heart; the thought of life or of death had become entirely indifferent to her. She sometimes looked at us with an air of pity and compassion which made us shudder within ourselves. It was a happy circumstance that the grief in which I was sunk increased my illness, as it served to distract her attention. My physician, Brunier, and Lacaze, the surgeon, were sent for; and by their care I was restored to health in a month.

We were allowed to see the persons who brought

our mourning, but only in presence of the municipal officers. My mother was unwilling to walk any more in the garden, as it was necessary to pass the door of my father's room in going there, which caused her the greatest pain; but, as she was apprehensive that the want of air might injure the health of me and my brother, she at length asked permission, about the end of February, to take the air on the top of the tower, which request was granted her. A great confusion arose about this time in the chamber occupied by the municipal officers, it being discovered that the sealed packet in which were the king's seal, his ring, and several other articles, had been opened, and the seal and other things carried off. The municipal officers made a great noise upon this discovery, but they at length came to the conclusion that they had been taken by some thief who knew that the seal engraved with the arms of France was mounted in gold. The person who took them did so with a far different intention: he was not a thief, but one* who had endeavoured to secure them for my mother, who was desirous that the ring and the seal should be preserved for her son. I know the name of this individual; but, alas! he has since suffered death, not in consequence of this affair, but

* This person's name was Toulan. The ring and seal were sent to Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII.—*Note of the Editors.*

from the part he took in performing another good action. I am forbid from mentioning his name, but we hope that he may have deposited these precious objects in the hands of some other person, before his last misfortune overtook him.

Dumouriez having left France, a great change took place with regard to our situation: our confinement became much more rigorous; the wall dividing the garden was built up; the platform on the top of the tower was surrounded with lattice-work; and the air-holes were all carefully stopped. On the 25th of March, the chimney took fire. In the evening, Chaumette, the procureur of the Commune, came, for the first time, for the purpose of seeing my mother, and to inquire whether she wanted anything. My mother made no demand, but to have a door of communication opened between her room and that occupied by my aunt (the two dreadful nights my aunt and I had passed in her room, we were obliged to lie on the ground, on one of the mattresses of her bed). The municipal officers opposed this demand; but Chaumette said, that, in the very low state in which my mother now was, such an accommodation might be necessary for her health, and that he would mention the matter to the Council-general. He returned the next day at ten o'clock in the morning, accompanied by Pache, the mayor, and by that horrid wretch, Santerre, the commander-in-chief of the National

Guard. Chaumette told my mother, that he had spoken to the Council-general on the subject of her demand respecting the door, and that they had refused to grant it. She made no reply or observation. Pache asked her if she had no complaint to make. My mother merely said—"No," and paid no further attention to what he said. Some time after, we were fortunate in meeting, among the municipal officers who were placed on guard over us, some individuals who soothed our wretchedness by the sensibility they testified towards us. We soon acquired the tact of knowing those with whom we had to deal; my mother in particular, who, upon several occasions, preserved us from the danger of allowing ourselves to be deceived by a false display of interest in our fate. There was also another man who rendered several services to my parents. I know the names of all those who showed an interest in our welfare; I do not now name them, through fear of compromising their safety, in the present state of things, but their memory is engraven in my heart: if it fall not to my lot to prove to them my gratitude, God will reward them; but if the day come when I can name them, they will be loved and esteemed by all virtuous minds.

New precautions were taken for our security, and the vigilance of our keepers daily increased. Tison, being prevented from seeing his daughter, fell into a fit of ill-humour, and, a few evenings after, a strange

person having come to the prison with some things for my aunt, Tison became enraged at seeing this man allowed to enter the prison, while his daughter was refused admission, and in his passion he said something that induced Pache, who was below at the time, to call him down stairs. On his inquiring of Tison, what it was that vexed him, "Not being allowed to see my daughter," replied he, "and also because I observe certain individuals among the municipal officers, who do not conduct themselves well"—(he alluded to those whom he had observed whispering to my aunt and to my mother.) He was asked to give up their names, which he did; and moreover affirmed that we were in correspondence with some persons outside. As a proof of this assertion, he said that, one day at supper, he had seen my mother, in taking up her handkerchief, let fall a pencil; and that, another time, he had found some wafers and a pen in a box in my aunt's room. After this denunciation, to which he affixed his signature, his wife was sent for, and she repeated the same things, and included several of the municipal officers in her accusations, affirming that to her knowledge we had kept up a correspondence with my father during his trial. She also denounced my physician, Brunier, who had been in attendance on me during the time I had a sore foot, as having brought us intelligence from abroad: all this she signed at the instigation of her husband,

but she subsequently was tortured with remorse at her cruel falsehood. This denunciation was made on the 19th of April; she was allowed to see her daughter the next day. On the 20th, at half-past ten in the evening, my mother and I had just retired to rest, when Hebert arrived at the Temple, accompanied by several other municipal authorities: we rose with precipitation. They read to us a decree of the Commune, by which they were ordered to search our apartment with the closest scrutiny, which they executed to the very letter of their directions, not even allowing the mattresses to escape their examination. My poor brother was asleep: they dragged him from his bed in the most unfeeling manner, in order to see if there was nothing concealed in it; my mother took him in her arms quite benumbed with cold. They took from my mother the address of a shopkeeper, which she had about her, a stick of sealing-wax, which they found in my aunt's room, and took from me a sacred heart of Jesus, and a paper inscribed with a prayer for France: their visit lasted until four o'clock in the morning. They drew up a *procès-verbal*, stating all they had found, and forced my mother and my aunt to sign it, by threatening to take away my brother and me, in case they should refuse. They were in a violent passion at having found nothing but mere trifles. Three days after this search, they returned, and required to see my aunt in private:

they then interrogated her respecting a hat that they had found in her room; they insisted upon knowing where it came from, how long she had had it, and for what reason she had kept it. She replied that it had belonged to my father at the commencement of his confinement in the Temple, and that she had asked him to give it to her, that she might keep it as a memorial of her brother. The municipals told her they should take away this hat as a suspicious object: my aunt prayed them to leave it with her, but could not succeed; they forced her to sign her answer, and took away the hat.

My mother took us every day to walk on the top of the tower, for the purpose of breathing the fresh air. My brother had been complaining for some time of a stitch in his side; and on the 6th of May, at seven in the evening, he had a very severe attack of fever, a violent head-ache, and an increased pain in his side. At the commencement of *this* attack, he was unable to lie down, from the great oppression on his chest: my mother became alarmed, and asked the municipals for a physician; they assured her that the attack did not in the least signify, and that her maternal tenderness caused her to be alarmed without reason: they, however, mentioned my brother's illness to the council, and demanded, in my mother's name, to have him attended by my physician, Brunier. The council made light of my brother's illness, as Hebert had

seen him at five o'clock, without any fever: they peremptorily refused to send Brunier, as he had been denounced a short time before by Tison. In the meantime the fever became very violent. My aunt had the goodness to take my place in my mother's room, in order that I should not be exposed to the danger of infection, and also that she might be near to assist my mother in attending to my brother: she took my bed, and I slept in her chamber. The fever lasted for several days, the fits being generally more violent in the evenings.

Though my mother repeated her demand to see a physician, it was several days before they granted her request. At length, on a Sunday, my brother was visited by Thierry, the physician in attendance at the prisons, who was named by the Commune to attend my brother. As he came in the morning, he found him with only a little fever; but my mother having requested him to return after dinner, he then found the fever very violent, and undeceived the municipal body respecting the idea they had conceived that my mother's alarm was without foundation: he told them, on the contrary, that my brother's illness was much more serious than even she supposed. He had the kindness to consult with Brunier on the subject, and asked his advice respecting the medicines he should give my brother, as Brunier was acquainted with his constitution, having been our physician since our infancy. He

prescribed some things for him, which did him a great deal of good. On the Wednesday, he ordered him to take some medicine, and in the evening I returned to sleep in my mother's room: she was very uneasy respecting this medicine, as, the last time my brother had taken the same, he had been seized with violent convulsions, and she feared lest they should now return;—she did not close her eyes the entire night. My brother, however, took the medicine, which produced the most desirable effects without causing him anything unpleasant; a few days after, he took a second dose, which did him similar good, although he was very ill, but chiefly owing to the heat. He was now only occasionally attacked with a little fever, and frequently with a return of the pain in his side. His health began to decline visibly from the time of this attack, and he never afterwards recovered it: the want of air and of exercise was most injurious to him, at the same time that the poor child was exposed, at the age of eight years, to a sort of life most destructive at his tender years, living as he was in the midst of alarm, and exposed to continual terror and irritation.

Previous to my father's illness, I always slept in my mother's chamber, in order to be near her in case she or my brother should be taken ill during the night; but, during his illness, my aunt slept in my place.

On the 31st of May we heard the drums beat and the bells ring, and, notwithstanding our anxious inquiries, we were unable to ascertain the cause of the great stir without; but orders were issued against our taking the air on the tower, which prohibition was always given when there was any appearance of alarm in Paris. At the beginning of June, Chaumette, accompanied by Hebert, came to the Temple one evening at six o'clock, and asked my mother if she was in want of anything, or if she had any complaints to make. She merely replied in the negative, and paid no further attention to him; but my aunt asked Hebert to restore my father's hat to her: to this he replied, that the Council-general had strictly forbidden its restoration. Observing that Chaumette showed no intention of leaving us, and knowing how much my mother suffered inwardly from his presence, my aunt asked him for what purpose he had come, and why he remained so long; to which he answered, that he had been deputed to visit the prisons, and that, the prisoners being all equal, he had come to the Temple first. My aunt replied, that he was in error, as there was a great difference between those who were confined justly, and those who were imprisoned without cause. These wretches were both greatly intoxicated. My brother was very ill during that night, but, being visited the following day by Thierry, in company with a surgeon named

Soupé, and another named Jupales, he recovered from this attack.

Madame Tison, during the occurrence of these events, tortured by remorse, had become disordered in her reason; my brother's illness increased her malady, and from that time her health daily declined, and she could no louger be prevailed upon to take the air. One day she began to speak to herself in such an incoherent manner, that, alas! I could not refrain from laughing at the strangeness of her conduct and language. My poor mother and my aunt both observed me with a look of satisfaction, as if my laughing gave ease to their oppressed bosoms. The disorder of Madame Tison daily increased in violence: she was constantly heard to speak of her own faults and crimes, of the denunciations she had made, of prisons, of scaffolds, of the queen, and of our misfortunes; and was continually repeating that the thought of her crimes made her feel herself unworthy to approach my parent. She thought that all those whom she had denounced had perished by the guillotine: she daily expected to see the municipal officers whom she had accused, but, not seeing them return, she could not be persuaded but that they had suffered, and lay down every night with a heart oppressed with grief. Her sleep was broken by the most horrid dreams, which made her utter piercing cries that frequently reached our ears. The municipal

officers at last gave her permission to see her daughter, whom she was much attached to, but the porter, not being aware of this order, refused to allow her daughter to enter; but the municipals, on seeing the despair of the mother, sent to seek her daughter at ten o'clock in the evening. Her arrival at so late an hour, instead of calming, increased the uneasiness of the unhappy woman, and it was a long time before she could summon up resolution to go down to see her; on descending the staircase, she said to her husband,—" They are going to conduct us to prison." She saw her daughter, but did not recognise her; she could not get rid of the idea that she was going to be arrested: she returned up stairs with a municipal officer, but, when half way up, she refused either to go up or down, but wanted to remain where she was. The municipal officer was alarmed, and called to some of his companions to assist him in taking her up stairs: when she was carried into her room, she refused to lie down, and did nothing but speak and cry during the entire night, and prevented us all from sleeping. The next day the physician saw her, and declared her completely deranged. She threw herself constantly at my mother's feet, praying for her pardon and indulgence. It was impossible for any one to show more pity and kindness than my mother and my aunt did to this poor woman, with whose conduct to themselves they certainly had no reason to

be satisfied. They paid her every attention, and endeavoured to encourage her and inspire her with tranquillity during all the time she remained at the Temple in this condition.* They tried to calm her remorse by the sincere assurance of their pardon. The next day she was taken from the tower, and was removed into the castle; but her senses becoming more and more disordered, she was taken to the hospital, and a woman was placed over her, to act as spy upon her, and to collect any intelligence that might escape her.† The municipal officers

* The following is an instance of the great kindness of heart of the queen; it is taken from the historical fragments of Turgy:—

"The queen being very ill the next day, and having taken no nourishment whatever, she told me to bring her some broth. At the moment I was handing it to her, she was told that Madame Tison was suffering very much; on which she desired the broth that was prepared for herself to be carried to her, which was accordingly done. I then requested one of the municipals to take me to the kitchen, in order that I might get another dish of broth; but they all refused to accompany me, and her majesty was forced to go without any broth herself."

† Turgy also furnishes another instance of the benevolence of the queen towards this unhappy woman:—"The warning given us by the honest Follope rendered us still more circumspect and cautious. It was not until two days after that the queen, in handing me her napkin, found an opportunity of slipping to me, unobserved, a piece of paper, on which her majesty had written these questions. What is it they are crying under our windows? Does my sister wish for any almond-milk? Is the Commune

applied to us for some linen for the woman who had attended her during the time she remained at the castle of the Temple.

On the 3rd of July, a decree of the Convention was read to us, ordering that my brother should be separated from us and lodged in the most secure apartment in the tower. Scarcely had he heard this dreadful warrant, than he threw himself into my mother's arms, uttered the most piercing cries, and supplicated and entreated that they would not separate him from her. On her part, my poor mother was completely overcome at this cruel stroke; she persisted in her refusal to give up my brother, and defended, against the municipal officers, the bed on which she had laid him. The latter, being resolved to listen to no persuasions, threatened to use violence, and to call up the guard. My mother answered that they might do as they wished, but that they should kill her before they should tear her child from her: an entire hour passed in this manner, in tears, cries, supplications, and refusals, on our part, and threats and menaces on that of the municipals. At length they grew enraged, and threatened so positively to kill both him and me, that her love for us once more compelled her to yield. My aunt and I took my brother out of bed,

changed? Is Madame Tison as bad as we are told? Do they intend to send another woman here in her place? Do they take good care of her?"

as my mother herself had no strength left; and, as soon as he was dressed, she took him in her arms, and, after bathing him in her tears, which were the more bitter as she foresaw that it was the last time she should ever see him, she placed him herself in the hands of the municipal officers. The poor child embraced us all in the most affecting manner, and left the room with the municipal officers, with his eyes streaming with tears. My mother charged them with a message from her to the Council-general, by which she demanded permission to see her son, were it only at the hours of meals: this message they promised to deliver. She was already completely overcome by this cruel separation; but her desolation rose to the highest pitch, when she learned that it was Simon, the shoemaker, whom she had before seen in his quality of municipal officer, that was charged with the care of her unhappy child. She repeated, incessantly, her supplications to be allowed to see him, but always met with a decided refusal; and we understood my poor brother continued weeping for two entire days, and prayed, in the most heart-rending tones, to be permitted to see us.

The municipal officers no longer remained in my mother's apartment: we were confined under locks and bolts both day and night. It was a relief to us to be freed from the presence of these men. The guards now only came three times a day, when they

brought us our meals, and inspected the rooms and the windows, to see that none of the bars were out of their places. We had no longer any one to wait upon us, and were by no means displeased at it, as I much preferred being left alone: my aunt and I made the beds, and waited upon my mother. We ascended to the top of the Tower very frequently, because my brother also walked there at his side of the building, and the only pleasure my mother now had was to get an occasional distant glimpse of him through a small slit in the division-wall. She used to remain there for entire hours, watching the moment when she could see her child: this was her only desire, her only solace, and her only occupation. It was only very rarely that she was able to obtain any intelligence of him, either through the municipal officers, who sometimes had occasion to see Simon,* or by Tison, who, desirous to make

* Already, Louis XVIIth, after being torn from the arms of the queen, had been removed to a remote part of the tower, which the king had occupied. There, this young prince, whom some of the regicides called by the name of the wolf's-cub of the Temple, was delivered up to the brutal treatment of a monster named Simon, who had formerly been a cobbler, a drunken debauched gamester. The tender years, the innocence, the misfortunes, the angel features, the languid sickliness, and the tears of the royal child, all failed in softening the heart of this ferocious keeper. One day, in a fit of drunkenness, he struck the child with a napkin, and narrowly missed tearing out the eye of the prince, whom, by a refinement of insult, he forced to wait

amends for his past conduct, conducted himself better, and sought every opportunity of getting information for us respecting my brother. As for Simon, his treatment of my brother was more cruel than can be possibly imagined, and the unworthy man redoubled his severity towards the child, because he wept at being separated from us: in fact, he so completely affrighted the mind of my unhappy brother, that he no longer even dared to shed a tear. My aunt requested Tison, and all those who, through a kind motive, and through pity for the child, gave us these particulars, to conceal these horrible circumstances from the knowledge of my mother: she however heard them, or at least suspected them but too well. At one time a report was spread that my brother had been seen upon the Boulevard; and the guard, dissatisfied at not being allowed to see him, repeated that he was no longer in the Temple. Alas! we were deluded by a momentary hope,—we believed the report, but

upon him at table. He also beat him constantly in the most cruel manner.

One day, in a fit of rage, he seized one of the fire-irons, and, levelling it at his head, he threatened to strike him to the ground. The ears of the unhappy prince, the successor of so many kings, were constantly assailed by the grossest language and the most obscene songs. "Capet," said Simon to him one day, "if these Vendeans were to come, what would you do?"—"I would pardon you," replied the young king.—*Huë: Last Years of Louis the Sixteenth.*

were soon undeceived, the Convention having given orders that he should be taken down to the garden, in order to be seen by the public. Upon this occasion, my brother, whose natural character they had not yet had time to alter or destroy, complained at being separated from my mother, and asked to see the law by which he was condemned: they however forced him to be silent. The members of the Convention, who came to the Temple for the purpose of verifying the presence of my brother, came up stairs to my mother's apartment: she made a complaint to them of the extreme cruelty that had been exercised in taking her son from her; they replied that it was considered necessary to take that measure. The new procureur-general also came to see us; his manners astonished us, notwithstanding the experience we had learned from our misfortunes. From the moment this man entered our apartment until his departure, he never ceased swearing.

On the 2nd of August, at two o'clock in the morning, we were awoke from our sleep, in order that the decree of the Convention might be read to my mother, by which it was ordered that, upon the requisition of the procureur-general of the Commune, she was to be removed to the Conciergerie, to stand her trial. She heard this decree read without betraying the slightest emotion, and without saying a single word. My aunt and I both instantly demanded to

be allowed to accompany my mother, but this grace was denied us. While she was making a bundle of her clothes, the municipal officers did not leave her for a moment: she was even obliged to dress herself in their presence. They asked her for her pockets, which she gave to them; they searched in them, and took everything they contained, though there was nothing of the slightest importance. They made a parcel of them, which they told her they would send to the Revolutionary Tribunal, where it would be opened in her presence. They left her nothing but a handkerchief and a smelling-bottle, and the latter through fear, lest she might be taken ill. My mother, having first tenderly embraced me, and exhorted me to take courage,—to pay every attention to my aunt, and to obey her as a second mother, repeated to me the religious instructions I had before received from my father, and then, throwing herself into the arms of my aunt, she recommended her children to her care. I could not utter a word in reply, so overwhelmed was I at the thought that it might be the last time I should see her: my aunt said a few words to her in a low voice of anguish and despair. My mother then hastened from the room, without casting another look towards us, fearful, no doubt, lest her firmness should desert her. She was stopped, for some time, at the bottom of the stairs, while the municipal officers drew up a *procès-verbal* for the

keeper of the prison, as a discharge for her person. In passing through the prison-gate, she struck her head against the wicket, her thoughts being so occupied that she forgot to stoop: she was asked if she had hurt herself,—"Oh no," said she; "nothing now can hurt me." She got into a carriage with a municipal officer and two gendarmes. On her arrival at the Conciergerie, she was put into the filthiest and the most unwholesome room in the whole prison. She was constantly kept in sight by a gendarme, who never left her for a moment, either by day or by night. My aunt and I were inconsolable at her absence, and spent our days and nights constantly drowned in tears. My aunt had however been assured, on my mother's departure, that nothing in the world would be done to her.

It was a great consolation for me that I was not separated from my aunt, whom I loved so very much; but, alas! another change soon took place, and I lost her also!

The day following my mother's removal, my aunt made a demand, in the most pressing terms, both in her own name and in mine, to have us again united to my mother; but her request was denied, and we were not even permitted to keep up any communication with her. As my mother never drank anything but water, and could not use that of the Seine, as it made her ill, we requested the mu-

nicipal officers to send her some of the water of Ville-de-Avray, which came every day to the Temple; they promised to do so, and gave directions accordingly: but another of their colleagues opposed it, and countermanded their orders. A few days after, my mother, as an opportunity of hearing something of us, sent for some things she wanted, and, among others, for her knitting instruments, to finish a pair of stocking that she had begun to make for my brother; we sent them to her, together with all the silk and wool we could find, as we knew how much she liked to be occupied: she had always, formerly, been in the habit of working constantly, except when she appeared in public. In this manner she had made a great quantity of furniture, a carpet, and had knit each of us articles, of different kinds. We therefore collected all the materials we could; but we afterwards learned that none of them had ever reached her, they being afraid, as we were told, lest she should endeavour to put an end to herself with the needles. We sometimes received intelligence of my brother through the municipal officers, but even that did not last long. We heard him every day singing, in company with Simon, the song of La Carmagnole, the Marseillais Hymn, and a thousand other horrible compositions of the sort. Simon dressed him in a red cap and a *carmagnole* (a small tight jacket), and made him sing at the windows so as to be heard by

the guard, and taught him to utter the most dreadful blasphemies and curses against God, his family, and the aristocrats. Happily for my unfortunate mother, she did not hear all these horrors; oh, my God! what would she have suffered, had she been exposed to so dreadful a trial! Before her removal, a person had been sent to her, to get my brother's clothes; she had observed that she hoped he was not going to take off his mourning; but the very first thing that Simon did was to strip him of his black coat. The change in his mode of life, and the bad treatment he experienced, rendered my brother unwell towards the end of August. Simon gave him the coarsest food to eat, and made him, by force, drink a quantity of wine, which he naturally detested. All these things combined to throw him soon into a fever; he took a medicine which disagreed very much with him, and his health became entirely destroyed. He grew extremely fat, without increasing at all in height; Simon, however, still took him to the outside of the tower to take the air.

At the beginning of September, I was seized with an indisposition, which, however, had no other cause than the uneasiness I felt respecting the fate of my mother. I never heard the drum beat without dreading that it was a renewal of the dreadful 2nd of September. We walked on the tower every day. The municipal officers were regular in their

visits three times a day; but, notwithstanding their vigilance, we succeeded in receiving information from abroad, and particularly respecting my mother, in whom our thoughts were now almost entirely centered. Notwithstanding the severity of our keepers, we always found, since the commencement of our imprisonment, some compassionate souls who felt an interest in our fate. We learned that my mother was accused of having kept up a correspondence with the foreign enemy. We immediately threw away all the written papers we had with us, our pencils, and everything we had hitherto concealed, as we were afraid lest we should be forced to undress before Simon's wife, and that the things we had might compromise my mother's safety; for we had still preserved some ink and paper, pens and pencils, notwithstanding the close searches that had been made in our rooms, and even in the furniture of our apartment. We also learned that my mother had had an opportunity of effecting her escape, and that the wife of the gaoler was a kind feeling woman, and treated her with great care and attention.

The municipal officers came to ask us for linen for my mother; but at the same time refused to give us any account of her health. The pieces of embroidery that she had worked were taken from us, and also those at which we were working, under the pretext that these pieces of work might be intended

to contain mysterious characters, and a particular manner of writing.

On the 21st of September, at one o'clock in the morning, Hebert arrived at the Temple, accompanied by several municipal officers, for the purpose of executing a decree of the Commune, by which it was directed that we should be confined much more strictly than hitherto; that we should no longer have more than one room; that Tison, who still continued to do the coarse work, should be put in prison in the turret; that our accommodation should be reduced to what was strictly necessary; that a turning box should be made in the outside door, through which our victuals should be passed; and, in fine, that, with the exception of the water-carrier and the wood-porter, no person whatever should be allowed to enter our room. The turning box was not made, and the municipal officers continued to enter our room three times a day, to make a careful examination of the bars of our windows, of our presses and drawers. We made our beds ourselves, and were obliged to sweep the room, which took us a long time to do at first, until we got accustomed to it. We had no one now to wait upon us. Hebert said to my aunt, that, under the French republic, equality was the first of the laws, and that, as the prisoners in other houses had no one to wait upon them, he would take Tison from us.

As an augmentation of the severity with which

we were treated, we were deprived of everything that could be of the slightest comfort or convenience to us; for instance, of the arm-chair in which my aunt used to sit, and of several other things of the kind: they did not even leave us what was necessary. When our meals were brought, the door was instantly clapped to, lest we should see the persons who brought them. We had now no opportunity of hearing anything, except through the porters, and the information we thus obtained was very rare and trifling, although we listened with avidity to everything. We were prohibited from walking on the turret, on the pretext that we should attempt to escape through the windows, notwithstanding they were secured by bars. The very linen that was given us was of the coarsest and filthiest description.

I believe it was at this time that the trial of the queen began. I heard that a plan had been formed for rescuing her from the Conciergerie, but that, unfortunately, the project had not succeeded. I have been since told that the gendarmes who guarded her, and the gaoler's wife, had been previously gained over by some of her friends; that she had seen in her prison several persons who were wholly devoted to her; and, among others, a priest, who had administered the sacrament to her, which she received with exemplary piety. The chance of escape was lost upon one occasion by her speaking to the first guard in mistake for the second. Another

time she had got out of her room, and had already passed the corridor, when she was met by a gendarme, who opposed her departure, though he had been bribed, and obliged her to return into her room, and thus caused the failure of this attempt. A great number of persons interested themselves in the fate of my mother; and, in fact, unless with monsters of the vilest species, such as she but too unfortunately met with, it was impossible to approach her without being struck with a sentiment of respect, so highly was the imposing dignity of her manners tempered by the kindness and mild benevolence of her heart. We were entirely ignorant of all these details at the time: the only thing that we knew was, that my mother had seen a chevalier of St. Louis,* who had succeeded in passing her a few lines, concealed in a carnation; but the extreme severity with which we were confined prevented our learning anything more.

We were visited, and our apartment searched, every day by the municipal officers; and on the 4th of September they came at four o'clock in the morning, for the purpose of making a complete search, and to take away our plate and porcelain. They took away all that had been left with us, and, not finding the list right, they had the baseness to accuse us of having stolen some of it, while the fact was, that their

* M. de Rougeville.

colleagues had made away with it. They found behind the drawers of my aunt's commode a rouleau of louis, which they instantly fell upon with extraordinary avidity. They interrogated my aunt closely, for the purpose of ascertaining who had given her this gold, how long she had had it, and for whom she had kept it. She replied that it was Madame the Princess de Lamballe that had given it to her after the 10th of August, and that, notwithstanding the frequent searches that had been made, she had contrived to keep it concealed. They then wanted to know who had given it to Madame de Lamballe; my aunt replied, that she did not know. The fact was, that the servants of the Princess de Lamballe had found means to send her some money to the Temple, and she had divided it with my parents and my aunt. They also interrogated me, asked me my name, as if they did not know it themselves, and made me sign the *procès-verbal*.

At twelve o'clock, on the 8th of October, as we were engaged in making up our rooms and in dressing ourselves, we were surprised by a visit from Pache, Chaumette, and David, three members of the Convention, accompanied by several municipal officers. My aunt would not open the door until she had finished dressing. Pache, addressing me, requested me to go down stairs. My aunt wanted to accompany me, but she was told to remain. She asked whether I was to return; Chaumette assured

her I was, saying, "*You may depend upon the word of a good republican; she shall return.*" I embraced my aunt, who was trembling all over with fear, and went down. I was very much embarrassed; it was the first time I ever found myself alone in company with men; I had no idea what their intentions were; but I recommended myself to God. On descending the staircase, Chaumette addressed some polite phrases to me, to which I made no reply. On arriving at my brother's room, I tenderly embraced him; but they tore him from my arms, and told me to pass on into the next room. Chaumette there made me sit down, and placed himself on a chair opposite me. One of the municipal officers took the pen, and Chaumette asked me my name. Hebert then began to interrogate me, beginning thus:—"Tell the truth; it concerns neither yourself nor your family." "Does it concern my mother?"—"No, but some persons who have not done their duty. Do you know the citizens Toulan, Lepitre, Breno, Merle, Brugnot, and Michonis?—"No." "What, you do not know them?"—"No, Sir." "It is false, particularly with regard to Toulan, the low-sized young man, who used to come so frequently to the Temple."—"I have no acquaintance with him, no more than with the others." "Do you remember one day that you remained with your brother alone in the turret?—"I do." "Did not your parents send you there that

they might speak with more ease to these men ?"—"No, sir, but in order to accustom us to the cold." "What did you both do while you were in this turret ?"—"We talked and played." "And, on leaving it, did you take notice of what these men gave your parents ?"—"I did not see them give anything." Chaumette then examined me respecting a thousand disgusting things, of which my mother and my aunt were accused. I was completely overcome at these insulting questions, and was so indignant, that, notwithstanding the terror I was in, I could not prevent myself from saying, that it was an infamous calumny and falsehood. They, however, continued to press these questions on me, entirely regardless of my tears and my distress. They said some things to me, the sense of which I did not understand, but what I did comprehend was so horrible, that I shuddered and wept with indignation. He then interrogated me respecting Varennes, and asked me several questions, which I answered as well as I could, but without compromising any one. I had frequently heard my parents say, that it was better to die oneself, than to compromise the life of another. At length, at three o'clock, my interrogatory finished; it had lasted three hours. I asked Chaumette, in the most persuasive terms, to have me allowed to see my mother, and to be confined along with her, adding, with truth, that my aunt had asked the

same thing more than a thousand times. "It is not in my power, I cannot do it," said he. "What, sir, could you not obtain the permission for me from the Council-general?" "I have no authority there;" replied he. He then had me conducted back to my chamber by three municipal officers, having first recommended me not to say anything to my aunt, who was also going to be examined. On reaching my room, I threw myself into her arms; but we were immediately separated, and she was led down stairs. The same questions I had been asked were put to her, respecting the persons they had named to me. She answered that she knew the municipal officers whom they mentioned, both by name and by appearance, but that we had never had any relation whatever with them. She denied our having any correspondents outside, and replied with still more contempt to the disgusting things respecting which they interrogated her. She came back at four o'clock. Her interrogatory had lasted only one hour, and mine three: the fact was, the deputies soon saw that they could not intimidate her, as they had hoped to do with a person of my age; but the life I had been leading for the last four years, together with the example of my parents, had given me a strength of mind above my years.

Chaumette had assured us, that these proceedings in no way concerned either ourselves or my mother, and had also said that she was not to be tried.—

Alas! he deceived us, for she was interrogated and put upon her trial a short time after. I am not well acquainted with the particulars of her trial, which we were kept wholly ignorant of, as well as of her death, until some time afterwards; I can only therefore narrate what I have since been able to learn. She had two counsel to defend her, MM. du Coudray and Chauveau-Lagarde. Several persons were confronted with her, among whom were many very estimable individuals, and others who were far the contrary. Simon and Mathieu, the gaoler of the Temple, were among those cited as witnesses. I can well conceive what my mother must have suffered on seeing those persons appear as witnesses, whom she knew to be in the habit of approaching our persons. Brunier, the physician, was summoned to appear before the tribunal. He was asked if he knew my mother.—"Yes." "How long?"—"Since 1788, when the queen confided to me the care of her children's health." "At the time you visited them at the Temple, did you act as the agent of the prisoners in carrying on any correspondence?"—"No." My mother here interrupted them. "*You know*," said she, "*that M. Brunier never came to the Temple without being accompanied by a municipal officer, and that he never spoke to us but in his presence.*" In short, unheard-of cruelty! my mother's examination lasted three days and three nights, without interruption. She

was forced to hear all the insulting questions that Chaumette had before put to us, the very thought of which could only have suggested itself to such monsters. "*I appeal to every mother*," was the reply she made to this infamous accusation. All around were moved at this affecting answer, and the judges, alarmed at this appearance of sympathy, and dreading lest her firmness, her dignified conduct, and her courage, should excite an interest in her fate, hastened to find her guilty, and to sentence her to death. My mother heard the fatal warrant with great calmness. A priest who had taken the oaths was appointed to attend her in her last moments; but notwithstanding his most earnest persuasions, she first mildly declined his assistance, and then absolutely refused to listen to him, or to avail herself of his ministry. She knelt down alone, prayed to God for a considerable time, was then attacked with a fit of coughing, after which she went to bed and slept for a few hours. The next day, knowing that the curé of St. Margaret was confined in a part of the prison opposite where she was, she approached the window, and, directing her looks towards the window of his room, fell upon her knees and prayed. I have been told that he gave her absolution or his blessing, while in this position. In fine, after devoting her soul to God, she went to the scaffold with courage, amidst the

imprecations of the misguided mob. Her courage never failed her; either in the fatal cart or on the scaffold. The same intrepidity that distinguished her during her life-time she displayed at her death.

Thus died, on the 16th of October, 1793, Marie-Antoinette-Jeanne-Josephe of Lorraine, daughter of an emperor, and wife of a king of France. She perished at the age of thirty-seven years and eleven months, twenty-three years of which she had spent in France. She died eight months after her husband, Louis XVI.

My aunt and I were kept in ignorance of the fate of my mother; and although we heard her sentence of death cried under our windows, by the hawkers, yet hope, so natural to the unfortunate, made us still think that she had been saved. We could not bring ourselves to believe the possibility of such a total desolation, and to this moment, anxious as I have been to obtain them, I have been unable to learn the full particulars of what passed, either at the time of her trial, or at her execution.

There were moments when, notwithstanding our confidence in the exertions of the foreign powers, we suffered the deepest uneasiness respecting my mother, on observing the furious rage of the misguided people against all belonging to our family. I remained in this cruel uncertainty and suspense

during a year and a half: then only did I learn my misfortune, and the death of my revered mother.

We learned, through means of the hawkers, the death of the Duke of Orleans; this was the only intelligence that reached our knowledge during the winter. In the meantime the searches recommenced, and we were treated with much severity. My aunt, who had had an issue in her arm since the beginning of the revolution, had the utmost difficulty to obtain what was necessary for her to dress it with; she was refused it for a long time, until at length one of the municipal officers remonstrated against the inhumanity of this treatment, and sent for some ointment for her. I was also deprived of the means of making a tisanne, which my aunt wished me to take every morning for my health.—Not being allowed any fish, she asked for eggs, or something besides meat, for the fast-days; but she was refused this request, under pretext that the new system of equality did not admit of any difference between the days of the week, or rather of the decades, as there were no longer any weeks. An almanack, compiled according to this new division, was brought us; but we did not choose to look at it. Another day, my aunt having again asked for other food, they replied: "Citizen, you know not, then, how things now are: no one but fools believe now in all that nonsense." After this she

made no further demands. They continued to search our apartment, and with particular strictness, in the month of November, when positive orders were issued to have our room examined three times a day. One of these visits lasted from four until half after eight o'clock in the evening. The four municipal officers who made this search were completely intoxicated. One may conceive what vile language, what insults, and what blasphemies we were exposed to listen to for four hours. They took from us the most trifling matters, such as our bonnets, some playing-cards stamped with a king's figure, and some books with arms printed in them; they however left us our religious books, but not without uttering a thousand blasphemies and horrors. Simon accused us of making forged assignats, and of keeping up a correspondence outside the prison. He asserted that we had been in communication with my father during his trial. He made a declaration to this effect in the name of my poor little brother, whom he forced to sign it. The noise which he pretended to come from our coining money was that of our game of tric-trac, which my aunt had the kindness to teach me, as a sort of distraction to our grief. We played at it in the evenings during the winter, which passed in tolerable tranquillity, notwithstanding our examinations, the frequent visits, and the searches which were made

daily. We were provided with wood, which had been at first refused to us.

On the 19th of January we heard a great noise in my brother's room, from which we conjectured that they were removing him from the Temple, and we were confirmed in this belief when we saw them, through the keyhole, carrying away a bundle of things. We also heard, on the succeeding days, the frequent sound of the opening of his door, and of persons walking in his room, so that we remained persuaded of his departure. I have since, however, learned, that it was the removal of Simon, that caused this bustle. Being forced to choose between the place of municipal officer and that of my brother's keeper, he preferred accepting the first. I have also since learned that they had the cruelty to leave my poor brother entirely alone; an unheard-of barbarity, which surely has never had its parallel, thus to abandon an unhappy child of eight years old, who was already in a dreadful state of health, and to keep him shut in in his chamber, under lock and bolts, without any assistance, except what he might procure by means of a bell, which he never rang, so great was his dread of the persons whom he knew would answer it, and preferring to do without everything he wanted, rather than apply for the most trifling thing to his persecutors. He was in a bed which had not been once made for more than six months, and which he had not

himself sufficient strength to turn: this bed was covered with fleas and bugs, of which his linen and his person were also full. He was obliged to wear the same shirt and stockings for upwards of a year; and, during the whole of that time, every filth was left to accumulate in his room. His window, being secured with a padlock in addition to the bars outside, was not once opened, and indeed it was impossible to remain in his room on account of the infectious smell. It is true that my brother himself neglected these matters: that he might have taken a little more care of his person, or at least might have washed himself, as he was allowed a pitcher of water for the purpose; but his age must be considered, and the fear which he underwent, not daring to ask for anything, so great was his dread of Simon and his other keepers. During the day, even in the company of Simon, he was not permitted to occupy himself, nor was he allowed to have any light during the night; as was naturally to be expected, he sunk under such treatment, and gradually fell into a dreadful consumption: indeed it is only surprising that he continued for so long a time in such good health, and resisted the effects of such cruel treatment.

During the winter we were most commonly addressed by the familiar appellation of thou and thee; but we had now learned to despise all sorts of

vexations, and this last degree of coarse familiarity did not in the least annoy us.

Nothing could be more edifying than the conduct of my aunt; for, although she was unable to obtain any fasting-fare, she fasted the entire Lent; she ate no breakfast, and the coffee that was served her at breakfast was her only dinner; in the evening she ate nothing but bread. She always desired me to eat whatever was brought me, saying that I was not arrived at an age that required me to abstain; she however would herself touch nothing that was forbidden; and, notwithstanding the severity with which she fasted, she continued scrupulously to perform all the duties prescribed by our religion. As soon as the spring began, we were no longer allowed any candles, so that we went to bed as soon as it became dark.

Nothing worthy of remark took place up to the 9th of May. On that day, at the moment when we were getting into bed, the outside bolts were drawn, and some persons knocked at our door. My aunt called out to say that she was putting on her gown; they replied that it could not take her so long, and then pushed the door with so much violence that they almost burst it in. She opened it the moment she was dressed. They said to her,—"Citizen, will you accompany us down stairs?"—"And my niece?" "She shall be taken care of afterwards." My aunt embraced me, and told me to calm my

agitation, that she would soon return. "No, citizen," said one of these men to her, "you will not return; put on your bonnet, and go down stairs." They then loaded her with the coarsest and most insulting language: she bore it all with patience, put on her bonnet, embraced me once more, and told me to take courage and be firm,—to place my hope in God,—to live in the good principles of religion which my parents had inculcated into me,—and to keep constantly in my mind the last advice of my father and my mother. She then departed; on reaching the bottom of the stairs, they asked her for her pockets, in which they could find nothing: she was delayed here a long time while the municipal officers were drawing up a *procés-verbal* as a discharge for her person. At length, after undergoing a thousand insults, she left the prison, in company with an officer of the tribunal, got into a hackney-coach, and arrived at the Conciergerie, where she passed the night. The following day she was asked three questions:—"Your name?"—"*Elizabeth of France.*" "Where were you on the 10th of August?"—"*At the palace of the Tuileries with the king, my brother.*" "What has become of your diamonds?"—"*I do not know. All these questions are, however, useless; you want my life; I have offered up to God the sacrifice of my being, and I am prepared to die, happy at the thought of rejoining my revered brother and his wife, whom*

*I loved so dearly when on earth.*" She was condemned to death.

She had herself conducted into the room occupied by those who were to suffer along with her: she exhorted them all to prepare for their approaching end with a degree of self-possession, an elevation of soul, and a pious unction, that imparted strength to their minds. During her passage in the fatal cart she preserved the same calm tranquillity, and supported the courage of the women who were with her. On reaching the foot of the scaffold, her murderers had the cruelty to make her wait until the last. The women who accompanied her, on getting out of the cart, all asked leave to embrace her; which she consented to with her usual kindness, at the same time encouraging them by her language. She retained all her firmness up to the last moment, which she suffered with a resignation founded on religious hope.

Her soul was separated from her body and rose to the seat of happiness in the bosom of her God, whom she had loved so well.

Marie-Philippine-Elizabeth-Helene, sister to Louis XVI. died on the 10th of May, 1794, aged thirty years, after having been all her life a model of every virtue. From the time she was fifteen years old, she had devoted herself to God, and thought of nothing else but her salvation. From the year 1790, when my age rendered me more ca-

pable of appreciating her character, the only traits I observed in it were a deep sentiment of religion, love of God, horror of sin, mildness, piety, and modesty, and a warm attachment to her family, for whom she sacrificed her life, as she would never consent to leave the king and queen. In short, she was a princess worthy of the blood from which she sprung. I cannot speak in sufficiently grateful terms of the constant kindness she always showed me, and which only ended with her life. She looked upon me and took care of me as if I were her daughter, and I on my part honoured her as my second mother: I shall ever retain towards her the sentiments of a child. It was often remarked that our features resembled each other very closely; I feel within me that I have something of her character: may I have all her virtues, and be allowed one day to rejoin her, together with my father and mother, in the bosom of our God, where I doubt not they now enjoy the reward of their meritorious death.

I remained in an utter state of desolation when I found myself separated from my aunt; I knew not what had become of her, and was unable to learn. I passed a cruel night, and yet, though I was very uneasy respecting her, I was far from imagining that she would be lost to me for ever in the course of a few hours. I sometimes endeavoured to persuade myself that she had been conducted out

of France; but, when I recalled to mind the manner in which she had been taken away, all my fears returned. The next day I asked the municipal officers what had been done with her: they said that she had been to take the air; I then renewed my demand to be confined with my mother, as I was now separated from my aunt: to which they replied that they would mention my request. They afterwards brought me the key of the press containing my aunt's linen: I asked them to send some to her, as she had none with her; they told me it was impossible. Observing that, whenever I asked the municipal officers to be restored to my mother, or to give me intelligence of my aunt, they always answered that they would mention it, and also recollecting that my aunt had told me that, if ever I was left alone, I should immediately ask to have a woman to live with me, I accordingly did so, in order to obey her wishes, but with no little repugnance, as I was certain either of being refused or of getting some disagreeable disgusting woman. As I supposed, on making this demand to the municipal officers, they told me I had no occasion for any one. They redoubled their severity towards me, and took from me the knives that had been returned to me, saying, at the same time, "Citizen, have you many knives?"—"No, gentlemen, two only." "Have you none in your toilette, or any scissors?"—"No, gentlemen." Another time they

took a tinder-box from me, and, finding the stove heated, they asked me:—"May one ask why you have made this fire?"—"To boil some water to bathe my feet." "How did you light the fire?"—"With the tinder-box." "Who gave you this tinder-box?"—"I do not know." "To avoid all danger, then, we will take it from you; it is for your sake only, and for the good of your health, lest you should fall asleep near the fire and burn yourself: have you anything else?"—"No, gentlemen." The visits and scenes of this description were frequently renewed; but, except when I was directly interrogated, I never said a word, nor even spoke to those who brought me my meals. One day, a man came to the prison, *who I believe was* Robespierre; the municipal officers treated him with great respect. His visit was a secret from the people of the tower, who either did not know who he was, or did not wish to tell me. He surveyed my person with an air of insolence, cast his eyes over the books, and, after accompanying the municipal officers in their search, he went away. The guards were frequently drunk: however, they left my brother and me in a state of comparative tranquillity in our apartments until the 9th Thermidor.

My brother was still sunk in the same state of filth and neglect: no one entered his room except at the hours of meals; no pity whatever was shown to the unhappy child. The only person who

seemed to have any compassion for him was one of the guards, whose civil manners induced me to recommend my poor brother to his kindness. He had the boldness to speak of the severity that was exercised towards him; but he was deprived of his office, and dismissed the prison the very next day. For myself I asked nothing but what was absolutely necessary, and even that was often refused to me in the roughest and most insulting manner. I however contrived, at least, to keep myself clean. I had soap and water; I swept my room every day, and had it entirely made up at nine o'clock, when the guards entered, bringing my breakfast. I was not allowed any light; but in the long days I did not much feel this privation. They refused to give me any other books,—those I had were books of piety and travels, which I had read over and over a thousand times. I also had a knitting-machine, of which I was completely tired.

Such was our situation when the 9th Thermidor arrived, on which day I heard the drums beat and the tocsin sounded, which threw me into the greatest alarm. The municipal officers on guard at the Temple remained at their post. When they brought me my dinner, I was afraid to ask what was passing: at length, on the 10th Thermidor, at six o'clock in the morning, I heard a sudden noise and tumult in the Temple; the guard were called to arms, the drums were beat, and there was a con-

stant opening and shutting of doors. All this confusion was occasioned by a visit from the members of the National Convention, who came to examine whether everything was right. I heard the bolts of my brother's room drawn and the door opened: I then threw myself out of bed, and was dressed and ready when the members of the Convention came to my room. Barras was of the number; they were all in full costume, which did not serve to calm my alarm, as I was not accustomed to see them dressed in this manner, and dreaded that something unusual was about to take place. Barras spoke to me, called me by my name, and expressed his surprise at seeing me already risen: several other things were said to me, to all of which I made no reply. They then left the room, and I soon heard them haranguing the guards immediately under our windows, and recommending to them to be faithful to the National Convention. They were interrupted by cries of "*Vive la Republique! Vive la Convention!*" The guard was now doubled; the three municipal officers who were at the Temple remained there for eight days. At the end of the third day, at half-past nine in the evening, having no light, I had retired to rest, but was unable to sleep from uneasiness to know what was going on abroad, they knocked at my door, and ordered me to open it, that I might be seen by Laurent, the commissary of the Convention, who

was intrusted with the guard of me and my brother. I rose from my bed; they made a diligent search, and carefully examined my apartment, at the same time showing everything to Laurent, and then went away.

At ten o'clock the next morning, Laurent entered my room: he asked me, in a polite tone, whether I wanted anything. He came into my room three times every day, but always treated me with politeness and civility; never addressing me with familiarity, nor showing me any disrespect: He never searched my desk or chest of drawers. The Convention sent a deputation, three days after, to ascertain the state of my brother's health: the members of this commission took pity on his wretched condition, and gave orders for his better treatment. Laurent had a bed that was in my room removed into his, his own being full of bugs: he also ordered baths to be prepared for him, and had him delivered from all the vermin with which he was covered: he was still, however, left alone in his room. I was soon emboldened to ask Laurent respecting what interested me so deeply, namely, the situation of my mother and my aunt, whose death I was ignorant of; I also begged of him to have me restored to my mother: to these questions he replied, with an evident air of embar rassment and pain, that these were matters with which he had no concern.

The next day I was visited by persons decorated with the official scarf, to whom I addressed the same questions. They also answered me that it was not their affair, and also said that they could not see why I was anxious to change my abode, as it seemed to them that I was very well off where I was. "It is a dreadful thing," said I to them, "to be separated from one's mother for more than a year, without ever hearing anything of her, as also from one's aunt."—"You are not sick?" "No, sir; but the severest illness is that of the heart."—"I have already told you that it depends not upon us: I advise you to have patience, and to hope everything from the justice and the goodness of the French nation." I made no further reply. During all this time my brother continued to remain alone. Laurent visited his room three times a day; but, being closely watched, and fearing to compromise his own safety, he could do nothing more. He was more attentive to me: I have no reason whatever to find fault with his conduct towards me, but quite the contrary, during all the time he was on duty at the Temple. He frequently asked me whether I wanted anything, and requested me to let him know what I wished for, and to ring the bell whenever I was in want of anything. He returned me the tinder-box, and gave me candles.

Towards the end of October, at one o'clock in the morning, I was awoke from my sleep by a

knocking at my door; I hastily arose and opened the door, trembling all the time with fear. I saw two men belonging to the committee, together with Laurent: they looked in my face, and then went away without saying a word.

About the beginning of November the civil commissaries arrived at the Temple, that is to say, a man from each section, whose business it was to report on the state of my brother. About the same time, another commissary, named Gomier, was appointed to share the duties of Laurent. He took the greatest care of my brother. For a long time this poor child had been denied the use of candle-light, and suffered dreadfully from fear. Gomier obtained permission to allow him a light when it became dark, and was even kind enough to spend some hours with him, to amuse him and distract his thoughts. He soon observed that my brother's knees and wrists were swelled; he feared he would soon grow ricketty, and spoke of the matter to the committee, to whom he represented the necessity of allowing him to take some exercise in the garden. He at first took him from his room into the outer sitting-room, which gave my poor brother great pleasure, as the change of place was an amusement to him. He soon felt all the kindness of Gomier's attentions to him, and became warmly attached to him. The unfortunate child had been for a long time back accustomed to the very worst of treatment; I believe

there never was an instance of such barbarity being exercised towards a child. On the 19th of December the General Committee came to the Temple, on account of his illness. This deputation also paid a visit to my room, but they said nothing to me. The winter passed with tolerable tranquillity, and I had reason to be satisfied with the civility of my keepers; they offered to make my fire, and allowed me as much wood as I wished, which was a source of great comfort to me. They also brought me the books I asked for. Laurent had already procured me some. The greatest distress I had was, in not being able to learn anything respecting my mother or my aunt: I did not dare to inquire about my uncles or my grand-aunts, but I never ceased to think of them.

My brother had occasional attacks of fever during the winter: he remained constantly seated close to the fire. Laurent and Gomier prevailed upon him to take the air on the top of the tower, but he had scarcely got there, when he wished to return, it was so painful to him to walk, and still more to go up stairs: his illness increased, and his knees became very much swelled.

Laurent was replaced by Loine, an excellent good man, who joined Gomier in taking every care of my brother. As soon as the spring began, they advised me to walk upon the tower, which I did. My brother's illness increased from day to day, his

strength became gradually diminished, and even his mind suffered from the effects of the cruel treatment that had been so long exercised towards him, and showed symptoms of increasing weakness. The Committee of General Safety sent the physician Dessault to attend him, who undertook to cure him, though he at the same time assured them, that his disorder was very dangerous. Dessault died, and was succeeded by Dumangin and surgeon Pellatan, who, from the moment they saw him, never entertained any hopes of his recovery; but gave him some medicines, which he swallowed with great difficulty. Happily, he did not generally suffer much pain during his illness: it was more a total decay and exhaustion than a violent attack; but latterly he had several crises, during which he suffered greatly; he was at last attacked with fever, from which time his strength daily faded away until the 9th of June, when he expired without agony.

Thus died, on the 9th of June, 1795, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Louis the Seventeenth, at the age of ten years and two months. The commissaries shed bitter tears of regret at his untimely fate; his amiable qualities had gained their hearts. He naturally possessed an excellent understanding, but his long imprisonment, and the horrible treatment of which he was the victim, gradually affected his mind; and, even had he lived, it is probable he would never have recovered the effects of it.

I do not believe that he was poisoned, as has

been said, and as some persons still suppose: this report is proved to be unfounded by the testimony of the physicians, who opened his body, in which they found no traces whatever of poison. The medicines that were given to him in his last illness have been analysed, and have been found to be perfectly good. The only poison that cut short his days was the filth in which he was left, joined to the horrible treatment, to the cruelty, and to the unexampled barbarities that were exercised towards him.

I have here attempted to delineate the lives of my virtuous and revered relations, during their confinement in the Temple and the other prisons, as well as their unhappy deaths. The parts of my narrative of which I was not myself an eye-witness, I have collected from those sources which I think can be confidently relied on.

*Written in the Tower of the Temple.*

# APPENDIX.

## NOTE (A.) p. 31.

A PERSON who appears tolerably well informed upon the subjects relates the same fact in the following manner: —"St. Prix lived in the Rue Nicaise, along with a woman named Groscol. They both kept up a correspondence with some emigrants, and were in constant apprehension of a visit from the officers of police. In order that they might not be taken unawares, St. Prix had trained a large dog to give them notice of the approach of any one dressed in blue uniform. It occurred, upon several occasions, that this dog bit a man named Jardy, upon his calling at the house for the purpose of serving the orders for attendance on guard, and was particularly savage in his attacks on him, when the discharge of his duty led him to call on St. Prix.

"A complaint was made by this man and the adjutant of the quarter, in consequence of which a search was ordered to be made in the lodgings of St. Prix and Madame Groscol. Their correspondence was found, and they themselves were immediately arrested, together with their dog. St. Prix and the woman were sentenced to death by the

Revolutionary Tribunal. The dog was also condemned, and in pursuance of his sentence was led into the arena of the bull-fights, and was there shot by an inspector of police."

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## NOTE (B.) p. 49.

It came to the turn of Réal to speak upon the important subject in debate, and he expressed himself in the following terms:—"I am of opinion that we should turn our attention to the wounds which have struck deep into the heart of the republic, and that it is from this body that the remedy called for by our disorders should first emanate. There are two principal dangers which threaten the growth of our rising liberty: *first, the revolutionary* government, the abuses of which have been already too much prolonged, by conferring on a few individuals the power of keeping all France under their yoke; the second danger is that moderatism which is now beginning to raise its head, and which is putting forth every exertion in the hope of profiting by the last revolution. These are the rocks we must endeavour to avoid; it will require all our courage and our prudence to steer clear of these two dangers. The convention is now occupied with the organization of the government. I shall not here enter into the details of that important subject. I shall merely confine myself to the means of preventing the abuse of power. We all know that it is necessary to place a great force of action in the hands of those who govern; but liberty, on the other hand, requires that we should establish a counterpoise to that force. In my opinion, there is but one sole and ef-

fective means of accomplishing this desirable object: namely, the liberty of the press. I may, perhaps, be told, that salutary laws are already in existence respecting this object; but I shall answer that argument by saying, that we have only to take a view of what has been passing for more than a year back, in order to be persuaded that the liberty of the press is completely overthrown. It is not enough to have laws in existence, when it is clear that they have been violated: there must be a sure and indestructible guarantee of the freedom of the press, and there must be no fear of a man's being guillotined for having written such a thing at such a time. In order to hold up that *régime* which has lately governed us to the detestation it justly merits, I think it may be of use to show its dreadful effects; the indignation of all good men will be roused at the recital of the tortures undergone by the unhappy beings confined in the public prisons. I shall leave it to those citizens whom the spirit of persecution plunged into the various other prisons of the capital to make known the horrors which they witnessed, and shall merely take it upon myself to give a sketch of the Luxembourg. I cannot agree with the framers of a certain report, that the revolution is like a virgin whose veil should not be raised.

"Bent under a yoke of iron, with death at their hearts, a gloomy distrust painted on every countenance, and deeply impressed on the minds of the prisoners, on account of the spies who were spread amongst them, whose occupation it was to draw up lists, and furnish food for the Revolutionary Tribunal;—such was the moral and physical condition of the prisoners: everything tended to give an idea that the Luxembourg was only a vast grave, destined to swallow up the living. At first, we had in this abode of death a wor-

thy gaoler, a father of a family, who felt compassion for misfortune; but his conduct displeased the tyrants, and they dismissed him; after which, he was taken before the Revolutionary Tribunal, from which I know not by what means he had the good fortune to escape. He was replaced by an individual who was a perfect tiger in *disposition*. The condition and weakness of neither women, children, nor old men, could excite in him the least spark of sensibility, and he insulted and even struck at all who offended him, with the utmost barbarity. One day, an unfortunate prisoner, who was suffering from the gout, was walking with great difficulty to his place at the common table, when the tyrant treated him in a most brutal manner, in order to make him walk more rapidly, and said to him: 'Walk along, scoundrel,—I have not time to wait for thee.'

"Upon another occasion, a great many prisoners were called, in order to go before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and they were assembled in the hall waiting for the completion of the number. The unfortunate individuals fixed upon pressed the hands of the other prisoners, feeling well assured that they were about to be led to death. A young man had been called by his family name, and had descended; but, when he was called a second time, by his Christian name, he perceived that it was not he whom they had intended to demand, and he mentioned the thing to the constable, who, being convinced of the error, required that the person whom he had orders to take should be summoned into his presence. The savage gaoler answered him: 'What does it signify; if this one does not go to-day, he will be sent for to-morrow.'

"In this fatal prison, the unfortunate victims of oppression were continually debating in their own minds whether they

should become accessory to their own death. I may cite a case on this head, of which I was myself a witness. An unhappy courier, named Legrand, was torn from the bosom of his family to be led to prison, where he had scarcely arrived before he heard of the arrest of his wife; in consequence of which, his four young children were completely deserted. From the moment of his entrance into the Luxembourg, he sighed, wept, and conversed with every one he met, from whom he sought consolation in his misery. Amongst others, he vented his complaints to a German, who performed the office of turnkey, whose hardness of heart dictated the same reply to the poor sufferer which he was wont to make to others :—'Justice is just, truth is true; have patience; it is only a short period of hardship to undergo.'

"Legrand was in the habit of walking daily upon the roof, melancholy and thoughtful: one morning despair got the better of him, and he profited by a moment when there were few persons in the court, and precipitated himself from the leads, upon the balustrade which was below. His skull was fractured, and the blood that flowed from his bruises on the ground where he fell rendered it a most shocking spectacle to behold. The keeper, who made his appearance shortly after, said, with the utmost *sang froid*, 'It is a madman, who has thrown himself from the window.' Some individuals had the infamous audacity to spread a report in the prison that it was a robber and a villain, who was afraid of the guillotine on account of his crimes. Notwithstanding this false report and calumnious insinuation, every one pitied the frightful and horrible fate of this unfortunate man; some feeling creature scattered flowers over the body of Legrand. The sight of his

blood and of the flowers which pity strewed over his remains excited such affecting sentiments in my heart, that never will the impression fade from my memory.

"It is evident that the tyrants wished to produce an insurrection in the prisons, and that they deemed it necessary to invent conspiracies in order to give quicker action to the guillotine. When there was a prisoner respecting whom there was no distinct information to criminate him, Fouquier Tinville used to say, 'We have only to put him in the first conspiracy which we may arrange.' There were in the Luxembourg eight or ten individuals who were always called to the tribunal as witnesses, and who prided themselves upon it. Every time a prison conspiracy was formed, it was certain that the same men would be called. I know these wretches, and have some useful information about them; I cannot conceive by what chance it is that two of them have obtained their liberty.

"The conspiracies which were invented were composed of thirty, forty, or fifty persons. One day even the list amounted to a hundred and fifty-six. The public accuser took care to leave on this list blank places for those who might come during the day to augment the number of victims. What is still more dreadful is that citizens who had only been in prison a fortnight, were placed upon the list of conspiracies said to have existed long before their admission.

"One day the witnesses returned from the tribunal, and stated that a hundred and nine had been condemned to death. One of these witnesses had the frankness to mention an instance of atrocity which occurred at the tribunal. One of the culprits called upon this witness to declare facts which would have favoured his acquittal; and in

reply he made signs with his head which indicated that what the accused said was the truth. When he wished to corroborate these signs by words, the president and public accuser said to him, 'Silence; only speak when thou hast anything to say against the prisoner.' Upon one occasion the administrators of police demanded two hundred persons for the ensuing *decade*, as if they had been so many sheep which were to be sent to the slaughter-house.

"When it was heard at the Luxembourg that the revolution of the 10th had taken place, the agents of Robespierre accused each other: some there were who laid all the blame on Robespierre, and who, even in their despair, went so far as to inculpate the committees of public safety and general security. I have carefully collected all the declarations which were made by these reptiles. The prisoners, when they learnt the arrest of Robespierre, joyfully cried out, '*Vive la liberté! Vive la république!*' Some women had presented themselves in Rue de Tournon to open the doors of the prison, and to restore liberty to the prisoners. The latter solemnly declared that they would not go out, and they appointed speakers to make the people listen to the truth, provided they succeeded in bursting open the doors.

"Réal afterwards mentions the intrigues employed to deprive him of the interesting papers which contained the declarations made by the rascally agents of Robespierre in the prisons. He states that he was put in close confinement for refusing to deliver them, and that he had great difficulty in obliging the keeper to give him paper in order that he might write to the Convention. He declares that on this occasion the laws had been violated, and that his letter, instead of being carried to the Convention, was deposited

at the office of the Committee of General Security; and terminates his account with the recital of a hideous action by a manufacturer of lists, who gave evidence against an unfortunate painter, in order to cause him to be guillotined, and, on his return from the tribunal, was found sighing for love at the feet of the afflicted wife of the artist, whom they were leading to execution."

This melancholy recital is often interrupted by ebullitions of indignation and horror.

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## NOTE (C.) p. 266.

"Always supposing that every prisoner endeavoured to conceal from them his money, valuables, and papers, they heeded not the sworn declarations which were made them that the individuals had nothing else but what they had just pulled out of their pockets, and *presented to* the examiners; despising these attestations, which did not suit their cupidity, they did not satisfy themselves merely by endeavouring to verify the fact by feeling about the clothes of the parties, but they carried their infamous search so far as to order you, in the name of the *laws*, to undress yourselves in their presence.

"If, after having uselessly employed with them the strongest reasons to induce them to dispense with such an illegal measure; if, alarmed by their imperious perseverance, and the threat that they would call in the assistance of an armed force, they were earnestly entreated by the females, from just sentiments of modesty, not to subject them to such a cruel trial, except in the presence of the female superintendents of the prison,—the proposition was rejected pettishly, or in a tone of outrageous depravity and irony. It has sometimes happened in these brutal examinations that the wretches have carried their

ferocity so far as to order the bandages to be taken from the wounds of the sufferer, under the pretext that the person might have assignats concealed.

If a female citizen was arrested, as it has happened, merely from the circumstance of her being in the street at the moment when Lebon, Lefetz, and other accomplices of a like character were passing, she was conducted to the Committee of Surveillance, where she was obliged to submit to be searched, and was forced, in spite of her entreaties, to undress herself, and, when she had taken off almost every article of her dress, public officers have dared to carry their corrupt freedom so far as to thrust their criminal hands into her bosom, saying to the distressed sufferer, '*Thou art very likely to have thrust papers there!*'

"These affronts generally ended in their finding nothing calculated to criminate the unfortunate creature. Does the reader think they made excuses for having been deceived in their suspicions? Far from it: she was immediately conducted to a place of confinement."

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## NOTE (D.) p. 267.

"Scarcely were these females arrived at *La Providence*, when many of them were ordered to work, in order to carry away the rubbish, which had been so long accumulating that it lay *to the height of four feet;* it stopped up the common sewers, and its mere removal caused the most disgusting and dangerous exhalations. The labour was so much beyond their strength, that vigorous men themselves would not have been able to execute it without the assistance of pickaxes, shovels, and wheelbarrows, and without greatly endangering their health.

"In consequence of this shameful negligence, the women had to clean, sweep, and wash everything, even from the very cellar to the garrets, and by their toil and the sweat of their brow to repair the most disgusting want of cleanliness.

"Several of them contracted, in these labours, serious diseases, which they yet feel, and from which, perhaps, they will never recover, owing to the want of assistance and remedies, and the impossibility there was of procuring any, in consequence of all kind of communication from without being interdicted.

"The lodgings of most of them, not to exaggerate, were not better than the small boxes or casements of Bicêtre: a sort of wooden camp-bed, immoveable, and so short that those who slept on it could not extend themselves their whole length, occupied almost the entire space of this miserable retreat, in which there was so little room to move, that it was scarcely possible to place a chair in it, and with much more difficulty a small table; a little ill-glazed casement was the only opening through which the inmate could enjoy light and air. An almost continual prohibition to open these casements caused an incessant putrid smell in these boxes, and produced an air which breathed of death.

"Most of these boxes or cells could only be reached by staircases, on which, even in broad day, the utmost darkness prevailed.

"Such is the idea which may be formed of the greater number of the sepulchral abodes of this infernal spot.

"These unhappy victims had, therefore, most of their time, no other resource for enjoying fresh air but repairing to the court; but, if they happened to be going down to it and to meet on the staircase, in the corridor, or at the n

trance of the court, one of the women appointed to guard them, they were, at the caprice of these creatures, either driven back or insulted in the grossest terms. If they ventured to express their sufferings or their wants, sarcasms and imprecations, containing an earnest wish to see them at the guillotine, or threats to cause them to be sent thither, served as a reply to their humble representations.

"We only speak of the female keepers; not that we wish to disguise that the guard of this prison had, during the first fortnight, been confided to two men; but the blunt and harsh manners of these arose more from habit than a vice in the heart: they governed harshly, but the at least never insulted the prisoners.

"It was doubtlessly because they had so little the art of tormenting, that they were removed, and that they were substituted by two Megaras in their places, two furies chosen by Lebon. Could they be anything else when of his section?

"She who enjoyed the title of directress was called Lemaire, and formerly kept a small shop at Arras.

"The sub-directress, named Catherine Lallart, lived in a cellar, where she sometimes sold apples, and from which she occasionally went to perambulate the streets as a dealer in rabbit-skins.

"The former was thought to possess some ability, but was only more wicked for it.

"It was a misfortune to be necessitated, towards evening, to speak to her; for then, heated by wine and liquors, which were sent from without to some of the prisoners, and which they wished for less for their own wants than for the purpose of offering to those of their companions who were ill or infirm, they replied only by the lowest invectives. The most abusive and disgusting

epithets were employed by them. Hence it was usual for the prisoners to ask beforehand, 'What state is the directress in? is she fit to be spoken to?'

'When, contrary to what was usual, a momentary calm seemed to allow of a short conversation with her, females ventured to express their grief at having been separated from their husbands, both as it regarded the double expense which their provisions involved, and the reciprocal anxieties which a want of communication occasioned them, she replied to them, with an insulting laugh, that it had been a very wise arrangement to separate them, because, had they been together, they would have engendered monsters; and that, with respect to the double expense, they ought so much the less to regret that, as the moment when they would have no wants was not far distant.

"The other one, not so well brought up as the former, knew not how to disguise her wickedness; intoxicated with the extent of her power, she was on that account the more tyrannical.

"The place called the infirmary, although newly appropriated for that use, had been so badly prepared for it, and with so much negligence, that, instead of being closed from the weather, the air penetrated into it on all sides, and rendered it very unfit for its destination. When the sick and the infirm were obliged to lodge in it, the walls were running with the most unhealthy damps. A number of persons who were forced to take up their births in it, not having had the power of taking with them wooden beds, saw themselves necessitated to sleep on the ground, none of the commissaries having had the humanity to procure beds for them.

"The only fire-place which there was in the room was

much too small for the extent of it. However, had it been still larger, it would not have been more useful; for, though the fire-wood was supplied from that which had been taken from these prisoners, or purchased at their expense, they were only allowed for cooking four billets each day, which were not sufficient for heating their broths and diet-drink. Nor was more generosity displayed in respect to their other wants. In contempt of their remonstrances, these unfortunate beings were several weeks without being able to have the assistance of a surgeon, whence it resulted that the diseases of several became more inveterate, and, in the end, mortal.

"It was known that one citizen, Madame Neuflise, aged sixty-six, terminated her career merely because she could not have a surgeon to bleed her.

"Madame Dulu, aged fifty, in vain solicited medical assistance, and, although the doctor was at the very moment in the prison, the sub-directress would not allow her to consult him, in consequence of which the sufferer died three days afterwards.

"Madame Ponsignon, aged twenty-four, was attacked by a putrid and inflammatory fever. Her situation required the most prompt assistance, which was obstinately refused her; the only drink that was allowed her was toast and water and succory; at last, fresh entreaties enabled her to enjoy the advantage of the doctor's skill, and he applied to her, by an especial favour, some blister plasters, when there was no longer any hope of her recovery: she died fifteen hours subsequently.

"Mademoiselle Foissey, aged eighteen, had a sudden attack in the chest; but her condition was far from being such as to excite fears of a speedy death. The directress went one day into her room to order her to de-

cend into the infirmary, although the doctor opposed this, on the ground that that damp and unwholesome place would absolutely prove fatal to her. Many of her companions implored this woman to leave the patient in her room, engaging to give her every assistance themselves; but all was in vain, and nothing could move the heart of this ferocious wretch: the girl died in ten days.

" Mademoiselle Dubois, aged seventeen, died under the same circumstances as her companion Ponsignon, for want of timely aid.

" Many other instances might be mentioned of this obstinacy in refusing indispensable assistance; but what proves that it was connected with schemes of blood was the answer made by the directress to those who implored her humanity:—' *Ah! Ah!*' said she, ' *if they knew what awaits them, they would not take so much care of their health!*'

" Another, attacked by a violent disease, which threw her into delirium, was, by this same directress, thrown into a damp dungeon, where she remained the whole time of her sickness.

Fifty-five women and girls were successively drawn from this vile den to be brought to trial. Scarcely had they arrived at the tribunal, when, without any previous examination, they heard the sentence of death pronounced against them, for the most part on motives entirely false or so light that they strike one with the utmost astonishment, or on provisions of the law, the application of which had no relation with the pretended crimes that were imputed to the culprits; so that the simple reading of their sentences presents at once the double proof of the corruption of the jury and of the injustice of the judges, and, in fact, of the perverse and besotted ignorance of all.

" In the affair of Madame Bataille, the following remark was overheard by a female, who was called before the impious tribunal, and who was luckily acquitted, from the lips of Pelletier, fulfilling the functions of the public accuser, addressed to Beugniez, who acted as president during the examination of Gamonet: '*His answers and his means of defence are sublime; the jury is softening, —have a care.*'

" During the trial of the widow Bataille, the same individual said to the president: '*She defends herself well; but she is a jade.*' She would likewise have heard all the reflections of the public accuser relative to the twenty-one victims who were condemned and executed the same day, had it not been for the circumstance of her being, in her turn, removed to a greater distance from the bench, and less within reach of these horrible conversations.

" Opinions were influenced by the presence of Lebon, and by his signals to an auditory paid for expressing only sanguinary wishes. . . . .

Sometimes, by mistake, a wrong female was called before the tribunal; and the error would only be discovered on her examination, when she would be sent back; but, from the persevering hostility of some one, the evening of the same day that she had been unseasonably called, a bill of accusation would be brought to her, with which, likewise, she had no concern: the reader may judge of the terror which was the consequence of such base manœuvres.

" At times the directress and sub-directress had the barbarity to walk in the court, at the time when there were assembled the greatest number of individuals, and would point out the unhappy victims who were to be conducted to the scaffold, indicating them with the

finger and naming them, and mentioning the days when they would be executed; they would often mention others merely from whim, with the sole view of distressing them and exciting their despair.

"At the commencement of the executions, the tipstaff Toquet, whose look was that of a hungry wolf, showed himself in the court, with a fatal list in his hand, putting on an air of triumph, and casting a terrible glance on all the rooms which surrounded the court, muttering these sanguinary words between his teeth: '*Yes, it is amongst you that I am coming to devour and destroy!*'

"Whether he had been informed of the cruel impression which his presence in the court occasioned, or whether he received particular orders to conduct himself in a different manner, I know not; but it is certain, that from that time he never came further than the door of the prison; but the superintendents, whom, probably, this complaisance did not please too well, created equal alarm by the noise of a double door which they closed so forcibly that it was heard on all sides, and which sad experience designated, in the sequel, as the certain signal of the arrival of this messenger of death! The same consternation then, as before, took possession of the minds of the prisoners.

"Immediately the governesses and sub-governesses were seen running with all their speed, and with that air of furious delight which belongs only to crime, their eyes wandering with a wild stare, their mouths foaming, and their countenances livid, to announce to the fated victims that their last hour was come.

"Each eagerly followed, with anxious gaze, their movements and their proceedings, and it was only when they

appeared to have finished their mission, that the prisoners had the melancholy consolation of saying to themselves,—'It is not I, it is not my mother, nor my sister, nor my relation, nor my neighbour; I shall then yet see them again!' . . . .

"These barbarous personages acquitted themselves of their horrid mission with cold-blooded indifference, summoning the victims in such language as this:—'*Come along, make haste, you keep us waiting too long!*' 'Shall we not want a small bundle?' the prisoners probably inquired, with faltering voice. '*No, no,*' replied they, abruptly, '*you will no longer have need of anything!*'—So that they themselves appeared to condemn, before the culprit was either accused, examined, or sentenced.

"Several of those who escaped the call, anxious to sound their wishes, asked them if they were not much concerned to see so many of their prisoners die. '*No,* they coldly answered, '*the more there are in the sack, the more we laugh.*'

"The victims were scarcely called and taken away, before the superintendents went to visit the place of their retreat, and to take possession of any provisions which might have been left there; therefore, on the days when executions took place, their orgies were more distinguished than usual, and the commissaries of the prisons always took care, on these occasions, to be present, as well as such of the prisoners as these infamous creatures had so far corrupted as to induce them to be present at their riotous feasts. These terrible days were usually announced by the superintendents in these words:—'*I believe I shall spit blood to-day.*'

"After the executions, the commissaries, conjointly

with the superintendents, proceeded to seize the spoils of the sufferers, indulging, at the same time, in every expression which could insult misfortune. Pushing their savage satisfaction still further, they forced the tender companions of these unfortunate victims to carry the luggage of those whose death they were weeping for, intimating to them, at the same moment, that they would willingly perform the same office, at the proper period, for each of them.

"Such of the victims as were removed the evening before their death were taken to the prison called the Baudets, where they were searched and stripped rigorously, by the assistance of the constable and the gaolers; a dungeon, often without straw, was the place where they were forced to spend their last fatal night; the greatest favour which they could obtain, and this was only conceded to a few, was permission to remain upon a chair in the kitchen, until the wretched moment when, for form merely, they were called upon to undergo a trial, the result of which had already been determined upon.

"In the midst of all these horrors, a commission, established by Lebon, determined on coming to *La Providence*, that miserable asylum of wretchedness, and announced itself as appointed to seek proofs of the innocence of those who had been unjustly arrested. It was composed of Duponchel, Carlier, Baqueville, Blondel, Mury, Chevalier, and Forgeois.

"Well as their characters were known, hope, which never deserts the unfortunate, and more especially those who believe in the power of virtue, shed its flattering delusions through the hearts of some of us; we indulged the idea that they would fulfil the duties with which they were charged, with reason and with equity. Vain hope!

"When they had been some time engaged at the Hotel Dieu, ennui got possession of them, and they did not hesitate to say, in the presence of the last prisoners whom they had there interrogated: '*We will now go and amuse ourselves with the women at La Providence!*' and no sooner was the sentence uttered, than they broke up the sitting with the greatest hurry.

"It was soon known at the Hôtel Dieu, that the commission had been to La Providence, as, notwithstanding the spies of both prisons, means were found by the prisoners to make signs from the attics, by which they communicated to each other what was going on in each prison.

"But how, it will be asked, did the commission act towards the prisoners of La Providence. I will explain it.

"If a female appeared agitated and alarmed when she was called upon, the commissaries endeavoured to render her situation still more embarrassing. Her intimidated air was, in their judgment, an unequivocal sign of the reproaches which she had to make to herself, and, from this supposition, they proceeded to impute to her imaginary crimes; to urge, by all kinds of imprecation, that they had before them certain proofs of it; that the least denial would compromise her entirely, and would conduct her at once to the guillotine, while her confession would become an argument from which it might be deduced that she had been deceived, and that she had no bad intention. They did not think it worth while to draw up a *procès verbal* of these illegal attempts to criminate; but, if they happened to surprise any declaration capable of inculpating the prisoner, a *procès-verbal* of that was immediately made and transmitted at once to Lebon, who, in his turn, took advantage of it, as his sanguinary humour dictated.

"If they addressed questions to persons of known character, whose morals and conduct could furnish them no pretext of accusation, they imputed to them as crimes actions which gave them the greatest claim to the esteem of their fellow-citizens. Had the prisoners ever employed themselves in deeds of benevolence towards the poor, the sick, the infirm, or the captive, it was to procure an influence over them, and to purchase suffrages, with counter-revolutionary intentions; and they were consequently sent back by the commission, loaded with the most brutal abuse.

"When they called before them a young female, whose answer to the question, '*How old are you?*' announced that she had reached the age of puberty, the brutes immediately rejoined, '*Thou art good for . . .; reflect whether thou wilt promise it; according to thy answer, thou shalt be liberated, or I will have thee put out at the small window.*' Towards married women, their questions possessed the same indecency, and, with regard to most of them, their fate seemed to depend on their making an immoral promise.

"The female superintendent being always present at these examinations, Duponchel asked her one day: '*How are they all with you? Are there many sick in the house?*' Her reply was: '*They are more ill in mind than body.*' '*La Deliège is gone,*' returned Duponchel; '*she will not return. We will take them all one after another; by this means the people will not be indignant with us.*'

"This conversation, which was heard by a female who had been called before the commission, and reported to her companions, was not calculated to calm their minds.

"Every precaution was taken to prevent our being in-

formed of the suspension of the bloody tribunals established at Arras and at Cambrai, by Lebon, of the fall of the infamous triumvirate, and of the recall of Lebon.

"At length the news of the triumph of the National Convention over the first authors of our sufferings came to shed joy through our hearts."

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## NOTE (E.) p. 276.

"On the 17th of September, aroused by some Bacchanalian songs which I heard in the Chapeau Rouge, a neighbouring public-house, I opened one of the casements of my little room, where I stood looking at the singers: I suddenly discovered in the pot-house, amongst others, Desprez, Reyjal, and Vachon, three administrators. Though I knew that their effrontery would neither be affected, nor wounded by the sight of me, I hastened to close the casement and to retire to my occupation, without anticipating the fate which they would prepare for me, and which was immediately resolved upon, as I ascertained from Citizen Corrèze, proprietor of Monfranc, who lodged and dined that day at the Chapeau Rouge.

"At eleven o'clock in the evening I was in bed, when I was awoke by the noise which was made at the outside door of my house by several heavy knocks. I immediately got up, and, having gone in my shirt to the window, I discovered a company of armed men, who called out to me to go down and open the door to them. An emotion of alarm which I could not control seized me, and, without however hesitating as to the course I should pursue, I

replied that I would be with them as soon as I had put my clothes on. They did not give me time to do it, and summoned me, by knocking still louder than before, to open the door; I observed to them that they were undoubtedly in error, and asked them who they were and what order they had; they only answered by oaths, imprecations, and threats, and prepared to burst open the door, which they broke to pieces. The armed troop entered without orders, and without hindering the crowd, which had been collected together, from entering with them into the house, where they pillaged everything, and bore off almost all that they could lay their hands upon. It was Reyjal and Vachon who ordered these outrages, and who went themselves into the neighbourhood to seek for the hatchets, with which the door was burst open. They did not wish that the soldiers, as they said, should seek for other orders, taking all upon themselves. This I was assured of by Citizen Corrèze, and by many other individuals. Desprez, full of rage that I had escaped, ordered the men to plunge their bayonets and their swords into every bed in the house; he likewise pierced all the tapestry in my apartments, behind which he fancied there were pannels where I might have hid myself. He mounted into a garret belonging to an adjoining house, where he carried on as strict a search, with the same design. He was in hopes that they would run me through the body; but his cruel search turned out unsuccessful, although he continued it in the houses of ten of my neighbours. My house was at last abandoned to the mercy of the passers-by, and of the crowd already collected, as there was no door, and my only servant and my son, then twelve years of age, having both disappeared."

## NOTE (F), p. 338.

"On the 14th Frimaire, the administrative bodies were convoked, and they assembled in a general sitting at the department. It was no longer a matter for discussion whether ninety or a hundred prisoners should suffer; but this question was proposed: 'Shall we or shall we not destroy the prisoners in a mass?'

"The deliberation was continued till past midnight, and it was at two o'clock in the morning that three individuals gave orders, that the prisoners of Bouffay, St. Claire, and of l'Eperonniere, should be shot.

"The commandant of the armed force refused his co-operation, and the execution of the fatal order was suspended. On the 15th, there was another convocation of the administrative bodies, and the question on the massacre of the prisoners in a mass was again submitted to deliberation.

"An individual present had the courage to raise his voice against such a diabolical measure, and he was immediately reproached with being a modéré (moderate); yet the voice of the good man was listened to, and, for that time, the hope of the tiger which panted for blood was deceived.

"The reader will probably conceive, that the men of blood, disheartened by the little success of their schemes, would determine to abandon them; he will be mistaken, for the monsters renewed them with fresh fury; but they got rid of the shackles of the deliberations. Day was too light for their actions, and they rendered night the accomplice of their enormities. In the night of the 24th to 25th Frimaire, a hundred and twenty-nine prisoners, drawn

from the places of confinement of Bouffay, &c. were bound, stripped, and led, or rather driven by blows with the flat part of the escort's sabres, to the banks of the Loire, into which river they were precipitated.

"This horrible execution was followed by several others; and every night the banks of the river of Nantes resounded with the melancholy cries of men, children, and pregnant women, who were thrown into it by hundreds and thousands.

"Sometimes, just at the moment in which the poor children were on the point of being plunged into the water, worthy females would clasp the knees of the barbarous executioners, and conjure them to abandon to their care the young and innocent victims; sometimes it happened that the men were softened by the tears of the supplicants, and that the children were snatched from death; but more frequently the wretches, drunk with wine and blood, insensible to prayers and tears, replied—'These are young wolves, which it is necessary to crush;' and the poor innocents were dashed into the flood!

"I am ignorant of the number of the victims swallowed up by the Loire; but, until the funeral lists give something like an estimate of it, the walls of Nantes, reader, may convey an idea of the number to your imagination. A regulation of police, posted up in Nantes, at the time of the horrible executions, prohibited the inhabitants from drinking the water of the Loire, which dead bodies had infected!

"The wife of Lepina, a Vendean general, was imprisoned at Nantes, in the dungeons of the tribunal of the blood-thirsty Carrier, with a young girl attached to her service, native of Châtellerault, who had voluntarily shut herself up with her mistress. One day, the agents of this

ferocious pro-consul repaired to the prison, to assemble together the victims intended to be destroyed by means of a boat with a valve in the bottom of it. The young girl heard them call the name of Madame Lepina, who had just been obliged to leave her room for a moment, owing to indisposition. This worthy servant, who knew that the death of her mistress was determined on, presented herself in her place, devoted herself, and perished for her in the waves of the Loire.

"Night was the time chosen for these dreadful executions; the elements seemed for a moment to conspire together to proclaim them in broad day. The victims carried away by the stream were hurried towards the sea; a powerful tide, strengthened by a westerly wind, drove back into the Loire, and up as far as Nantes, the dead bodies which had before been cast into the ocean. The city was obliged to bury them, and the operation is said to have cost the government ten thousand francs.

"Every mode of death was put in use at once; shooting during the day, drowning during the night, and that terrible instrument which should never strike but by order of the tribunals, the guillotine, was arbitrarily employed to accelerate human destruction.

"On the 27th and 29th Frimaire, Carrier, representative of the people, expedited two orders signed by himself, and which were deposited in the registry of the criminal tribunal of the Loire Inferieure. These orders directed, that fifty brigands, taken with arms in their hands, should be guillotined without trial; the lists of these individuals were annexed to the orders signed Carrier. Representations were made, that it was necessary, at least, to prove the identity of the parties; but Carrier went himself in his carriage, to the foot of the staircase of the hall

of justice, to give express commands, and the fifty individuals were executed without any trial. Amongst the brigands taken, it was said, with arms in their hands, were children of thirteen or fourteen years old, and seven women. The executioner died three days after this event; and it was pretended, at Nantes, that he expired from grief in consequence of it."

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## NOTE (G) p. 368.

"In order to embark, it was necessary to climb up the vessel by a ladder twelve feet in height. This ladder, being ill secured, was continually rocking about, and the steps of it being at a great distance from one another, there was great difficulty in ascending them. The soldiers and the sailors, irritated that we did not advance fast enough, cried out: '*Get on rascals!*' At last we arrived at the top of the vessel's side, where there was another ladder of about six feet long, by which it was as difficult to descend, as it had been to ascend by the other. Old men especially were much exposed to dangerous accidents. After reaching the deck, the prisoners were led into the presence of the captain, by two sailors.

"The captain was seated before a table, in a uniform, with a naked sword in his hand, and on each side of him was an officer dressed and armed in the same manner; on the right and left of the officers were soldiers, with their bayonets at the end of their muskets; and beyond the soldiers were a number of sailors without arms. This assembly formed a large circle, which opened to admit the transport, and afterwards closed in. When the prisoner had reached

the centre of the circle he was stopped, and four soldiers were placed by him, with the points of their sabres directed towards his body. The captain then ordered him to deliver up his pocket-book. When he had obeyed, several sailors rushed upon him, and plucked the cockade from his hat, exclaiming at the same time: '*Scoundrel, thou art unworthy to wear this ornament of our heads!*' They took off all his clothes, without even leaving him his shirt. After having reduced him to a state of complete nudity, they searched the clothes which they stripped off him, and the small quantity of luggage which he had been able to bring into the vessel with him, in order to find the gold which they supposed he might have concealed; and, fearing lest the money should escape them, they cut the soles and heels of the shoes; as soon as the search was finished, they selected from the things which they had taken from the transport, a shirt, a pair of breeches, a pair of stockings, a coat, and a cap, all of the least value; they then made a parcel of them, and threw it at his head, ordering him to leave the circle. The prisoner afterwards went to join those of his ill-fated companions, who had already undergone this ignominious trial; and neither he nor they dared either complain or raise their eyes by way of reproach to their tyrants."

THE END.

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